

Vol. 4, No. 9, Toronto, September, 1931

# *The Chatelaine*

A Magazine for Canadian Women

September  
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# "Aaa-hum! I think I'll take a little nap"

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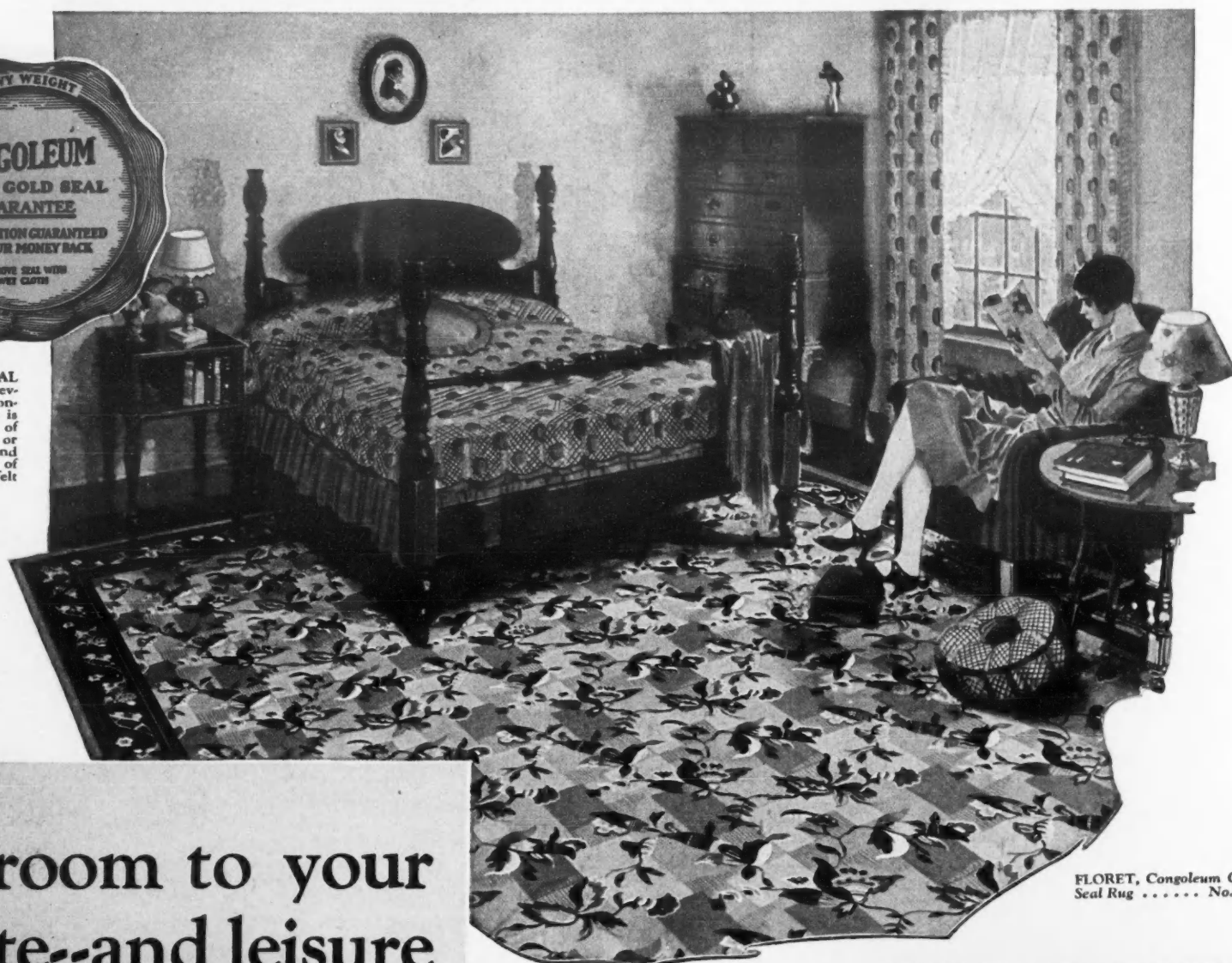
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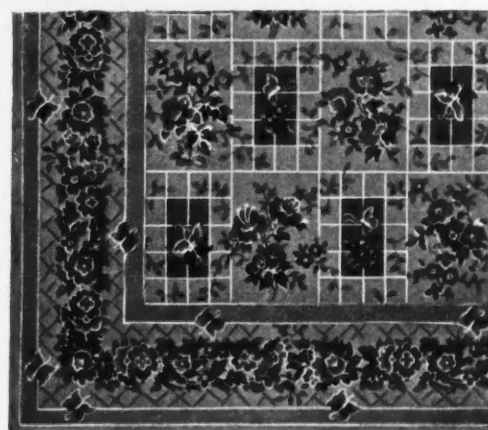
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# THE WOMEN MEN FORGET

by DOROTHY BLACK



Illustrated by R. W. McCREA

*Mrs. Marchmont was determined that her daughter should marry money. She brought Fenella up without order, without religion, without any plan in life. She begged shamelessly for week-end invitations for her and calculated every move in her ambitions for Fenella without scruple.*

FENELLA opened the embossed doors of a Chinese cabinet. Inside there was an empty medicine bottle, a Union Jack, and a dead mouse. Nothing helpful there for a girl in dire trouble looking for something to sell. Fenella had to have fifty dollars immediately. She had been in a like predicament more than once before, but never to quite such a large amount, and usually something had turned up. Cairnforth was like that. You never knew what you would find next.

She moved a stack of deck chairs, relics of the old days when her father had been alive and gone to and from India. His name, faint as his memory, was still discernible there—A. V. Marchmont. Moldering cabin trunks marked "Not wanted on voyage," were mostly full of bills, diluted with love letters.

She paused for a moment in her hunt, to look up at the oil painting of her father that hung at the end of the music room. A gay laughing face he had, and rather bold black eyes. Fenella did not remember his looking like that. She remembered a small fat man, with a weary mustache, that smelt of store cupboards in some vague fashion.

Under the deck chairs a treasure cot hove surprisingly into sight. It was very, very dusty. No one had found it for a long time, and Fenella's spirits rose. But there was

*Beginning a powerful new novel of modern marriage by one of the Empire's most noted writers*

nothing in it save a hat pin and a major general's saddle-cloth sadly savaged by moth. Fenella looked it over. It was beautifully embroidered. If it hadn't been for the moth, she might have done something with it. She sighed and put it back again. Nowadays you never found anything worth having. Jo had found everything long ago. It was awful, for she simply had to have fifty dollars.

What a fool she had been to get into debt again! Last time she vowed she never would do it any more, but it just happened. One bought nothing whatever, and in spite of it, there were bills at the end of the month. How stupid to play bridge for such high stakes—but it was so difficult. When one stayed in places where people did it, it was hard to be the only person who said no. It would not have been so bad if she had not owed the money to Maurice Knight.

Maurice Knight was an old man—quite forty. He was a friend of her mother; at least Fenella gathered he was, for she often heard him saying allowances ought to be made

for Mrs. Marchmont, because A. V. had led her a pretty awful dance, and that no woman who spent her life with A. V. could be expected to remain quite normal after it. Maurice had been an uncle-like sort of person, quite kind and chocolate-giving until two years ago. Two years ago he changed suddenly and began mauulings and huggings. Fenella secretly thought he had gone mad and wondered her mother did not notice. And, of course, since she owed him money he had got much worse. He had kissed her only the week-end before. "Money doesn't matter between you and me, little girl," he said. "Don't worry. I would like to give you a wonderful time."

He jingled lots of silver in his pockets and stared at her with that queer, hungry, wistful look in his eyes. A pity he was so like a seal.

Well, until she repaid him his money, it wasn't going to be as easy to keep him at arm's length as it had been. She realized that and redoubled her searchings among the lumber in the music room. She knew Maurice was going to be at Freshfield this coming week-end. If only she could get out of going there. But she knew there was no hope. Her mother fixed up these week-ends for her, cadged shamelessly for them. Wrote round to people she had once known, had met casually. "You might ask my girlie . . ."



# France's greatest Dermatologist says..

## *Eating Yeast gets at the Cause of telltale skin eruptions*

### DR. CLÉMENT SIMON, of PARIS

Chief Dermatologist (skin specialist) of the Hospitals of Saint Lazare and St. Michel, in Paris. Dr. Simon is the greatest living authority in his field in France. He is director of the "Bulletin Médical," widely read French medical journal, and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor of France.

**YOU** know what they mean—those disagreeable skin blemishes . . . blotches, blackheads and eruptions! They indicate a bodily disorder in serious need of attention!

Usually that disorder is the commonplace evil to which women are particularly subject . . . *Intestinal Fatigue.*

Now this condition must be corrected! That is why leading specialists advise the regular eating of fresh yeast to clear the skin. As the celebrated French authority, Dr. Clément Simon, explains:—

"Fresh yeast has been used as a 'purifying agent' from remote times . . . It acts as a gentle laxative and keeps the system 'regular.' Its action is surprising in certain skin disorders—especially those brought on by intestinal or digestive disturbances."

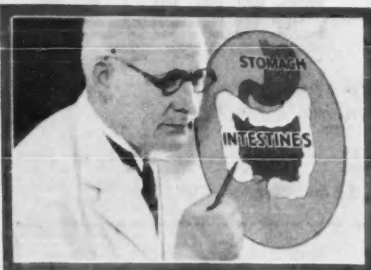
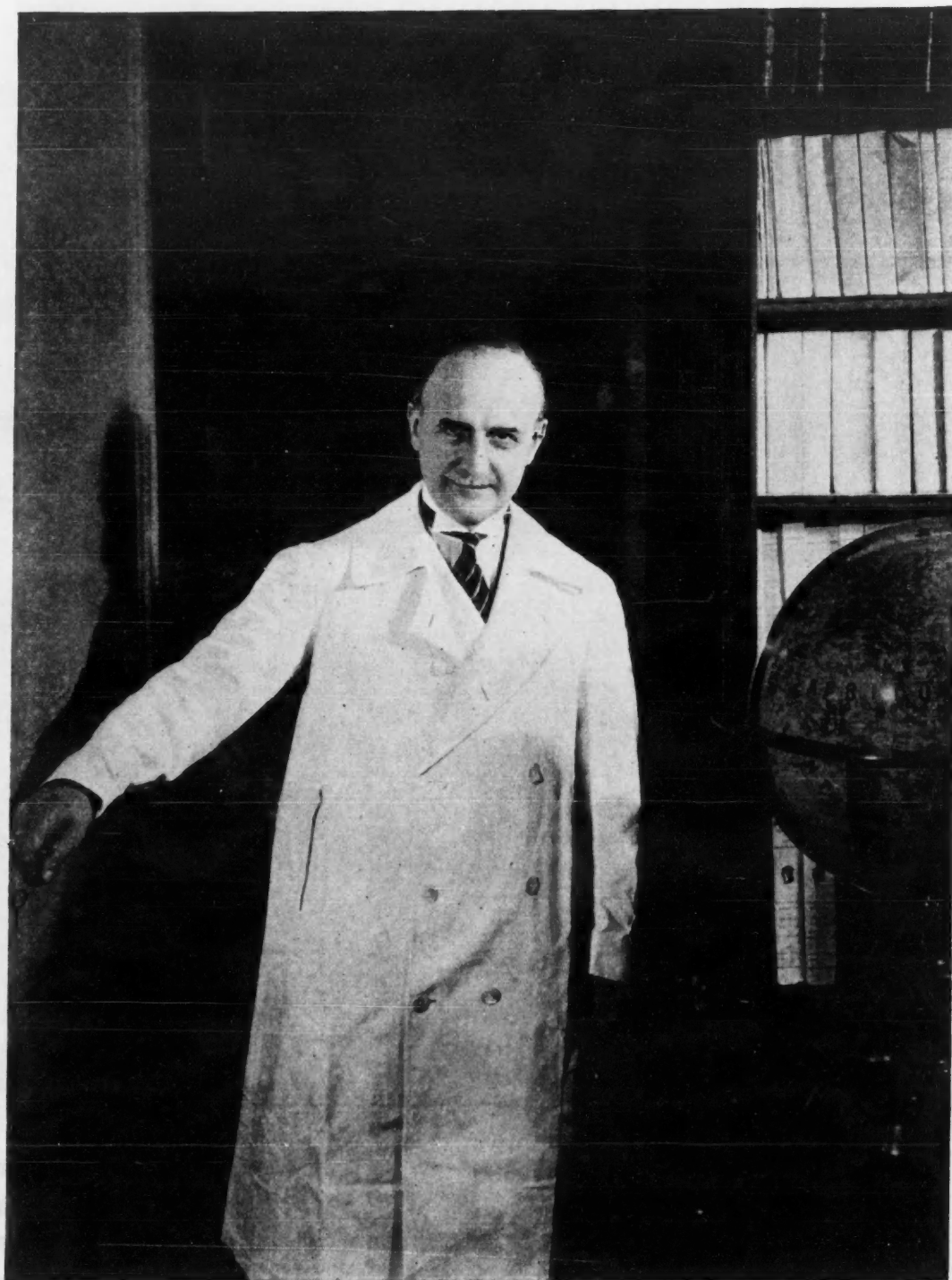
When made a part of your regular diet, fresh yeast softens accumulated waste matter in the intestines. It also "tones" and strengthens the sluggish intestinal muscles. Poison-forming residue, which leads to skin blemishes, headaches, colds, etc., is cleared away by natural means.

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### What Noted Skin Specialists Say:

DR. BRUNAUER, noted Vienna dermatologist, says: "Fresh yeast purifies the digestive system, producing a healthier bodily tone. The skin is protected against blemishes."

DR. SÁNCHEZ-COVISA, Spain's leading skin specialist, reports: "Pimples and boils usually result from constipation. Yeast is of great aid in their treatment."



(LEFT)

Poisons that spread from here cause most skin trouble. (RIGHT) Keep intestines clean by eating Fleischmann's Yeast daily—just plain or in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold) or any other "ay you like."



(RIGHT)

"I was feeling quite run down and my face started to be all pimply and sore," writes Margaret Bell, Toronto, Ont. "I started eating Fleischmann's Yeast. After one month, I was feeling much better and my skin cleared up wonderfully."



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the triumphant look in his brown eyes would give the whole show away. And she did not want anyone to know. Not yet. Not until she was gone—or else they would all congratulate her and make jokes.

Whenever she definitely thought about him she realized that there was something about Maurice that always made her unhappy. Although it was done now, and she had promised to marry him once and for all, she had a childish longing to push off the general acknowledgment as long as possible.

She turned to look at someone who came in late and alone. A tall man, young and slim and clean. So very clean. His

hair was a goldy brown, and the sun had tanned his face to a lighter shade of the same color. His eyes were blue and keen—the eyes of a sailor, and when he laughed his teeth showed even and white. He stood half a head above anyone else there. He was immensely nice looking. Fenella had never seen anyone nice looking—except perhaps Jo when he was a boy—before he took to drink and married his barmaid.

She heard Lady Ethel introducing him to people. "Alistair Farquhar—Effie's son." She heard him apologizing for being late. He had a charming voice. She had to go on looking at him. He was the sort of man she had often dreamed about, before she realized what things were really like, what growing up was like. Nobody introduced him to her. She sat on her fender stool, watching him. He wasn't likely, she thought, to notice her, the youngest person there, shabby and insignificant; so badly dressed among all these smart people.

He turned presently and smiled, his

eyes lighting up as if he was glad to see her. He crossed the room and said "Hello!" Of course he had mistaken her for someone else and realized his mistake almost at once. "I'm so sorry. I thought I remembered you. I mustn't say hello to a complete stranger. We haven't met, have we."

"Afraid not. But do let it be hello," she laughed. A queer little feeling was lit within her—like excitement before something lovely. She wasn't shy with him as she usually was with young men.

"Any room for a little one?" She made a place for him on the fender stool. Over the room Maurice watched them like a lynx. Fenella did not care. She had never felt like this before; never had this gay excitement coursing through her veins. For once she knew she was going to enjoy her week-end. They talked together, screened by the general conversation.

"When I came into the room I could have sworn I knew you," said Alistair, smiling down at her. "Funny, wasn't it. I say, are you staying here?"

She nodded, not daring to look [Continued on page 42]



Over the room, Maurice watched them sitting on the fender. But Fenella did not care. She had never felt like this before. Never had this gay excitement coursing through her veins. He was such fun. Perhaps it was because he was so much younger than the men she usually met on these visits—but they were friends from the very beginning.



Fenella remonstrated with tears, but it was useless. "You are grown up. You must move about," said Mrs. Marchmont, pressing a rather dirty handkerchief trimmed with lace to the end of her aquiline nose. "If you don't move about, how can you ever hope to— Ummm—yes, indeed!"

As Fenella knelt upon the music room floor, her mother came in. Mrs. Marchmont was tall above the average and must have been good-looking once, although her children never realized it. She held herself straight as a reed. Her white hair, soft and silvery, was piled high on her head. She would have been regal if she had dressed herself properly and behaved like everyone else, for her skin was still white and soft, her piercing eyes very blue.

"What," said Mrs. Marchmont, "are you doing?" She seated herself delicately, and without noticing it, upon the gramophone record. It snapped beneath her weight. The last excuse of the music room to be known as such was gone for ever.

A glorious directness characterized the Marchmonts' dealings with one another. Fenella said dryly, "Looking for something to sell."

They were always quite frank about it. Once Jo found a diamond brooch and got sixty dollars for it, and told her after he had spent all the money; but she only laughed and said vaguely, "Dear me, now I wonder which one that would have been."

Mrs. Marchmont made no reply. She got up, found the broken record and gave a cry of annoyance. "Fenella, my favorite tune, and broken! Which of you has done this? You children go through this house like a holocaust, ruining everything."

Fenella said nothing. It was no good saying anything, for her mother never listened. And if once an argument started, one would never be able to stop talking: there was so much resentment bubbling up. Resentment about the awful muddle and mess and never having any money or clothes, and being made to go and stay with rich people who dressed marvellously and had armies of servants all crowding round like daughters of the Horse Leech, their hands outstretched, saying "Give, give," when the time came for tips. About Maurice, and the way she was always thrown together with Maurice, and sent out in his car with Maurice, although Mrs. Marchmont knew—she must know—that he was a little mad. And wild resentment about Jo, who had never been sent to a proper school, but sloped around the village until he took to bad ways and got drunk, and then ended up by marrying the barmaid from the village inn and going to Australia. These dreadful things did not happen in other lives. They are only, thought Fenella, part and parcel of the ghastly muddle of ours.

Mrs. Marchmont had forgotten about the record. She stood with one hand on Fenella's shoulder, and dipped at random into the bureau, and presently went aimlessly away. Fenella continued her hopeless search.

She did not tell her mother she was in debt. It was useless telling Mrs. Marchmont anything. She either gave advice so unpractical that it brought tears to the eyes; or else a long lecture of which she invariably lost the thread in the middle; or she offered to pray and advised you to do likewise. But if the case proved really disturbing she ignored it altogether.

In a last despairing frenzy of search, Fenella wrenched open one of the doors of the buhl cabinet. Inside was a mousetrap, hopefully baited with very antique cheese, and a laundry bill three years old. Lion appeared at the door. "Tea, Miss Fenella."

Lion was the only servant they had left. He was something like a butler, only did more. He was very old; so old that he never seemed to get any older now, but remained in a state of stationary decrepitude.

"Better go quick, miss," said Lion, who liked her. "There ain't much."

Fenella went quick.

BY THE week-end she still hadn't the money. She had never really hoped to have it, but she did not know what on earth to do. Maurice was staying at Freshfield, too. She had managed to avoid being driven over by him, but the first thing she saw on arrival was his long, low limousine, parked at the front door as securely as Maurice seemed to have parked himself in her life. The very sight of it gave her a shiver. If only she could avoid seeing him alone it would not be so bad. Maurice never discovered his madness unless they were alone together.

The fates were against her. Although she was certain she was late enough for tea to escape a *l'été-à-l'été*, when she went down into the big hall, it was empty save for Maurice standing beside the window. She tried to go back again, but he caught her in his arms.

"Fenella, what do you mean by not letting me drive you here? Darling, darling. One little kiss—now, please, listen to me."

His wistful brown eyes looked quite damp with anxiety. "Please, Maurice, let me go. Look, my clean blouse is all crushed and I haven't another."

"If only you'd listen to me, you could have all the blouses you want and everything else."

"Thank you, Maurice, but I would rather not." She wrenched herself free and stood holding him off with two hands. "And about that fifty dollars, Maurice, I'm terribly

sorry. I can't find anything to sell, but I hope I soon shall."

His face flushed darkly.

"I don't want fifty dollars. I want you. Why can't you marry me and be done with it. What sort of life is this for you, Fenella, cadging around, without enough money, with shabby dresses. I'd give you everything under the sun you wanted."

She stood twisting her handkerchief. Clothes, enough money, no more of this awful humiliation. Somebody's maid unpacking your bag although you begged her not to. Looking over your evening dresses . . . sniff, sniff. Regarding your lingerie . . . sniff, sniff . . . No more of it.

"You don't hate me, little girl? You know you don't hate me. You and I have always been pals. Well, why not risk it? Come on, Fenella. You know I'd be good to you."

He walked to the window, jingling money in his pockets. She felt so sorry for him.

"Oh, Maurice, I'm sorry."

"Then marry me. I'll take you to Italy, to the south of France, to Egypt. You shall see the world. I'll take you to New York, Fenella."

She stared at him, twisting her handkerchief. The alternative was Cairnforth, and muddle, and rows, and not enough bread and butter for tea, for ever and ever. And she owed him fifty dollars she could never, never pay, as far as she could see.

"Then you'd let me off my debt?" she faltered.

He caught her to him. He covered her face and hands with kisses.

"Fenella, you will? You'll think of it? I'll make a settlement on you at once. You shall never know what it is to want anything again."

That certainly would have its advantages. She lay passive for the first time in his arms. Might as well do it and get it over. There did not seem to be anything else to do.

"All right. Only don't say anything to any of them here. And don't kiss me too much, Maurice. I don't like it."

Lady Freshfield came downstairs. She looked at Fenella's flushed face and said, laughing. "I hope I'm not spoiling sport, but we must have tea, dears."

Fenella ran upstairs to wash off Maurice's kisses. Had she been an awful fool? She had told herself a dozen times she would rather die than do this, but what else was there for it? She longed to throw herself on her bed and cry, but that luxury was not for her. She had to go downstairs and be bright and cheerful.

"Penniless girls," Mrs. Marchmont always said, "must sing for their supper."

LADY FRESHFIELD looked up over the teacups at Maurice.

"Well?"

He smiled at her. "I believe it's going to be all right, Ethel. You look like getting your diamond bracelet."

She laughed. She was a pretty delicate woman, like a Dresden China piece with a naughty face.

"You're a nice old thing, Maurice. I hope you realize what you are doing. You know the sort of family she comes from. Her father was a gambler and I don't expect these children have had much upbringing. She'll probably lose all your money for you at Monte Carlo."

"I'll take the risk. I've always wanted her. She takes after her mother. Laura's a bit odd now, but so would anyone be who'd put up with A. V. for years. At heart she's a decent sort."

Lady Ethel dispensed sugar and said gaily, "Well, don't say I didn't warn you, that's all."

"Who's here?" Maurice rather obviously changed the subject.

"You know most of them. The Embertons, Alicia and Gilbert Dangerfield, Hilda and Guy Carfax, and young Alistair Farquhar—Effie's one and only. He was coming last week-end but I had to put him off, and then it looked almost like Providence, for I was short this week-end, so wired him."

"What do you want to get him along for just now? To cut me out?"

"Don't be frightened. Effie's daughter-in-law will have to be a very different piece of work. Not that I don't like Fenella. She's a dear little thing. But then—I mean you know what I mean. Whereas the Farquhars are very very. Likewise quite quite. Alistair will have to marry money." Lady Ethel busied herself arranging the tea tray. "They've got that enormous place to keep up, and precious little to do it on. Alistair is the heir when the old man dies,

which I don't believe he ever will. He's looked the same ever since I remember him."

"I don't want any young men butting in just now."

"I feel sure he won't butt. I know you can rely on it. He is not at all a butter. Poor old Maurice. Got it badly, haven't you?"

He nodded.

"Well, I must say, I would have you, if I was the girl. I mean, what has she to look forward to, with those surroundings and a mother with a whole fleet of bats in her belfry."

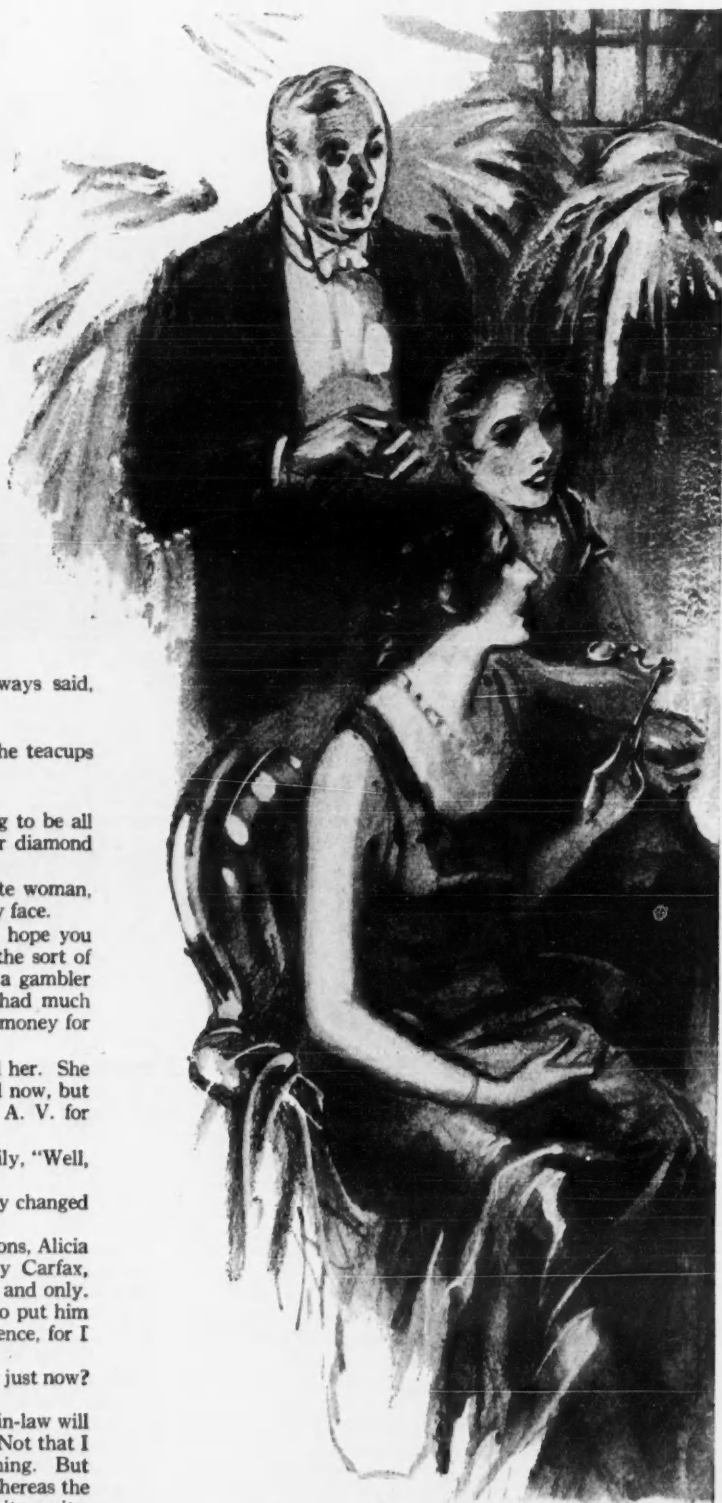
Maurice said dryly, "Thanks frightfully, Ethel."

"Don't mention it, dear, and all that. No offense meant where none is taken. Maurice, do take your cup, or I shall scream."

WHEN Fenella came down again, having removed those kisses of Maurice off her cheek, where they seemed to be sitting like little cold clams every one of them, the hall was quite full. Everyone was laughing and talking. So many smart women—all what Fenella called the orchid standard.

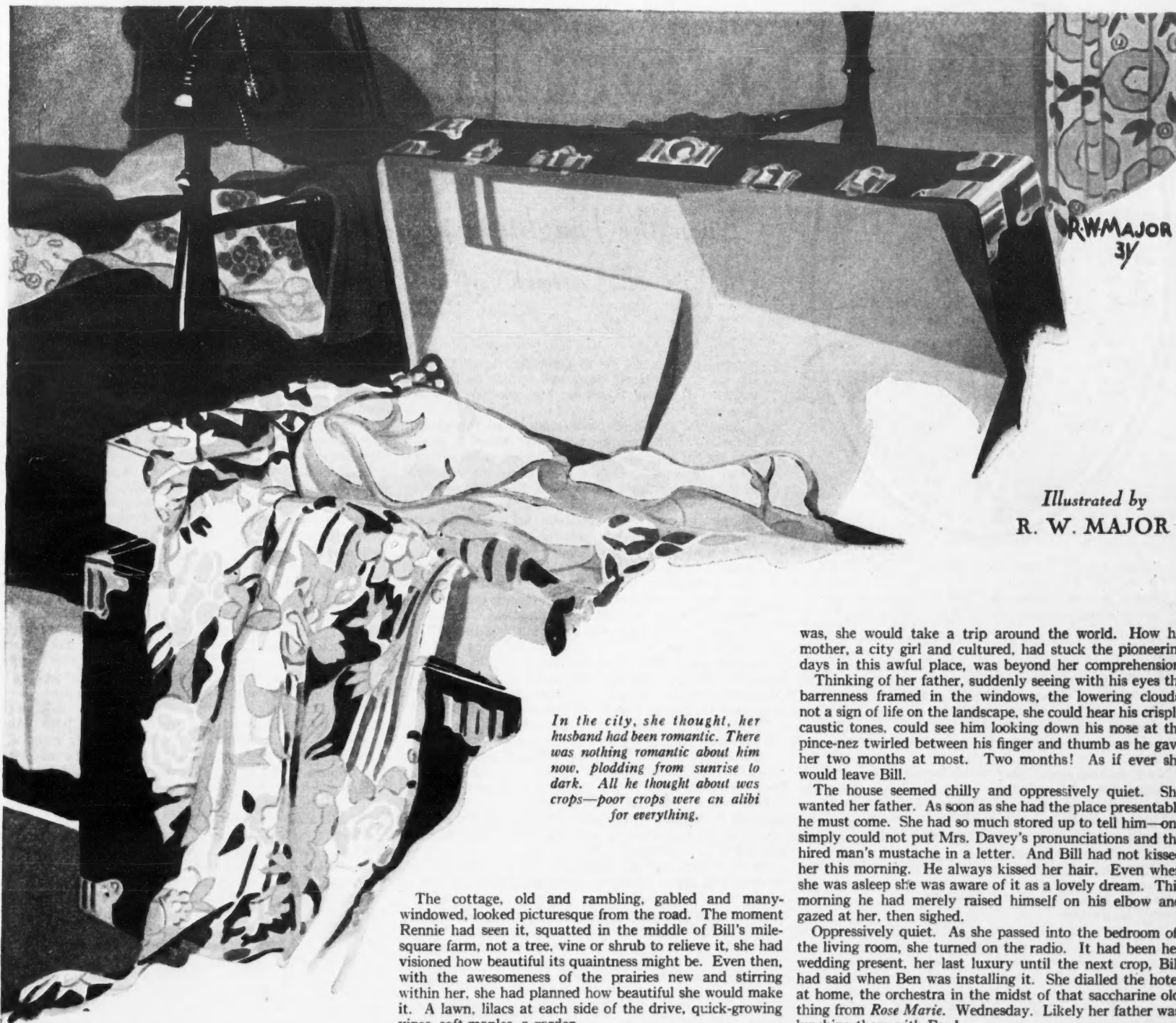
Fenella sat down on one corner of the fender stool, feeling out of things, shabby and shy. How she hated these smart house parties to which she was sent so ill-equipped.

Maurice would stare at her. In another moment she felt



The room was full of smart women—of the type which Fenella called the orchid standard. How she hated these smart house parties to which she was sent so ill-equipped.





Illustrated by  
R. W. MAJOR

*In the city, she thought, her husband had been romantic. There was nothing romantic about him now, plodding from sunrise to dark. All he thought about was crops—poor crops were an alibi for everything.*

The cottage, old and rambling, gabled and many-windowed, looked picturesque from the road. The moment Rennie had seen it, squatted in the middle of Bill's mile-square farm, not a tree, vine or shrub to relieve it, she had visioned how beautiful its quaintness might be. Even then, with the awesomeness of the prairies new and stirring within her, she had planned how beautiful she would make it. A lawn, lilacs at each side of the drive, quick-growing vines, soft maples, a garden.

She had planted a hotbed; she could see it through the living-room door. The living room opened on a stoop running the full length of the house. The stoop sagged. Bill's father had planned to jack it up and put a roof over it, but had never got around to it. His mother had not minded, Bill had explained. She used to say that during the hot weather, when city folks lived on their verandahs, she was pickling and preserving and getting ready for threshers, too busy to do any heavy sitting around; that after working indoors all day she liked to sit with nothing over her head but the sky. Bill could not mention her yet with equanimity.

RENNIE had never seen Bill's parents. She had not seen Bill until Christmas when he was at the coast putting the stone on his mother's grave, her last wish that she be buried back home. (As if she had not been buried all along!) His father had died when Bill was at college, leaving his widow and son little except the proverbial mortgage, some fantastic ideas of founding a line of Alleyns in the West, a few first editions, and half a dozen slim volumes of poetry published at his own expense. Many of the first editions were valuable only to him, but the *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* would pay off the mortgage, Bill had said.

However, his father would never part with it. Neither would Bill. He handled it as reverently as if it were the crown jewels. Every time he took it up you could tell he was thinking of his ancestors, connecting them with his children to come. He had sat an hour last night turning over its yellowed pages, drawing her attention to the gruesome woodcuts. Crazy, she thought tolerantly. She liked books, too; nice new books with gay jackets and impossible blurbs; books to be replaced in a month of gayer blurbs. If she were Bill, mad about travelling as he

was, she would take a trip around the world. How his mother, a city girl and cultured, had stuck the pioneering days in this awful place, was beyond her comprehension.

Thinking of her father, suddenly seeing with his eyes the barrenness framed in the windows, the lowering clouds, not a sign of life on the landscape, she could hear his crisply caustic tones, could see him looking down his nose at the pince-nez twirled between his finger and thumb as he gave her two months at most. Two months! As if ever she would leave Bill.

The house seemed chilly and oppressively quiet. She wanted her father. As soon as she had the place presentable he must come. She had so much stored up to tell him—one simply could not put Mrs. Davey's pronunciations and the hired man's mustache in a letter. And Bill had not kissed her this morning. He always kissed her hair. Even when she was asleep she was aware of it as a lovely dream. This morning he had merely raised himself on his elbow and gazed at her, then sighed.

Oppressively quiet. As she passed into the bedroom off the living room, she turned on the radio. It had been her wedding present, her last luxury until the next crop, Bill had said when Ben was installing it. She dialled the hotel at home, the orchestra in the midst of that saccharine old thing from *Rose Marie*. Wednesday. Likely her father was lunching there with Ford.

Intent upon getting the living room done, she had not tidied in here, merely made the bed. The room had a cluttered look, and taking her afternoon bath from a china basin was losing its novelty. As she ran her hand over her wardrobe she planned how she would convert the unused den into a bathroom, yellow and green. Probably that was why she chose a yellow smock with purplish-black trimming to match her sleek hair.

Her reflection showed a better color than at breakfast time. She had been a bit groggy for several mornings. Of course, getting up at seven and being disturbed at five, Bill's unearthly matin! Work, work, work, a big meal at eleven o'clock, afternoon lunch to pack for Bill and the two hired men who "batched" in the bunkhouse, another big meal at seven; on top of cleaning the house, separating the milk—a Chinese puzzle at first—doing a thousand-and-one jobs as well as painting in her spare moments. She smiled derisively as she dabbed her nose with a powder puff. Had a farmer's wife spare moments? If anyone had told her at Christmas when she was struggling to keep from becoming engaged to Ford Neely that by the middle of May she would have been a farmer's wife two months and a half, she would have howled.

Her father had done the howling. If he could see her now he would do more, yellow giving her a green cast about the gills. Wouldn't he fuss? And without cause. Too tired to digest her food, perhaps. It—why, no! It couldn't be—it couldn't be anything else, yet.

But the thought was disquieting, persistent as it had been all morning in the back of her mind. She shook herself resolutely—no neurasthenic, Alloway Dale's daughter!—and went out to turn down the radio blaring fox trot.

The living room, inexplicably comforting with its muffled murmur of sound, had been [Continued on page 45]

"I'm not."

"—and need a change of scenery—"

"I do."

"—and I'll scrape off the moss the old chafing dish has accumulated since Bill's departure at Christmas. I'll show him I can get a chicken too, if only *à la king*."

Laughing again, Rennie hung up, for once remembering to ring off. She liked Ben, although when she had met him in his general store where they had gone to buy paint, she had thought it funny being introduced to the clerks; as funny as having the telephone operator say, "Sorry, Mrs. Alleyn, but that line is busy." Ben had grinned as he put up their large order, "Paint-up week out your way, Bill?"

Pretty smart! He must have read that in a city paper, she had concluded till on the way home Bill had explained that Ben and he had gone to college together where Ben had taken honors in science intending to be a scientific farmer, but for his mother's sake lived in town. He was handsome, she had admitted, making plans on the spot to end his bachelorhood by inviting Daphne Calhoun out for a visit as soon as she had the place spruced up a bit. Daphne, who did clever etchings, was always sighing for "the broad open spaces where men are men."

It was a dull afternoon, more like March than May, with the wind whistling, but as she hung up her apron on its hook she gave the big kitchen a complacent appraisal. It had been a drab dingy place when she came. Now there was a linen cloth on the table, cream blinds instead of green ones, sash curtains banded with black and white gingham. Everything which could be painted gleamed in ivory and black. In ivory and black tiled linoleum the floor gleamed, too. Even the old range had a grateful shine. It should, she reflected, looking ruefully at her hands. But she fed it another stick before going to change her dress.





Her trunk, open as she had left it when she got out her curtain materials suggested escape. Her father would welcome her with open arms. She would escape, even though it meant leaving Bill.

by  
Alberta C. Trimble

# LOVELIER SPRING

As real as fear—as powerful as idealism, this haunting story of a western bride is dedicated to the staunch courage of prairie wives

TWO longs and a short; their ring. Rennie made a face at the horse-and-buggy phone in her rejuvenated kitchen, but any voice being preferable to the everlasting wind said a blithe Hello, Ben Duthie calling. Would the Alleyns honor him by being his guests in town for the evening? It was picture show night.

Rennie hesitated, not because she had never been invited by a country storekeeper before—she liked Bill's chum—not because she had sat through one session of the flickering screen, but because she heard a strange clock striking

field; will likely be inanimate by suppertime."

"So will you—from too much prairie. A month since you arrived and only to town—is it twice?"

"I've been busy. As for Bill, some old-timer has prophesied a bumper crop. Ben," plaintively, "does crop failure become a complex?"

"You're a bright girl; you'll soon learn. Only remember, all work and no play dulls the most lustrous. Try cat-naps in the afternoon."

"Bill's prescription, also. But I can't till I get this house

twelve. Did it belong to Mrs. Davey? Wouldn't she like to give that woman an earful?"

"If Bill can manage it. Ben. He's seeding; absolutely must get the last grain of wheat in before he slumbers again. He took his lunch to the

fit to live in. And it's good for me to be tired from something besides golf. Though does winter last for ever in these parts?"

"Winter! My good woman, it's spring today. I heard a meadowlark this morning." He imitated it for her. "I nearly phoned Bill to play hookey. We used to, regularly, just to lie in the sun and listen to the birds sing."

Bill, thirty-five and indefatigable, playing hookey! She jeered.

"The only thing that sings around here is the tea kettle." "A nice domestic sound," he rallied. "Have you the kitchen done yet for it to sing in? Or did you lose the magazine again?"

"I'm at the living room page now," she laughed. "Yes, the kitchen is done, all but the red geranium for the table. You don't happen to sell red geraniums in your emporium, do you?"

"No, merely the blue variety. But I'll raise one for you somewhere. Well, convince Bill you're not feeling tip-top—"

wistfulness which challenged the secret chivalry of his ragamuffin heart.

"Shucks!" said he, taking careful aim at the dosing cat with a paper wad. "I don't think nothing; nothing a-tall, 'cept maybe you didn't want to get married—not to Captain Otteson, anyhow."

SEVERAL days thereafter Hals broached an all important subject. It had to do with the promised dog. Miss Jalson had suggested a respectably pedigreed puppy which she intended to buy on its becoming old enough to leave the kennels. Now Hals had a better plan. A boy in the village had told him that the pound-master had picked up a collie, a big yellow dog with regular spirit. And it was true; Hals had been out to the pound to see for himself. The yellow collie was a great dog; he had almost bitten the keeper, and yet, miraculously, had evinced an instant trust in Hals. And, best of all, he wouldn't cost Miss Jalson a cent.

"Hmm!" Miss Jalson was not so sure of that. "What about Paddy, always nervous of big dogs?" she asked, stitching rapidly to keep from surrendering at once. Little boys, she had discovered, wore such speaking faces. Paddy was the cat and a personage of parts. Hals blinked. To tell the truth, his opinion of Paddy was not flattering. But Miss Jalson was fast winning the blossoming affection of his starved young heart—and Paddy was her cat.

Awake to the complications this might entail, Hals, none the less, decided to put a good face on the matter: "Gosh, Miss Jalson, dogs aren't dumb," he returned with bold emphasis. "Sure you can teach a great dog like that to leave your cat be. 'Sides look how he'd watch the store. I bet he'd attack anything. Why, I bet he'd even attack—"

Uncanny caution stayed further prophecy. Despite her good sense, Hals suspected that Miss Jalson might not altogether approve of the high hope he entertained of that yellow wanderer's combative powers.

ON WEDNESDAYS, in keeping with modern practice, Miss Jalson closed her fancy goods store at one o'clock sharp. But, by coming to a side door which opened into the box-like hall leading to her cheerful living room, customers who came to be fitted for the dainty lingerie she specialized in, could always be accommodated. To avoid embarrassment to her modest customers, Miss Jalson had hit upon the plan of letting Hals play from four until six on this

mid-week holiday lest he come plunging in all unannounced. He was to do as he pleased, go where he pleased, but she was strict about his being back in time for tea.

But now had come a Wednesday and no Hals burst, bright-faced and hungry, into the quiet room on the stroke of six. Anna Jalson tried not to notice how long the moments seemed, how queer her heart was behaving, what ridiculous nonsense kept popping into her head. It was just what one must expect from a boy, she told herself sharply, and carefully covered his pudding with a hot towel. A healthy boy was bound to tumble into mischief now and again. Ah!

Like a dash of cold water a really alarming thought burst upon her. That goat! That abominable goat was at the bottom of this. How stupid she had been not to anticipate something of this sort this noon when Hals was explaining how badly the collie needed exercise—a run in the country. The suspicion fixed. Miss Jalson found herself equally fretted by a dozen other recollections having no bearing upon dogs or truant little boys. In no time at all she was jerking on her green sweater and tam in a fine white rage.

Leaving the house, Anna Jalson directed her feet into paths she had stubbornly avoided for six long years. Her modest house, surrounded by its neat old-fashioned garden, stood at the extreme end of the last street in the village. A few paces carried her into open fields that rolled in green undulations to the foot of a gently sloping hill covered in slender white birch trees. Small and determined, Anna Jalson sped across the fields, each step increasing her anger which, true to feminine causerie, had nothing whatever to do with her protégé's possible misadventure. Yet her indignation challenged the wind.

"Oh, I might have known it," she flung out fiercely; "I might indeed. Sure, wasn't it Peder who stepped in with his nonsense when poor Neils came to fetch me that Easter Sunday six years ago? Always interfering in my affairs—to say nothing of pleasure. Fine talk he set going, holding Neils up at the point of a gun, threatening monstrous absurdities if the poor young man attempted to keep his promise or ever again to take me out in his new buggy. A fine mess and no mistake!"

But, angry though she undoubtedly was, something verging upon a smile touched her lips. "Idiot!" she snapped. "Intolerable old fool to sit three hours on the doorstep arguing!" As if she could have permitted herself to be seen in his company after such crazy behavior.

She had reached the white birches now. Something of their eternal springtime seemed to flow out to meet and melt her anger. She stopped, thrilled by strange expectancy. Oh, well, she had loved this spot once. How good to breathe again the warm air, laden with aromatic riches of winey leaf and black mold! A sigh rose to her lips. How beautiful, how more beautiful than her dreams of it was this birch wood! Its myriad leaves vibrated like so many bright green jewels in the glamorous light of the setting sun. And all at once so much loveliness pressed in on her smug conceits and left her feeling very miserable, very old and useless.

Forcefulness ebbed, all the vigorous independence of her thirty years deserted her; for an intolerable moment the past and present united to oppress her. And the tall stately birches assumed human quality to mock and intimidate her. They were his—Peder's, these proud white trees, and all that now separated her from him and his house.

Grateful that the hill afforded an excuse for loitering, Miss Jalson pressed against the bole of a tree, shutting her eyes tight as was her childish wont when unruly thoughts distressed her. Bitterly she chided herself. She was no better than a fool to dash along in this fashion. Why, she was shaking like a cat in fright and her heart burned in her side. But worse than this, what possessed her to keep harping back to events best forgotten? Why must she go reviving that other spring day?

THAT long gone spring day when Peder had once again sat stubborn as an Indian on her inhospitable steps; a shameless siege hours long for all the village to crow about. She could almost hear him now in fancy, alternating banter and tender pleading in his last attempt to break down her resistance. Telling her at the close of each dragging hour that now he was sixty minutes nearer the sea or paradise, just as she wished!

Well, he had gone to sea, he and that grey goat of his. Even after all these years the thought of Peder, dark, indomitable, his eyes flashing, his every step a challenge as he marched past her house on his way to the wharf, brought a flush of shame to her face, for there, trailing behind him, had trotted that mirth-provoking goat decked out in green ribbons lettered with her name. Anna! Anna! Sweet Mascot, Anna!

Small wonder her heart warmed toward Hals for hating that obnoxious animal. Small [Continued on page 53]

Illustrated by Jack Keay

Anna Jalson had once been fleet as a deer; she was by no means decrepit now—but the grey goat was a winged fury.







"Bless my soul," said Anna Jalsen, "Now listen to me boy. I'll have no such talk as this if you come to live with me. You shall have enough to eat—do the wretched villagers take me for a child-starver?"

THERE really was nothing very wrong with little Hals, though to be sure his ears did protrude a bit as if in perpetual hope of hearing something startling. But his ten-year-old body was straight as a ski-pole, his legs filled his red stockings healthily, and his eyes were bright as new buttons.

None the less, Anna Jalsen shook her head as she considered him standing straight and eager before her. He ought not to grin that way, she thought, with his mother just dead and his father nothing but a questionable memory. Besides, his teeth certainly needed straightening and that was sure to prove outrageously expensive.

"Hmm, so he thinks he could run errands and mind the store for me," said Miss Jalsen, shifting her gaze to the tortoise shell cat at her feet, thinking aloud as was frequently her custom.

Hals' grin spread like a sunset and his bright button eyes began a hopeful and interested survey of Miss Jalsen's living room. It would be fun to fill that pot-bellied stove with its glowing mica belt, which stood, pompous and fixed as a bishop, in the alcove behind her. And, judging by the remnants of her meal, Anna Jalsen lived well, for all she was an old maid and queer at that.

"Well, well," Miss Jalsen drummed with silver-sheathed finger on the rosewood sewing table beside her. "Well, hmm. He seems healthy and good-natured; though to be sure one never knows about boys. Why don't you say something, child? Surely to goodness the parson didn't forget to put words in your mouth."

Hals laughed. "Parson said to his wife no doubt you'd think I ate too much. And I was just to say I never lied and knew the catechism up to the second quarter."

"And do you—never lie, I mean?" Anna Jalsen fired back at him sharply and snipped a thread with small, very white teeth. Young Hals pursed his mouth and his clean pink ears quivered expectantly.

"Ho! It's plain to be seen you're no wiser than the

# The Incurrigibles

by LAURA GOODMAN SALVERSON

*Even the haughtiest pride of a lady must vanish before the attack of a small boy—and a goat*

parson," he informed her in a dancing voice that made the cat unsheathe its claws and twitch its tail nervously. "It's plain as can be, miss, you wasn't raised by a 'small tippler'."

Anna Jalsen bit off another length of thread, but instead of rethreading her needle she jabbed it fiercely into the fat pink elephant pin cushion on her sewing table. "Bless my soul! Now listen to me, boy. I'll have no such talk as this if you come to live with me. You shall have enough to eat. The idea! Do the wretched villagers take me for a child starver? And you must tell the truth—whenever possible. Now what do you say to that?"

Again young Hals laughed, this time so heartily that the cat leaped up and fled behind the stove. "Sure. I thank you kindly, miss. That's what the parson said I must say in any case, but not to promise I'd come until I'd seen Captain Peder Otteson."

Miss Jalsen froze into repelling dignity. "So! He said that, did he? But, of course, he would. Thick as thieves in harvest, that's what men are; and never a thought of the innocent victim. But mind now, speak the truth. Do you know that—that captain person, parson mentioned?"

"Who doesn't," giggled Hals, "and if it wasn't for his goat I'd have gone there first without deciding."

"Oh, so you think a vain brass-buttoned bachelor would make a better foster parent? Except for a goat I'd not have been considered. A fine beginning for a son!"

Hals was accustomed to erratic argument. Instead of replying he began a systematic scratching of the polished floor with the one strong bare toe that had defied sock and running shoe; it was great fun really. Besides what was the good of saying anything until Miss Jalsen had finished? Women folk didn't want an answer until they ran out of breath.

Sure enough a moment later Miss Jalsen caught her lips hard on the heels of a formidable word and stared at young Hals in lively suspicion. "Now what's this nonsense, anyway? Hals Bergstrom, if you can't be truthful at least try not to be ridiculous. Why, now I come to think of it, I've always been told that boys adored goats."

Hals stopped his delightful toe scraping, stopped, poised like a stork and treated his interlocutor to a swift vengeful frown. "He killed Pudge, that darn goat did! And I can't very well murder him if Captain Otteson is keeping me, now can I?" he fired at her with fierce, astonishing logic.

Anna Jalsen's reaction was perhaps no less astonishing. "Ha, had! He did, did he?" she thrilled and, jumping to her feet sped to a black cupboard which, with its heavy clawed feet and multiple brass-hinged doors painted in green and gold dragons, had been an object of silent wonder to Hals for all of five minutes. The interest magnified now that Miss Jalsen opened a top compartment and brought out a silver dish filled with

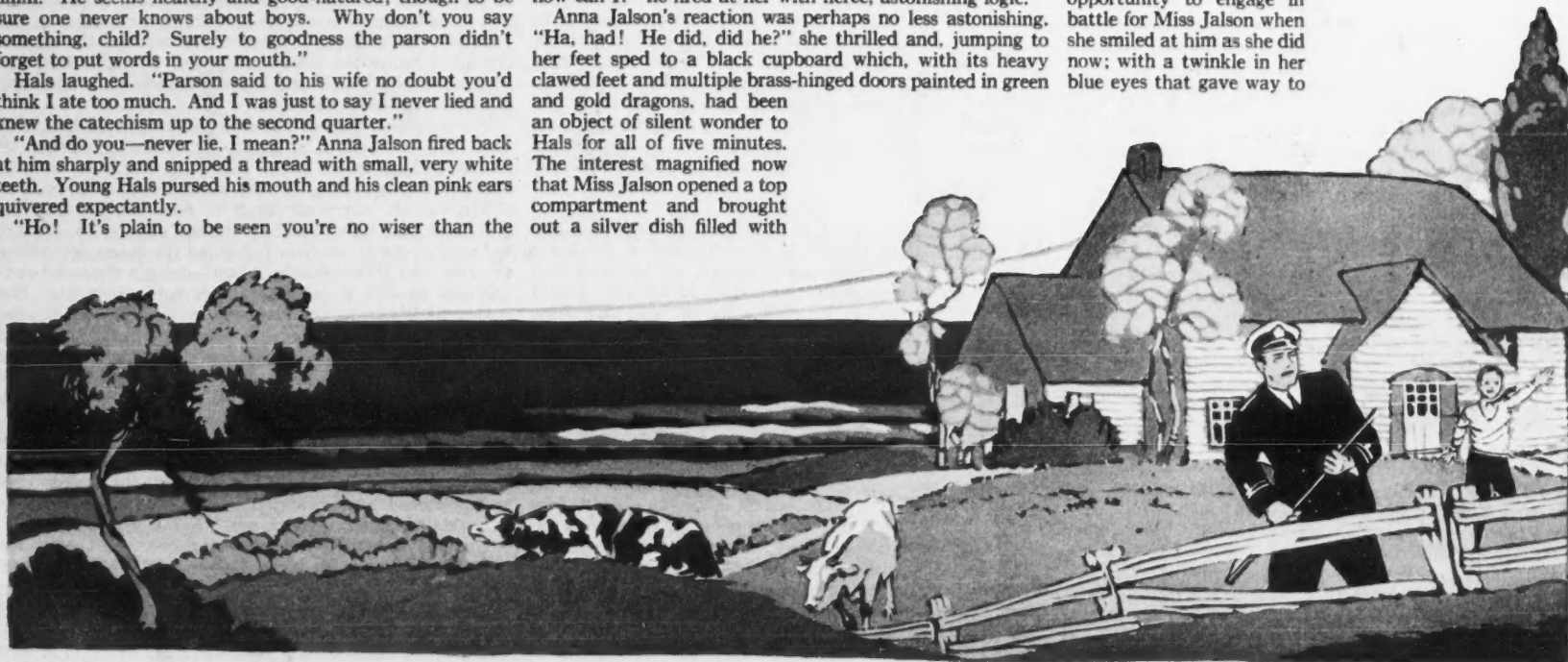
stuffed prunes and home-candied citron peel. Still gleeful, she sang out: "Here, boy, hold out your hands. So, he's come to this, the grey monster! Well, I always said—but never mind what I said; best tell the parson to send over your box tomorrow. You shall have another dog, and as for that nonsense about eating you needn't worry on that score. Here, let me put the rest of these in your pocket."

Then shaking herself, frill by frill, Anna Jalsen added, doubtless for her own benefit since Hals was already disappearing through the doorway: "As a matter of fact the boy's cot is already in the loft. Ha! I might have known it. Peder Otteson can't even keep a goat out of mischief, let alone a child."

DURING the days that followed, Hals discovered a good many interesting qualities in his new benefactress. In the first place she was not half so old as he had imagined. Why, of a morning, when she stood before her gold-framed mirror brushing out her hair, she looked exactly like a frizzy Christmas-card angel; only much gayer, for her eyes caught and held the blue of morning like the sea itself. And even if she did talk at him in that detached, third person way, as if he were some genii in a bottle, she had a jolly little laugh that leaped out now and then surprising them both. And once when they had just discovered something especially amusing and the room vibrated so gaily that the tea-kettle hop-skipped on the stove, Hals made bold to ask why the villagers referred to Miss Jalsen as "that eccentric old maid." The adjective was something of a bother but she seemed to understand him well enough.

"What a boy!" she laughed, tossing back her small head. Then she ran to rescue the exploding kettle. "Ho! That's good, that is. But what would you have, boy Hals? Yes, what should the poor things call a woman who refuses to take to aprons and stew-pots just to keep some man fat as a herring? Old maid! Old maid! And what could be more derogatory unless perhaps eccentric old maid! For look now, you must have guessed that old maids, just plain old maids, mind you, are nothing more or less than natural failures; but an eccentric old maid is, in fact, a freak. A creature who, neither cross-eyed nor half-witted, prefers to mind her own business and be no man's flattering mirror! Now be a good boy and tell me what you think about it yourself?"

Hals always longed for an opportunity to engage in battle for Miss Jalsen when she smiled at him as she did now; with a twinkle in her blue eyes that gave way to



# MENACE *by Anne Anderson Perry*

*The recent expose of the film industry in Canada is one of the most sensational developments in this national woman's problem*

not only indulged in emotional kicking against the pricks, but have worked overtime and hard-headedly to understand the maddening maze so literally behind "the screen." Such women have uncompromisingly refused to be exploited or used by the Canadian agents of the Hollywood producers, for they well know that such agents are concerned with only one thing in relation to women's clubs—how most cleverly to prevent them from getting out of hand in rousing too large a body of public opinion against the prevailing types of moving pictures. That is why in the United States the great producing companies of Hollywood pay \$10,000 a year to a so-called representative of the women's clubs to "co-operate" with the Will Hays Organization to improve the films, and why Canada as well as the United States is flooded with publicity from this or other "bought and paid for" sources in order to convince innocent ladies in the clubs that their interests and those of the moving picture magnates are one and the same.

It is also, through reaction from such manifest hypocrisy, the reason why so many large bodies of clubwomen across the border have now broken away from all such "influencing," and are today climbing painfully but steadily toward a national plan of improvement of the movies which will place dependence on hard and fast legislation, not on any form of that voluntary "improvement from within" which has been so long dangled before reformers by the movie czars and so cleverly sidestepped in all but name.

ARE these statements seemingly too severe? On the contrary, they are well within the bounds of moderation. They can be firmly established from a dozen different sources available to the intelligent investigator. But for our purposes at the moment, and for our own country, I wish to refer in some detail to a government document which bears out not only many of these contentions, but which sheds a lurid light on exactly who operates the moving picture business in Canada, in what manner and for what purpose. I refer to the admirable report issued in July by Peter White, K.C., who as head of a royal commission, spent six months looking into the moving picture business under the provisions of the Combines Investigations Act, for the Department of Labor at Ottawa. Any citizen can get this report or a summary of it, and no individual or committee interested in the movies can afford to be without it, if authoritative information is their object. The moral or "uplift" angles of movie agitation are, of course, in no way dealt with in this document. It deals solely with the moving picture business as a business, but it is from just such proved facts as it presents that we must work in the future if we are

either to vision or accomplish control and improvement of the films.

The main finding of Commissioner White is "that a combine exists in the motion picture industry in Canada within the meaning of the Combine Investigation Act," and those found to be the principal parties to this combine are Famous Players Corporation, Limited, the dominant company; Paramount Publix Corporation, the United States parent company; thirteen companies distributing films in Canada and Motion Picture Distributors and Exhibitors of Canada which was organized by Col. John A. Cooper and which is referred to throughout the report as the "Cooper Organization."

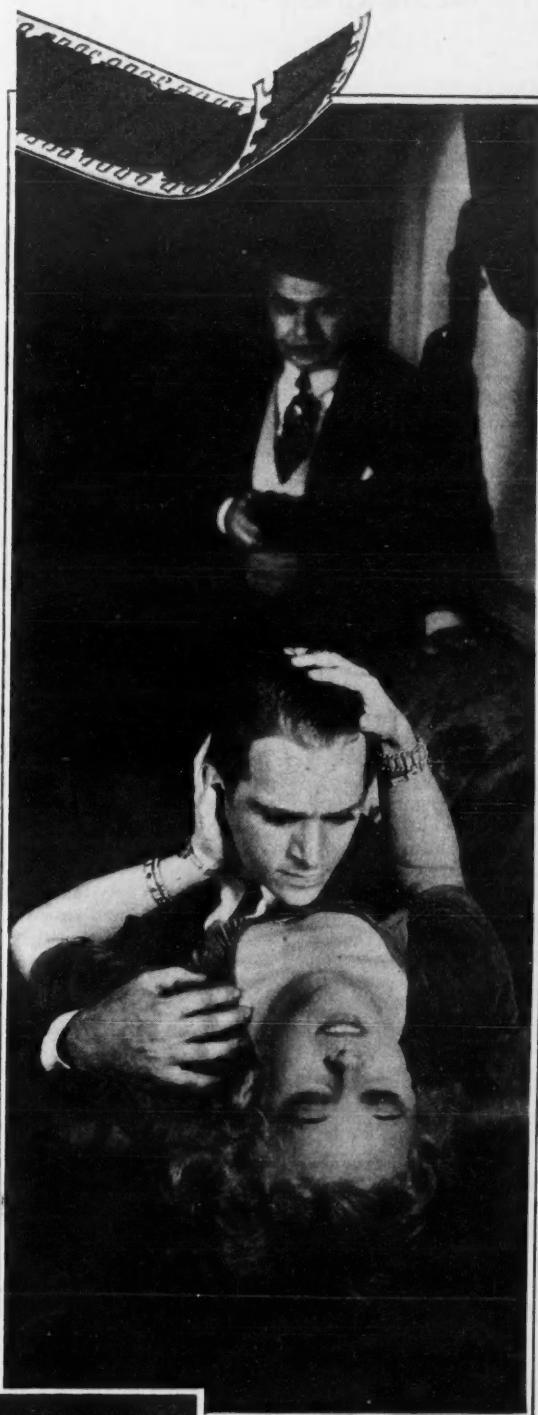
Taking Canada as a whole, the report states the Famous Players Corporation occupies an exclusive or dominant control in all cities or towns with a population of over 10,000, this, in many localities amounting to a complete monopoly of the business. Of the 299 "chain" theatres in Canada, 207 are controlled by this company, most of these being in the larger centres, but with great measure of control also over many other interests and people in the motion picture activities.

"By the control and operation of these theatres," reports Mr. White, "the Famous Players Company is in a position to dictate to the exchanges in regard to the purchase, selection and booking of pictures, not only for its own theatres, but in large measure to the booking and contracting for the pictures of theatres in opposition to them." He elucidates the measure of this control by showing that of the thirteen distributing companies in Canada, ninety-five per cent of the distribution is in the hands of ten, and all but one of these are controlled through direct stock ownership by United States producing companies. One of these companies, the Paramount Publix, "is in virtual control of Famous Players Canadian Corporation, Limited, as it owns ninety-five per cent of the stock of the Canadian company." It also controls two of the Canadian distributors and is a dominating influence in not only the motion picture business in the Dominion, but through its affiliations has attained "practically complete control of the vaudeville theatrical business in Canada." Here those sensible people who have contended all along that any clean-up of the movies should be accompanied by a similar one of the vaudeville productions will be enlightened as to with what and whom they have to deal in tackling this additional job.

WITH regard to block booking, which is the contracting by exhibitors for a group of pictures offered as an indivisible whole by the producers, and blind booking, which is the contracting for a picture or pictures which have not yet been produced, much less seen, by the purchasing exhibitors, Mr. White finds "that these two systems prevail generally in the sale of pictures by the distributors in Canada, this resulting, through the overbuying by the exhibitors, in the showing of many inferior pictures, so that these systems are decidedly detrimental to the public."

At this point a wry smile will cross the faces of many hundreds of well-meaning women who have been told suavely by agents of the producers on dozens of

occasions that these types of bookings were not in vogue and that exhibitors were free to show what films they wished. But if some of us are still so innocent as to ask why these systems prevail, just hark [Continued on page 57]



"Block booking" as shown in the Peter White report, is one of the greatest detriments to a clean-up of the movies. In block booking pictures are rented in groups—unseen, and often, unproduced at the time of rental.

Young people are shown daily in scenes such as these typifying modern youth. How is it to be stopped





# The HOLLYWOOD



**F**OR over twenty years, the home, church and clubwomen, besides many other citizens in Canada concerned with the public weal, have been trying to find some effective means whereby the general standards of taste, decency and cultural influence of the moving pictures might be raised to a level in keeping with the power for good which is undoubtedly inherent in this great national recreation.

Women have been more prominently connected with this movement perhaps than any body of men except the clergy or those in the welfare societies; not because women are better than men, but because as guardians of the family the thoughtful ones among them long ago perceived that the moving pictures, which are attended weekly by millions of our people, exercise an educational influence on the young which rivals the public school and far outdistances the Sunday School as a mold of mind and character.

But they or any other would-be reformers of the movies have had a hard time. It has not been found either easy to understand or to alter a nation- and continent-wide business which only on the surface paid the least attention to public opinion as revealed by agitators; which had ramifications extending far beyond the ken of the average person; which was fairly immune from rough editorial handling in the daily press because of the richness of its advertising; which subtly offered "co-operation" on the one hand with those who desired improvement of its product, but on the other ruthlessly went its way to bigger and better business; and which, in effect, defied all but the Censor Boards in our various provinces to control it or its output.

Well-meaning members of committees in hundreds of localities in Canada, dealing with only one or two tiny arms of the moving picture giant octopus, have optimistically believed that all they had to do in order to improve the pictures was to go to local exhibitors and request certain changes. Always met politely, they nevertheless almost invariably found that owing to the puzzling, to them, methods of contracting for films known as block and blind booking through which the manager-exhibitors dealt with the exchanges, these gentlemen were the merest cogs in a

*Gangster warfare and methods are repeated continually in the movies—and leave a very definite impression in the mind of the young fans.*

machine; that local influence brought to bear was almost useless; and that the long unwinding of the film coil led one back to Hollywood itself. Most of these well-meaning citizens grew tired before they got further than the censor boards in their investigations. Few, indeed, of them acquired any real grasp of the actual situation. It was too complicated; it required profound study, hard work, uncompromising action and the "big view."

So half-hearted and poorly informed committee work has been the rule rather than the exception even in the great national federations of women's clubs. It has been done always with high ideals but seldom with the shrewd intelligence and hard headed, uncompromising watchfulness demanded by the nature of the job.

For in almost all cases locally, provincially or nationally in such committees the women have been misled by specious offers from agents of the moving picture dynasty of so-called co-operation to gain what were alleged to be mutual ends—better films. They have been in many instances dined or "consulted" or otherwise cajoled by such agents without knowing who they were. They have occasionally mothered resolutions emanating straight from the same suave sources and have, it is said, seriously considered inspired suggestions that a prominent Canadian clubwoman should be asked to serve at Ottawa, as Mrs. Alice Ames Winter does at Hollywood, with salary from Hollywood producers. All in all, they have been actually bamboozled into the naive belief that these gentry were as much interested in the public welfare as they were in profit from the films.

That there have been two or three notable exceptions to this rule is all to the credit of certain outstanding women in the clubs who have had their eyes opened, who have

*Women who have attempted to regulate the movies in their locality have found that the long unwinding of the film coil led back to Hollywood itself.*

# GINGER ALE AND POP

by MARTHA BANNING THOMAS

*Concluding the mad adventures of an ungovernable heroine, a "bossy" hero, and a beautiful but dumb rival*



*"We've been stalling around," said Ginger, "smirking like plaster saints, pretending that nothing has happened. We're all trying to save each other's silly pride."*

Illustrated by Carl Shreve

LAST month, the first half of this two-part story introduced Virginia Ale—nicknamed Ginger Ale early in life—and Augustus Alfred Prendergast, known from babyhood as Pop. Rivalry between these two is perpetual, since Pop insists on feeling that the madcap Ginger is his personal responsibility. One evening Ginger insists on going to the club dance with the handsome Borden, in spite of Pop's warning that the woods through which they must pass are full of hold-up men. Pop hides in the rumble seat of the car, and Ginger is furious when she discovers him. In the middle of the dance, the lights are suddenly turned out and robbers enter.

AT THE very moment when Pop bowed and gave to Mrs. Lennox a glass of punch, he noticed something queer happening outside the clubhouse. The parking lights of cars grouped at the corner of the building were winking out like so many yellow eyes. There they went, one after another, in regular and systematic succession until only a few were left. Darned funny!

Pop blinked behind his glasses and thought fast. His rosy, solemn face looked exactly as it always did. No shade of excitement passed over it. On three sides of the large room were long windows reaching to the floor. Two of them had been opened because the guests grew warm with dancing. Through one of these windows, only a few steps from where he stood, he was further amazed to observe the quick crouching figure of a man as he slipped catlike from one motor to the next. There was just enough glow from the remaining parking lights to reveal his activities. "Gosh!" thought Pop. And at once became convinced that a possi-

bility he had carelessly mentioned on the way to Greywood was altogether too fast becoming a certainty. The hold-up men had followed, and they meant business. One of them had Ginger's diamond ring right now.

"Here's your punch, Mrs. Lennox," said Pop politely.

She took it with smiling thanks.

Then without warning the room became instantly black. During the startled silence which followed, Pop spoke in an undertone to the woman beside him. "Look out for your emerald! Better go back into the dressing room until this blows over. Safer there."

Voices began shouting all over the room. Someone called for a flashlight. People were warned to stay where they were and not rush the doors. A gay holiday party was wrecked in a moment.

Pop moved toward the open window, but not before Mrs. Lennox had touched his arm. "I shall stay right here," she whispered. "But what are you going to do?" Her voice was anxious.

Pop opened his mouth to answer when Ginger's shrill squeal of dismay soared above the clamor. "You see? It's a hold-up all right. Take off your ring and hide it. Please!"

Somebody stumbled against the bass drum of the orchestra. A single ominous note boomed through the room. It produced again a tense, whispering hush; then from everywhere voices began to babble and shout.

Pop was now at the window. He jumped the few feet to the ground, and bending low, swiftly covered the short distance to a thick, thorn hedge which ran part way around the clubhouse. "Somebody'll be hurt before we pull out of this racket," he thought, "and Borden will do his stuff! Some brave, manly, fool thing to puddle up the game. Wish I'd kept his gun myself. Well, here's to vice and crime! Wonder if Mrs. Ale will ever see her diamond again? Ginger will be wild."

He flattened himself thinly and uncomfortably against the hedge. It was in deep shadow, and here he waited with

thorns pricking his neck and his heart a tumult of excitement. This new twist of events was more than he had bargained for. He'd only meant to see Ginger and Borden safely through the woods.

In a moment or so he saw a figure, noiseless as a shadow, slink round the corner of the conservatory. And at that exact instant, another figure emerged from the dark interior of a car standing near Pop's end of the hedge. The parking lights were all out now. Not a glimmer anywhere, yet the boy could faintly discern in the cloudy dark that the two men had met and were standing close together.

"Got it?" enquired a hoarse whisper.

"Yep, nuthin' to it. Grabbed it off the dame's finger before she had time to squawk. But I spotted an emerald just before you cut off the glim. Dame was standin' near this here window . . ." More hastily mumbled words which Pop could not hear.

But he could feel his gorge rise. It made him boil to think of these two ruffians calmly talking of Ginger's diamond and Mrs. Lennox's emerald, as if the jewels already were in their dirty possession. "Well, guess it's about time to start something," thought Pop, "or they'll be sneaking out before I can land 'em."

He decided that he must somehow get behind the conspirators, rush them, give them a bad moment, and keep them away from the clubhouse until someone else could take charge of the situation. Of course they must have telephoned for the police unless those wires were also cut by the thieves.

He glanced toward the open windows again, complete darkness seething with a hubbub noisy enough to drown a raging tornado. People were such fools. Just the sort of uproar that would cover the thieves' getaway.

Pop slipped off his shoes and ran the length of the hedge on the inside near the building. The far end almost touched the conservatory. Then he sped back on the other side, not making a sound in his stocking feet. Gee, it was cold! Why was he always racing about in the icy wind of a winter night? Helping Ginger climb that infernal bridge, hunting a couple of bad hold-up men. That [Continued on page 29]



# The BLACK CURSE

by  
Nellie L. McClung



Illustrated by R. W. Major

## A Short, Short Story



IT WAS not Mary Borden's first school, nor was she easily frightened, but when her landlady went out of the room, still muttering her threat of vengeance, she had a momentary impulse of flight.

She looked about at the well-furnished room, crisp and dainty in its cleanliness. Evidently Mrs. Taski had made preparations for her coming. But her words, and the gleam in her gypsy black eyes as she had shut the door, and put her back to it, were rather terrifying.

"Now, Miss Teacher, listen to one strong word from me. You leave my man alone. He is good man—if left alone. Other teacher was very bad girl, and so I make her go—I make her sick. Maybe I kill her too. I hope so. And I kill you too, quick like that," she snapped her fingers, "if you take him from me."

Mary Borden's eyes opened to their full width.

"What do you think I am?" she exclaimed. "Do I look like a home-breaker? Why, I am older than you—and you are a pretty woman, when you smile. You need have no fears of me, Mrs. Taski. No man was ever tempted to leave home on my account, I assure you!"

Mrs. Taski regarded her critically in the lamplight.

"You have style," she said simply, "and you know so much. Teachers know so much. It is not fair. Every man wants two wives, one to cook and keep clean house and wash clothes, and one for joy, and go riding, and talk to . . . I busy at house and garden all the time, and that's how Miss Trent get him away from me. But," her face darkened down again like a thunderstorm, "I fix her pretty quick. She will some day die. Maybe you are good girl, maybe I will like you—hush—here comes Dan." Her voice changed. "Good night, Miss Teacher. I hope you will have one good sleep." Her eyes were glittering like sword points, as she went out, and her goodnight greeting carried a sinister meaning.

Mary Borden sat on a covered chintz box, and recovering from her fright, began to laugh.

"What a perfect bedtime story," she thought. "I killed one already, and I may kill you, but good night, Teacher, and I hope you will have a good sleep."

BEFORE a week had gone by the new teacher knew the story, for the neighborhood rocked with it. Dan Taski had treated his wife very badly during the four months that Maizie Trent had boarded there; and the feeling of indignation in the settlement ran high. Maizie Trent, with her yellow hair and crimson lips, had seen in the big storekeeper someone to ease the monotony of country life, and furnish transportation to the city for week-ends, and if a few smiles from her painted lips could put a car at her disposal, Maizie considered it a good bargain. Tears and entreaties on the part of Mrs. Taski brought no results except to drive big Dan more certainly into the arms of the enemy. But in the last two months Mrs. Taski had forsaken women's ancient weapons and settled down into a dark tranquillity, and then it was that Maizie grew frightened and changed her boarding place. She said she was afraid Mrs. Taski was going to poison her. A month afterwards, she was stricken with erysipelas in her face, and had to give up her school. The neighbors

were of the opinion that Mrs. Taski had put the black curse upon her, and many conversations were carried on behind hands, and heads were shaken darkly. Miss Maizie Trent was one big fool to make Borska Taski her enemy for Borska Taski could charm away warts, and cure headaches, and fevers, and tell fortunes. Who was this young teacher to put herself up against Borska Taski?

Listening to all this, and seeing the moral state of her district, Mary Borden decided that she would start a Sunday school. The older people might not benefit, but she knew she could do something for the children, to lift them out of their morbid superstitions. She found everyone willing, and no one more anxious to help than Mrs. Taski.

Every Sunday saw the school yard full of cars and buggies, and Mary Borden, with the young and old in one big class, did her best to expound the Scriptures. They had never had any religious service in the settlement, and so Mary's efforts had all the charm of novelty.

One Sunday evening when she and Mrs. Taski had gone for a walk down by the river, and were sitting on a violet covered bank watching the June flood race by, Mrs. Taski suddenly began to cry. Dan had gone to the city the day before, and had not come back, and Miss Borden thought this was the cause of her tears.

"You must not be so suspicious, Borska," she said kindly. "Trust Dan; he is all over his infatuation for that girl now."

"Teacher, it is not that," she replied. "I am not mad any more. I want to get all that black hate out of my heart like you say we must; but I am sorry for what I did to Miss Trent, Teacher."

"You didn't do anything, Borska dear; you raged and threatened and cursed her I know, and that hurt you, but it didn't hurt her. She took erysipelas; but anyone might get that."

"Teacher," said Borska earnestly, "I am very sick in my heart. I want to tell you, for you are my friend . . . I did something very bad. I made a little doll, like Miss Trent, when I was so crazy mad, yellow hair, red lips and all. I took piece of cloth like her coat, and put coat on it with pockets and all, just like hers. And little string of beads,

and red shoes. Hours and hours I work. Then I stick pins in its face to hurt her, so she get sick in the face . . . and then when Dan go to the city to see her, I fix it so she will die in four months . . . I am sorry now, and wish . . ."

Mrs. Taski rocked herself in agony, and her tears flowed afresh. Mary Borden put her arms around her.

"Now look here Borska, that's all superstition and foolishness, and you must not think of it any more. You are a new creature now, in God's love, and you are going to fill your heart so full of kindness, all these black thoughts will be driven out. We'll pray every day, Borska, that you will forget all this, and you will burn this little figure, for you sewed all sorts of hatred in it."

Borska turned a white face of horror to her.

"Oh, no, we must not burn it. But I'll give it to you, Teacher, and then maybe the bad power will go out of it. But, Oh Teacher, I am afraid it will kill her, when the time is up. I said in four months, and that will be soon."

"Borska dear, when I go home for the holidays, I will find out all about Miss Trent," said Miss Borden, "and write to you. You will feel better when you hear she is quite well. Maybe she is sorry too. No one can do wrong and be happy over it. I will go to see her, and tell her you forgive her. Now dry your eyes, Borska; you have left all the old hatreds behind you, and are living a better life now."

MARY BORDEN began her investigations the day after her arrival, and found that Maizie Trent had gone to the coast for her holidays. So she wrote a letter to Borska Taski, a cheerful encouraging letter urging her to think no more of evil charms. "But I want to keep the little figure," she wrote. "It is so beautifully done, and I have taken out all the pins. I got a book for you on doll-making, Borska. I think you have a real gift for this. Now, don't worry any more. Just busy yourself in making pretty dolls for happy children, and we'll have a Christmas tree that will be a wonder."

In August Mary Borden drove to the coast, to visit her brother, The Rev. James Borden, of one of the mission churches, and there one night, as she and her brother sat in his study, the conversation turned to quaint superstitions. Mary Borden told the story of her friend Borska, and her repentance.

"I wish I could find Miss Trent," she said, "and deliver Borska's message of forgiveness. I think she would feel better, if I can tell her I've seen the young lady in the flesh, and that she is sound and well. The spell will be lifted in a week now, and I hope nothing happens to Maizie Trent."

Her brother stood up suddenly.

"This is a strange coincidence," he said gravely. "I was called on to bury a Maizie Trent, last week, who was killed in an automobile accident, she and her companion. They had been out at a drunken party at a roadhouse, and missed the turn at Oakella. She died, as she lived, poor girl, young, beautiful, golden haired, a sad case of misguided youth. The car rolled over the bank and was smashed, and though the man was unrecognizable the girl had not a scratch; but her neck was broken."

They sat in awed silence for a few moments.

"It might not be the same girl," said Mary at last. "I hope it isn't. I'll show you the little doll. I happen to have it with me, in my bag."

She handed it to him in its little box.

"I have never taken it out of its box," she said. "This is just the way she gave it to me. There is something rather uncanny about it. It is so life-like."

As he lifted it out, the golden head dropped forward, horribly.



# HELP WANTED

*A Page from Life*



*I had the feeling that I should be out in the streets looking for work, but I hardly knew where and how to begin. "Buck up," my neighbor was saying. "I suppose you've been in this place all day without any lunch."*

by TRUE DAVIDSON

THE employment manager of the Occidental Type-writing Company opened the door of her private office and looked out into the waiting room. The rows of heavy-eyed women registered with her for placement stiffened expectantly, assumed an air of alertness, efficiency. I had been there all day, feeling that I should get out into the streets looking for work for myself, yet hardly knowing where and how to begin. I had been told that over four hundred stenographers were registered here. How could I expect to be one of the lucky ones? It was foolish to wait. Yet I leaned forward, tensed for action, as Miss Bewley's eyes met mine. They passed on. "Miss Fanfare," she called. Her voice was cool and impersonal. A short, round girl with rings of black hair plastered on cherry cheeks, rose and waddled after her. Miss Fanfare was one of the "regulars."

The women around me relaxed again into apathy. The slim, fair-haired girl next me shook herself impatiently like a swimmer coming up from a cold sea. "Nightmarish, isn't it, this waiting?" she asked.

I nodded. I was nearly frantic myself. A few months before, a motor accident had killed my husband and brought my baby prematurely into the world, frail and frightened. The money I had been able to realize on our few possessions would not keep us long, I knew, and I had to find work. But I was out of touch with business people, out of practice in my shorthand and typing, sick, unhappy, unable to make a good impression. Worst of all, crazed with fear, I was trying to wedge my way back into a world where competent people were clutching at junior positions and salaries had dropped with the giddy speed of an express elevator. I could find no place in this new and terrible city and was rapidly growing desperate.

Even now, the mere effort to make some indifferent or cynical reply was too much for my self-control. Idiotic tears began to chase each other down my cheeks. I was dimly aware of them, as one is of voices in illness, but they seemed somehow remote and irrelevant. I could not even make the effort required to wipe them away.

But someone was between me and the stares of the rest. There was a dainty, scented handkerchief at my eyes; a

powder puff was thrust into my hand. "Buck up," my neighbor was saying. "The worst is yet to come," as the executioner said to Anne Boleyn when she lost her breath climbing the stairs to the Tower. Come on out to tea. There won't be anything more this afternoon. I suppose you've been in this wretched place all day without any lunch."

Her efficient sympathy was not to be resisted. I found myself beside her in the street, clinging to her warm, sure arm. On the hot pavements the Neon flares were already splashing their scarlet stains; the newsboys were calling the last edition of the evening papers: "Parade of Unemployed in Winnipeg—Bolshevik Leaders Arrested in Vancouver—Citizens' Relief Committee Organizes Bureau." It was all unreal. Nothing was real but the steady arm of the girl by my side, her gay voice. "... And there goes an alderman," she was saying, "thinking about his salary, safe for another year—and Mrs. Fitz-Jones De Puyster, engaged in her favorite charity—and a college professor who thinks that he is violently Red, but is at heart just a pale safe pink. I love guessing about people, don't you? If I could have gone on at school, I should have liked to be a teacher or a social service worker, or something to do with people somehow. I shouldn't much care how."

Presently we were in a little black and white shop beside a shining counter.

"No, no!" she insisted, pushing away my half opened purse. "This is mine. I invited you. This is a party." She emptied her little change purse on the white enamel. "Last but not least," she remarked cheerily. "Thank heaven, my board is paid to the end of the month."

"I can't let you," I protested.

"Nonsense," she laughed. "Easy come, easy go. If only there were a bread line for stenographers. But something always turns up, as the gravedigger said to Hamlet."

Seated at a small blue and orange table we drank mugs of tea and ate toast and marmalade. I learned that Evvie had been private secretary to Butterkin, of Butterkin, Inc., but that when he died the efficiency expert who took over the management for the estate had cut salaries almost in two and that she and the accountant had left. "I guess now we

both wish we hadn't," she admitted, "but who could know it would be such a frightful winter for employment? I never did care much about the work there, except that old Butterkin himself was such a lamb and needed so much looking after. What he'll do in heaven without me I shudder to think. His halo will get hopelessly tarnished and he'll never be able to find his harp." She grimaced irreverently and suddenly I found myself laughing. Her cheerfulness was a tonic. She certainly knew how to handle me.

"I don't mind as long as I don't have to sleep on a park bench," she went on. "They're so draughty. But it'll all be the same in a hundred years anyway."

CHEAP, reckless tag-ends of philosophy of irresponsible youth. How I envied her! But then, she had no baby. Timmie was worth any amount of anxiety. I found myself telling her about him—how he would clutch at my finger with his soft baby hands, and how he would gurgle and clutch at the sunbeams, and how I was so afraid that I would have to take him to the Infants' Home if I didn't get work soon.

She looked serious. "Have you no relations? No friends?" she asked.

"No one except a cousin of my husband. He's been out of work himself for months. We were helping him—before the accident."

She bit her lip. "It's outrageous! Horrible!" Her voice had lost all its flippancy. "Come on, let's get out of here. Let's walk up. We can go through the park."

She refused to go back to serious thoughts that day, but I saw her often after that, and she always asked about Tim and cracked her little jokes and quoted her time-worn proverbs to cheer me up. As the end of her month at her boarding house came nearer, I worried about her. Other girls were in the same predicament, I knew, but she had been kind to me, and she was too valiant for me to be able to bear the thought of her defeat. One night we were walking uptown together. In the foreign quarter the little shabby houses with sagging doorsteps and ragged roofs were shrouded in silence and in darkness. The lamplight shone out through their unshuttered windows.

"I love them—all of them," said Evvie, clutching my arm. "Homes! Even the empty ones are homes, poor, forlorn little waifs of homes waiting to be lit with love."

This was a new Evvie. I looked at her in amazement. She tossed her head defiantly.

"I know, Grace, I sound like a sentimental goose," she apologized. "But if I'd had a year of a man I loved, and had his baby and mine, a baby all my own, I'd—I'd just walk the skies and trample the stars like so many snowflakes." She marched along violently as she spoke.

Suddenly I seemed all melted and happy inside. I knew things would turn out all right for me. They couldn't help doing it—with Timmie there. I told her so. "So when your month at your boarding house [Continued on page 35]





## "My Son Calls Me Bill"

"My friends," says this writer, "claim I am undermining traditions of parental dignity, yet I believe I'm right"

by L. C. MOORE

**B**ECAUSE the sound "da-da-da" is so natural and easy to produce, my small son did, during the early days of his life, call me "daddy."

Of his own accord, however, he changed this to "daddy Bill" when he reached the toddling, imp-of-mischief age of four. And now he is twelve, he unblushingly calls me "Bill"—the nickname bestowed upon me, for no reason that I have ever been able to discover, by his mother.

My relatives, both blood and acquired, and those among my contemporaries who are made of sterner stuff than I am, are frankly horrified because I make no attempt to check him. In allowing such a thing, they suggest I am undermining all the fine old traditions of parental dignity. Even those who hold advanced ideas about the rearing of children and claim to believe that father and son should be pals, draw the line at such outward and audible signs of friendship.

The trouble is that we have allowed our theories to get ahead of us; they have carried us to realms into which we are not prepared to venture. At present we are rather like the bather who tries the water with one toe. Ultimately he will go in, but he will hover on the brink for a long time. I, too, might still have been hovering, had not my boy, by taking matters into his own hands, given me the deciding push.

From the many different schools of thought that concern themselves with the bringing up of children, one thing stands out clearly. The modern idea is that no child should be crushed, intimidated or forced in any way. It is generally agreed that to try to "mold" character is criminal, and that each human unit should be allowed to develop its own personality unhampered by rules or restrictions. In short, that those to whom a child is entrusted should allow him to become himself, and not "train" him with the idea of producing a sort of cross between the two of them.

These are not new ideas; nobody quarrels with me when I

advance them. The trouble begins when I apply them.

If I have not to train my son, then there is not the slightest need for me to pose as a super-being in order to impress him with my dignity and so achieve the moral superiority that will ensure his obedience to my commands. If I do not need to be dignified, then why should he not call me by my nickname?

Most parents, while admitting the wisdom of these theories, shrink from the loss of dignity that must follow if they are practised to the full. Consequently, although they make no conscious attempt to override their offspring, they do it just as effectively by refusing to countenance anything that savors of familiarity. Even in the most enlightened homes, to be "familiar" is the greatest crime a child can commit, because it shows lack of reverence. Nobody seems to see how funny it really is that familiarity should not be allowed in the family.

I do not expect reverential treatment from any other individual on earth. If a servant is too respectful I despise him; there is no sorrier spectacle than the cringing underling who obeys his master's lightest word. Yet how often

does one hear the proud boast of a father: "I do not have to speak. A look is enough." Such parents regard as a virtue in their children what they despise in others.

I regard my son as an atom of humanity who—perhaps unfortunately for him—has been thrown upon my care, not as a heaven-sent opportunity for me to gratify my power complex. I never forget that he did not choose me as his father, and that if he had been able to choose he might have gone elsewhere. One day he will realize that he was not consulted. When that day comes I want him to feel glad that things turned out as they did.

Why should I or any father feel outraged if parental authority is questioned? It is the most natural thing in the world for a child to ask why, and the most foolish answer and, alas, the commonest is, "Because I tell you to." When my son asks me why he should not knock nails in the piano I try to give him a reasonable answer. There must be a reasonable explanation for every prohibition unless "Don't!" has become a habit.

The result is that from the very beginning of his life I have won the friendship of my son, and I am proud. There exists a bond between us far stronger and more enduring than any I could have forged by standing upon my dignity and insisting that he should call me "Father" or any of the alternatives.

And nothing has ever given me greater cause for pride than the knowledge that he still calls me "Bill." Most children, except those who are completely cowed, try the experiment of addressing their parents by their Christian names and are stopped. In stopping them, the parents set up a barrier of fear. Whether the children are threatened with physical punishment or not, fear is the lever used. It may be only fear of arousing displeasure, but it is fear all the same.

Because my boy still calls me by my nickname, I know beyond all question that he is not in the least afraid of me. I am a jolly good pal to whom he can always turn; to whom he will always turn for the advice, encouragement or criticism he has a right to expect from the one who called him into being.

Revolutionary as the idea may sound now, the time is surely coming when all children will call their parents by their Christian names. When I was seven—a quarter of a century ago—the best children were [Continued on page 62]

### IS THIS MAN WRONG?

*Here is a father who believes that he does not need to pose as a super-being to impress his sons with his dignity . . .*

*That he has forged a strong bond of understanding in allowing his son to call him by a favorite nickname . . .*

*That, revolutionary as it may sound, the time is coming when all children will call their parents by their Christian names . . .*

*That he is right in thinking that in this way he can find a more satisfactory friendship with his son . . .*

#### WHAT DO YOU THINK?

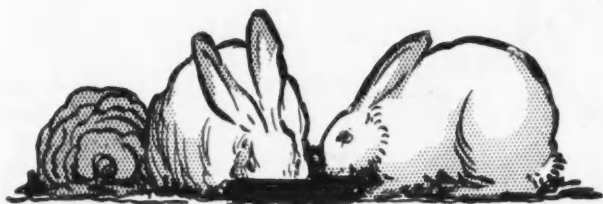
*The Most Interesting Letters Will Be Published In An Early Issue.*

# THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

Here is another in *The Chatelaine's* series of children's booklets, which can be cut out of the magazine and made into a book without spoiling the magazine for the grown-ups.

A number of mothers are covering these little stories with book muslin to protect them, while others are binding two or three together for a birthday gift.

Said Floppety to Flippety,  
"That's just reminded me,  
That if we hurry home we might  
have bread and milk for tea!  
I'd like some milk to sippety,"  
Said Floppety to Flippety.  
"WE'LL DRINK IT EVERY DROPPETY!"  
Said Flippety to Floppety.



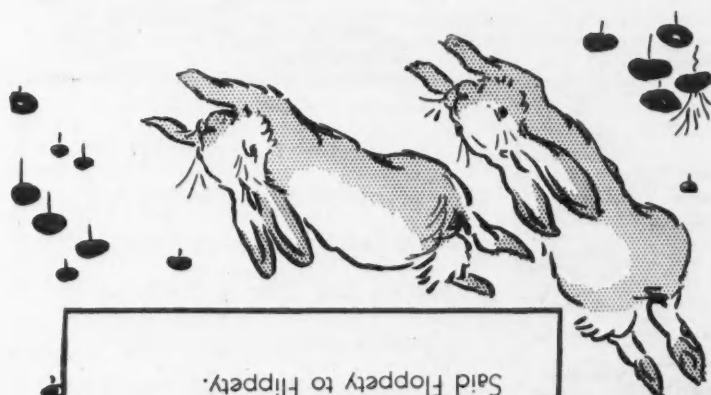
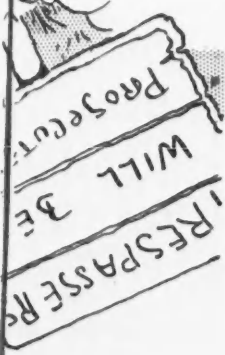
## FLIPPETY AND FLOPPETY

Verses by  
Dora Sanders

Decoration by  
Mabel Victoria Leith



By the pretty garden where  
the salad lettuce grows,  
Floppy had a hungry little  
quiver on his nose,  
Because a nibble now and then  
is welcomed by the wisest men--  
"But that's 'PRIVATE PROPERTY!'"  
Said Flippety to Floppety.



Through the garden gate they ran,  
and down beyond the school,  
The maples, and the meadow,  
and the reed-rimmed pool.  
And where it was they wished to go,  
Neither of them seemed to know.  
"We're taking quite a trippety!"  
Said Floppety to Flippety.



# COLORFUL DAHLIAS

*If you know how to use these vivid flowers in your garden schemes, they will bring a new autumnal loveliness*

by  
ADA L. POTTS

**F**EW flowering plants have experienced the ebb and flow of the tide of popularity as has the dahlia. Prior to 1800 when first introduced, the single forms created a great sensation. Then followed efforts on the part of growers to obtain double forms, resulting in the production of the stiff types known as show, fancy and pompon. These, no doubt, rather justified Maeterlinck's description, "The chub-faced dahlia, a little round, a little stupid, carves out of soap, lard or wax his regular pompons," for they have double symmetrical flowers, the petals folding evenly over each other from bottom to top where no green must show.

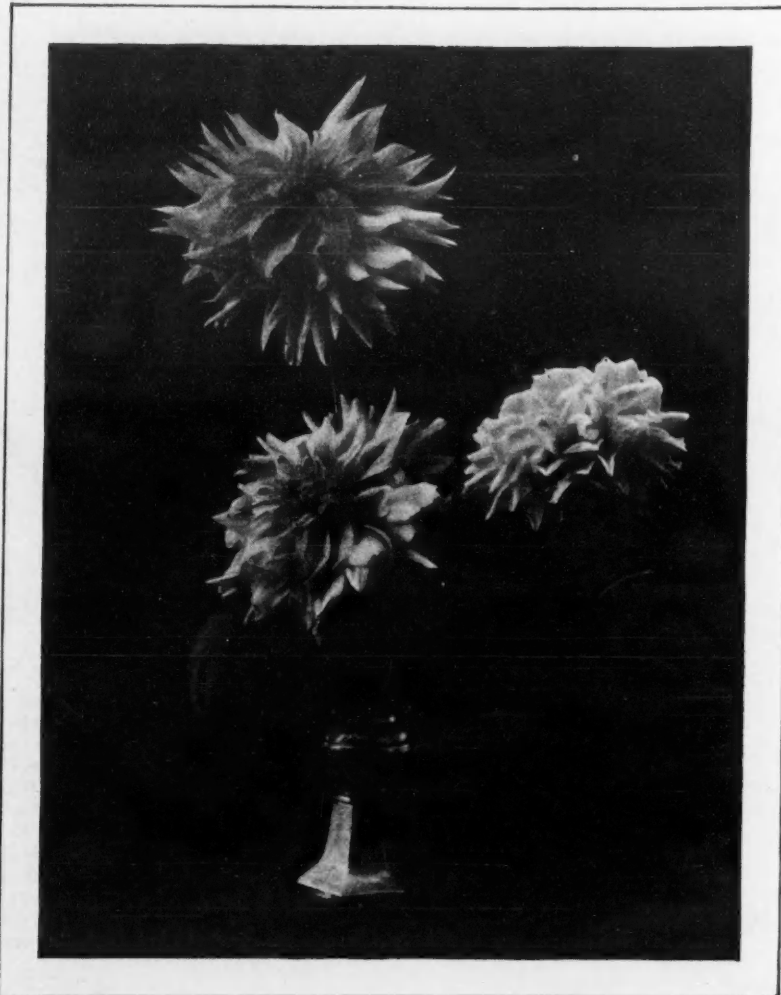
A reaction set in against these formal types and at first found expression in the cactus variety which has twisted, pointed florets. Until about 1900, any double dahlia daring even to hint an open centre was immediately thrown aside by the professional grower, for this was an imperfection not to be pardoned. About this time a Hollander, who had many otherwise beautiful dahlias transgressing, decided to exhibit them in spite of the decree, and although the judges completely ignored his "rags on flagpoles," when the public arrived to view, the ladies as completely ignored the rest of the dahlia exhibits. The judges were recalled and a medal awarded the scorned collection, and thus was introduced what is known as the peony-flowered dahlia. Admirers claim for it that for "grace, elegance, beauty and usefulness it outrivals any other form of dahlia."

Prior to this there would be some justification, seemingly, in calling the dahlia "a man's flower," for it certainly made more appeal to the masculine than to the feminine eye. More men than women were among dahlia enthusiasts, but with the advent of the cactus, the peony, and the anemone-flowered varieties, and the return of the single-flowered ones, the popularity of the dahlia again flowed toward high tide.

The peony-flowered variety has large irregular flowers thrown well up above the leaves; the anemone-flowered type has a centre filled with petaloids, while the collarettes have a single flower with an additional row of petals round the central disc, and this row is usually of a different color from the rest of the flower.

In the treatment of dahlias as cut flowers, if you wish to prolong their usefulness plunge the stems immediately they are cut into a vessel of hot water and allow to remain until the water has cooled off. Then place the flowers in cold water and, thus prepared, the dahlias will remain rigid for several days longer than by the customary way of cutting and placing immediately in cold water.

Dahlia enthusiasts insist that the average home gardener errs when planting the dahlia, and that this is the cause of failure on the part of many would-be dahlia growers. It may be well to explain that there are really two distinct classes of roots sold, and these are known as either field roots or pot roots. Field roots are the large cluster of tubers lifted from the garden in the fall and are the kind perhaps most generally purchased by the home gardener. He has been known to err still further by planting a whole undisturbed clump of these instead of a single tuber with an eye or sprout attached. The pot root is the kind received when roots are imported from Europe, and these produce by far



*Far from being stiff and ungainly, dahlias lend themselves to graceful and artistic arrangement.*

When planting out, the tuber should be placed horizontally in an opening at least three inches deep and with the sprout or eye upward. Care must be taken not to have any fertilizer immediately beneath the tuber, and the location should be an open, sunny one where air, light and sun reach the plants; for if planted in shady situations the result will be tall plants but few flowers.

Dahlias should be given fully three or four feet of space, and when set out, staked, as this prevents injury to roots later. As they are moisture-loving plants, watering is a very important factor in growing dahlias, but if the ground is kept well and frequently cultivated, not so much water applied by hose will be required.

When the flower buds are formed is the time when the plants need fertilizing most, and for quick results a liquid fertilizer is used. If a teaspoonful of nitrate of soda to a gallon of water be used twice a week, a good deal will be added to the size of the bloom. Care must be taken to keep manure away from the stem of the plant. One observant dahlia grower confessed to removing the first six flower buds appearing on his plants as soon as they developed, claiming that they weakened his plants too much in the early stages of growth.

An essential feature in successful growing of the dahlia seems to be to prevent any check to the growing and to stimulate in order to get a full supply of buds. After that, a wealth of bloom for about every floral purpose should reward the dahlia grower.

Dahlias can be grown from seed which should be sown in boxes by the middle of March. In this country the opinion of one of the most successful dahlia growers is that to get the seed thoroughly ripened it is necessary to save it from the early flowers. After the seed is sown, water thoroughly with a fine sprinkler; place a newspaper over the box until the seeds begin to germinate; then remove the paper and place in a good light. Never let the seedlings become dry or allow them to grow spindling. With care, plants grown from seeds will bloom the same year and the results are claimed to be as exciting as any horse race, since no one can tell what mixture of pollen has been made by the insects visiting the plants. Many may not be worth saving but some may turn out to be grand winners eventually.

Because the dahlia is at its best showing in late summer and early fall—that is, wherever killing frosts are not early arriving—the chances for an extended flowering season has been found increased when the dahlia plants have not been set out in the garden until about the middle of June. These late planted dahlias were found better able to combat the summer's heat and drouth than those planted earlier, because they were grown on without any check. The showers in late summer stimulate the plants, and cause them to set a full supply of buds. These buds often survive the early frosts, which may even kill the foliage, and the plants are still able to draw sap and food supply stored up in the juicy stems, continuing to open their flowers.

A dahlia of unusual coloring was introduced quite recently. It is listed as being of Cobalt blue with a strong stem. Its name is "Aleonora." With it another made its debut attired in a beautiful shell pink. This hybrid cactus dahlia is a treasure, since it is also "long stemmed."

the finer specimen of plants and flowers, even though the root appears to the buyer to be disappointingly small.

Great Britain can justly boast of knowing how to grow the finest dahlias, and over there the humblest gardener would set out, not roots but plants which are rooted cuttings grown in pots.

To produce these cuttings, the dahlia clumps are harvested in the fall and stored. During the latter part of December these are slowly started into growth. When the new shoot has developed two sets of leaves, it is cut at the heel and stuck in sand to root. This takes about three weeks, and when rooted the cuttings are transferred singly into small pots and given heat to continue their growth. When well established they are, if the weather permits, transferred to cold frames to harden off.

**I**N CANADA the usual practice is to spread the stored tubers on the cellar floor some time in April and water them down; moistened newspapers are spread over these clumps and, if possible, some heat is given. Soon the eyes will be observed to sprout, and when these are fairly visible it is time to separate the tubers. It must never be forgotten that the new growth is solidly linked to the tuber, and to separate the tubers properly a sharp knife, a keen eye and steady hand are needed. Sometimes there are several eyes to one tuber; at others it is necessary to connect two tubers in order to save an eye. In the latter case, plant the combined tubers, but in the former retain the strongest eye and remove the superfluous ones in order that but one sprout shall appear above ground.

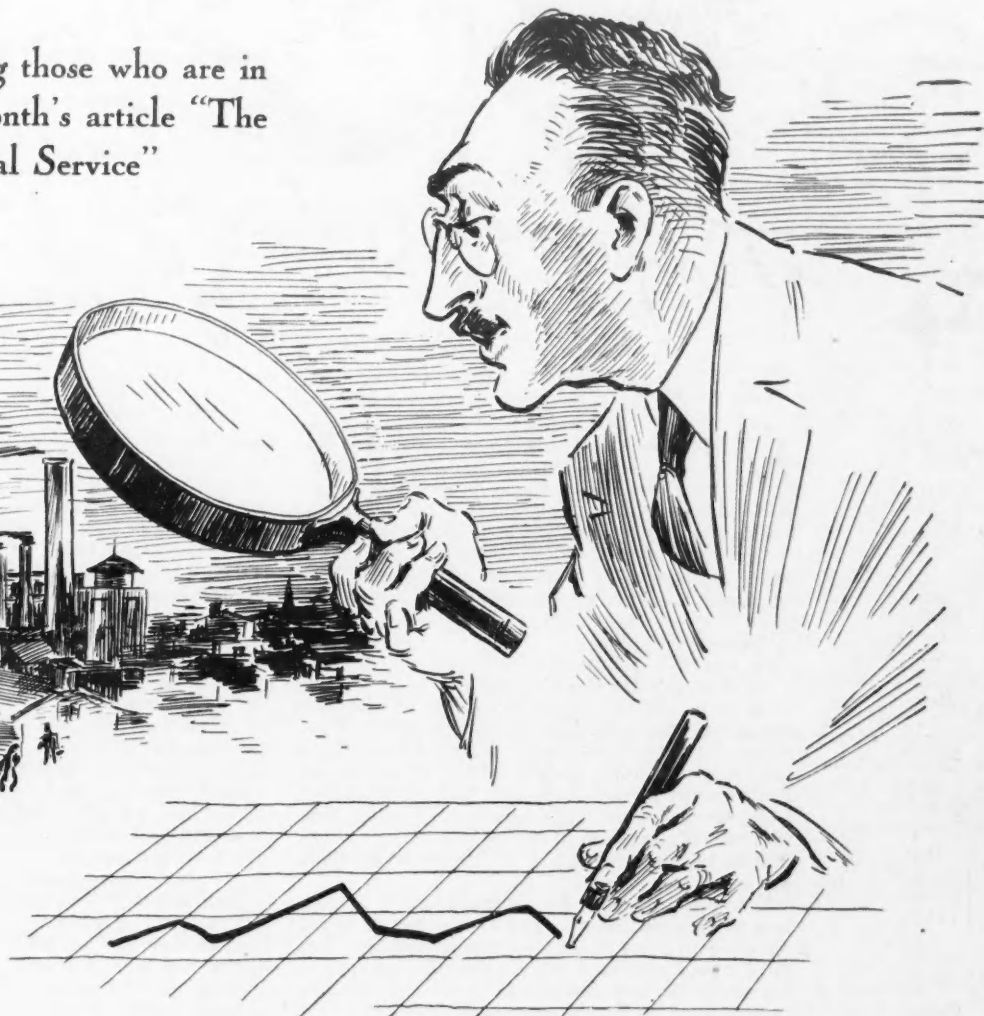
In selecting the tuber to be planted it is not always wise to choose the largest, for experience has taught many successful growers that the smallest one produces the best plant in the end. After the tubers have been separated they should be packed away in a dark storeroom and covered with dry sawdust or other material to retard growth until the time for planting out—which is not likely to be before the middle of May or later.

# EFFICIENCY vs. SENTIMENT

by a SOCIAL SERVICE WORKER

Which is better for helping those who are in need?—A reply to last month's article "The Stupid Side of Social Service"

*Social service should be an organized help to the community, not a sentimental casual charity that would depend upon the experience and mood of the worker.*



NOT long ago an acquaintance of mine telephoned me to ask how she should enter social service work. I knew that she was lazy, but being more than satisfied with years of idleness she said she was contemplating a little interesting work. Upon suggesting that she exert herself to the extent of taking the social service course at the university where matriculation was demanded, she became quite angry with me and asked, "Does one have to take a course to do good?"

This is the mental attitude of thousands of people—an attitude shown to an appalling degree in the article "The Stupid Side of Social Service," published in *The Chatelaine* last month. These people have not even the vaguest idea of the organization needed to turn a shadowy, sentimental urge "to do good" into one of the most powerful and effective mediums in the world for helping those who are in need. I cannot understand how the social worker who wrote that article could have failed to see the value of the work behind what he also likes to term the "steam-shovel" system, meaning a university training, especially after the fifteen years of work which he and I both have in common.

After discussing the article with both trained and untrained workers, the consensus of opinion is that it was an absurd misrepresentation. One man, who is a highly respected worker though not a graduate of any social science course, said, "The reason that writer objects to the term 'social service worker' is because he does not merit it."

As a painter of distorted pictures, however, he is not

without ability but it is that ability which would make his name in the futuristic school. He bemoaned the flood of energetic workers each year being turned loose upon an unsuspecting, impecunious public with the efficiency and speed of a steam-shovel digging down into the depths of our academic halls of learning, and spilling forth hopper after hopper filled with begowned men and women, a book of rules and regulations in one hand and a diploma in the other, while goodness alone knows what is in their head. One gathers, however, that it is generally not in accordance with his preconceived theories.

He wept over some poor woman having her children torn from her arms at the behest of a female in a tailored suit, who had been tossed out by this steam-shovel, opinionated and arrogant, without heart or motherly feelings. I immediately saw a mother of nine, returning from a hard day's charring to find that this female Legree was wielding the whip of authority relentlessly—a sympathetic and moving picture indeed, but an utterly ridiculous one.

Of course, the pockets of the tailored suit of this masculine young lady would be bulging with forms—printed slips upon which the "history" of the poor woman would be written. The "social worker" sees the social service organizations inundated with forms. They are so busy filling them out that there is, he thinks, little time for actual relief of the needy. It was a terrible vision I had—unfortunate workers suffering from writer's cramp, printers' devils, staggering under load after load of forms while the needy vainly wagged their jaws trying to extract a little nourishment from bits of paper.

NOT content with words as his media, he must reach into his desk and extract a few numerals. He turns to statistics to show that, despite the trained worker and organized associations, the world was slowly sinking into the black pit of immorality and crime. He juggled his figures well. I almost felt sorry for the younger generation born into this sink of iniquity, when I remembered the present economic conditions and all the attendant disorders.

Lastly, he concludes with a glimpse of his happy personal life and grieves over the passing of the good, old days before the advent of efficient and modern methods. For his happy

personal life I congratulate him; he is most fortunate; but his grieving over the "happy times of the past" recalled to me the image of Ezekiel weeping over the ruins of something that had gone forever beyond recall.

After doing practical work for some time, I decided to take the University Course in Social Service, and believe I must have graduated the same year when the writer of last month's article commenced his duties. Having seen both sides of the matter, I am sure his dislike of the trained worker gets down to that question so prolific of debates in the "little red schoolhouse": "Do we believe in education?" At this time and age, most people do, and often if they are denied it as children they go about getting it in later life. The average normal person is no worse for reading a book. If it gives him a swollen head, he probably would get it over something else anyway.

In social service work the necessity for education along definite lines is essential. Ability coupled with a sympathetic understanding is equally necessary, but without a definite appreciation of the many and varied problems which daily arise, there would be much misdirected energy.

The psychology and psychiatry, which was mentioned as being so unworthy, was taught us by the same professors who taught the medical students and also marked by them, the only difference being that we went a little further because we had to deal with the people's minds more than their bodies. We had to get their "slant" on a situation, taking into consideration their heredity, environment, nationality, customs and morals. It is difficult often to deal with so-called normal people. When they are abnormal or subnormal and insist on "bucking" society, surely one needs all the knowledge possible.

IT ALSO follows naturally that any situation, ordinary, difficult or unusual, must be handled impersonally. It is unfortunate that the "social worker" allowed his personal reactions or emotions to cloud his vision; we must see beyond sentiment, nor need one feel inferior so long as it is possible to go out and get knowledge. As one untrained worker rather vehemently remarked, "One cannot get too much education or training for this kind of work."

The general ideal in social [Continued on page 59]

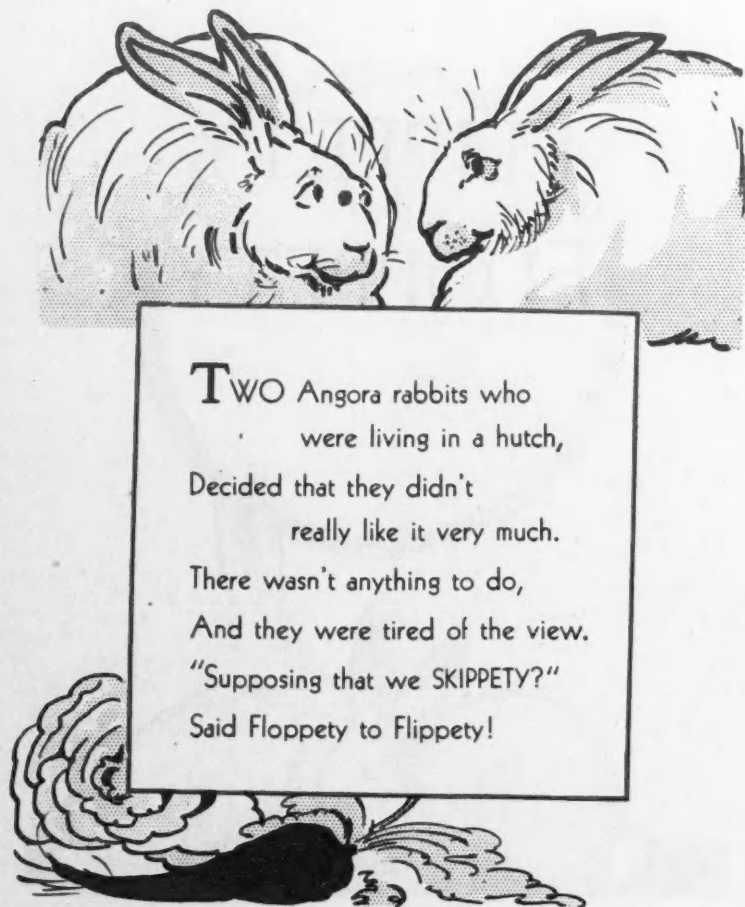




## THE CHILDREN'S STORY BOOK

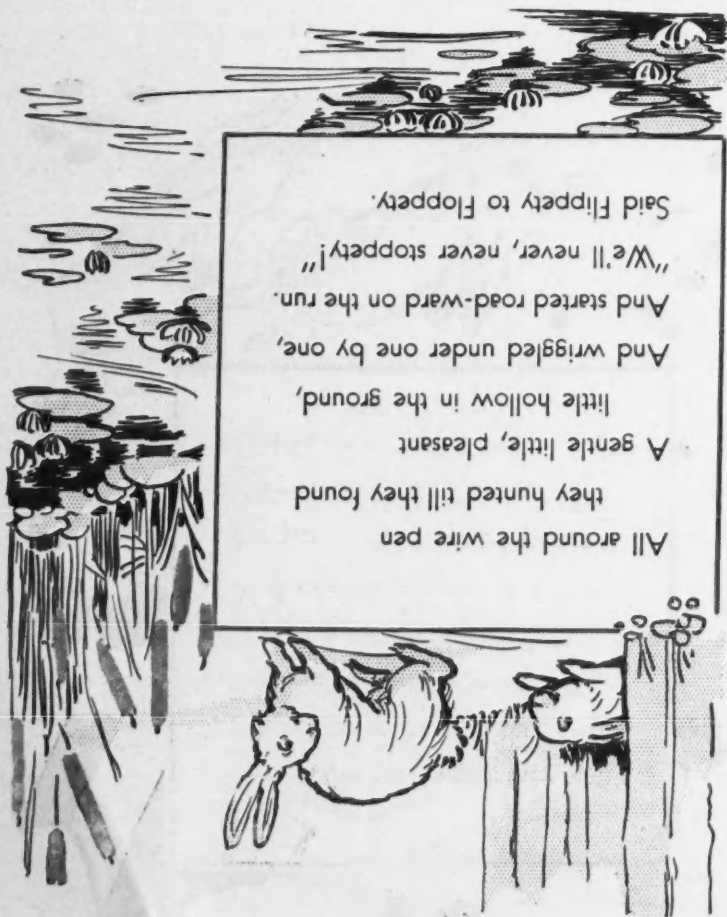
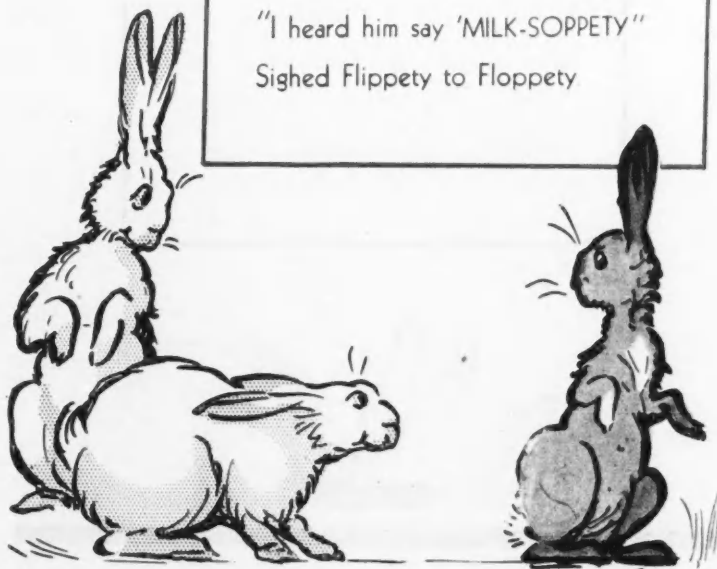
This month the children's story book tells the gay tale of two rabbits who went exploring on a fine sunny morning. Next month, there will be a fairy story "The Toy

Soldier" which will be something quite different. Fold this little book along the dotted line so that the cover is on top, cut neatly round the edges and pin on top.

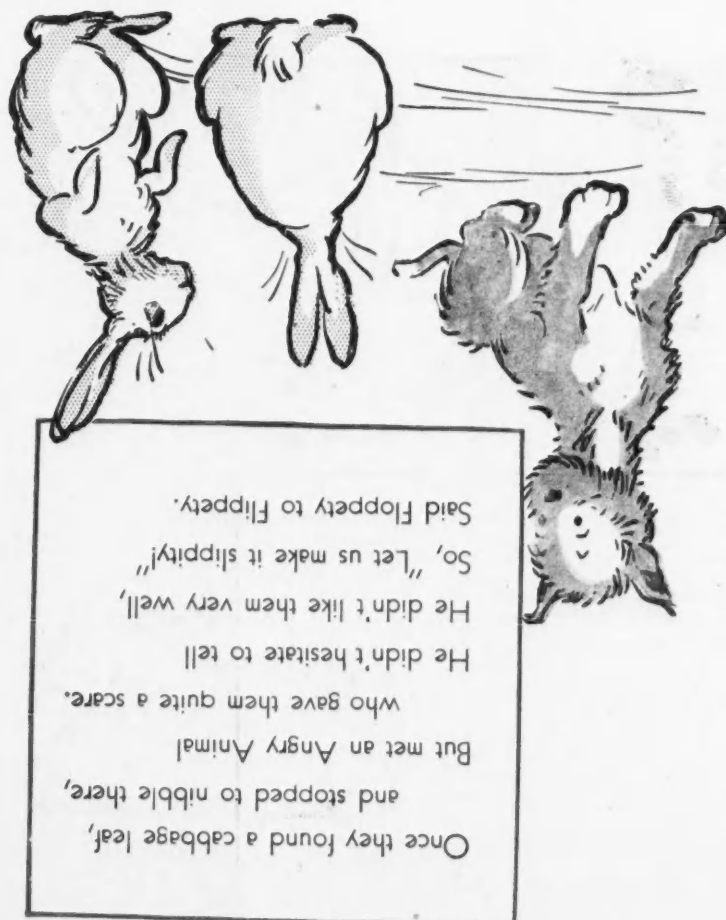


**T**WO Angora rabbits who  
were living in a hutch,  
Decided that they didn't  
really like it very much.  
There wasn't anything to do,  
And they were tired of the view.  
"Supposing that we SKIPPETY?"  
Said Floppety to Flippety!

Once they met another rabbit  
sitting on his end,  
And Flippety was hoping they  
could have him for a friend.  
But he refused to play with them.  
He wouldn't even stay with them!  
"I heard him say 'MILK-SOPPETY'"  
Sighed Floppety to Floppety.



All around the wire pen  
they hunted till they found  
A gentle little, pleasant  
little hollow in the ground,  
And wriggled under one by one,  
And started road-ward on the run.  
"We'll never, never stoppety!"  
Said Flippety to Floppety.



Once they found a cabbage leaf,  
and stopped to nibble there,  
But met an Angry Animal  
who gave them quite a scare.  
He didn't hesitate to tell  
He didn't like them very well,  
"Let us make it slippety!"  
Said Floppety to Flippety.

# THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, *Director*

## Consider the TOMATO

In all its variations



*Tomatoes have abundant vitamins which can be retained even during the sterilization necessary in canning, because of the natural acidity of the tomato.*

What every woman should know about the health value of the tomato and its treatment and place in the family's diet—in soups, relishes, food combinations, canapes, sauces or cocktails

**I**N THE study of food materials, we can often trace a gradual or even meteoric rise from comparative obscurity to the generally accepted prominence now given to many of our most widely used foodstuffs. But none has risen more completely or remained more permanently in the realm of universal popularity than the tomato. Native to South America, this sun-loving plant, with its choice characteristic flavor and decorative high color, has gained a well-deserved place on the tables of rich and poor throughout practically all parts of the country and at every season of the year.

Although, at first, the tomato was considered unfit for food even as early as the sixteenth century, we find records of it as a more or less exotic "vegetable" which could be eaten with salt and pepper and oil. General use, however, is a development of the last three or four generations, and only the past few years have abolished the theory that the tomato contained too high a percentage of water to be nourishing or economical.

Early use of tomatoes demonstrated the practical value of the so-called vegetable. Raw or cooked, the flavor is characteristically delicious, whether served alone or combined with any one of a large variety of materials. In addition to extensive use of the fresh product, tomatoes are very satisfactorily canned and so are available at all times and in sections where the climate makes it impossible to obtain the fresh ones.

Of late years, science has quite definitely pointed out the health value of the tomato and today we find it listed among the most important and economical of our foods. Vitamines—those mysterious substances which keep the body running efficiently, promote growth and increase resistance—are present in abundant quantities, and can be retained even during the sterilization necessary in canning because of the natural acidity of the tomato. Although we speak of the acidity of tomatoes, they really have an alkaline reaction in the body and are valuable in balancing

the acids formed by many of our other foods. Doctors everywhere recommend tomatoes or their juice as a protective and nutritionally useful food from infancy to old age. One doctor speaks of them as a "palatable solution of vitamins, which is well borne, inexpensive and available."

New methods of serving tomatoes and tomato products are being advanced every day, and with their introduction they become permanent items on the nation's menu. Remember the tomato juice cocktail, whose first flare of publicity gained for it such general acceptance that it became a regular offering at breakfasts, luncheons and dinners. Original housekeepers are evolving new combinations of foods with tomatoes and new recipes featuring them, or the juice or the purée or the soup or any one of the forms in which we find it displayed, are springing up.

Fresh ripe tomatoes are available all the year round, but during the winter months they are imported or are products of the hothouse and consequently expensive. The imported ones are shipped while green, so do not have the full flavor of those ripened on the vines. Locally grown tomatoes are the best and cheapest, and as a rule yield a plentiful crop. During their short season, every individual who has to do with the planning of meals includes them as often as possible, and canneries everywhere preserve large numbers of them for year-round use.

For many courses of the meal there are suitable tomato dishes—the cocktail, of which we spoke before, can be purchased ready to chill and serve, or can be made by seasoning the juice to suit individual tastes. Unseasoned canned tomato juice is available in the stores and many drain the juice from canned tomatoes and reserve the pulp for flavoring other dishes.

Tomato soup will always be a favorite—whether it be the cream of tomato or a spicy bouillon, and whether it is made from fresh tomatoes or canned, or purchased in tins already prepared for use. Tomato soup is also used as part of the liquid in many recipes with delightful results.

**I**N OUR main course dishes we find the flavor of stews and many meat or fish combinations enhanced by the addition of tomatoes; meat, fish or vegetable dishes accompanied by a tomato sauce become at once more appealing to the eye and the palate. As a main course accompaniment, we have baked, broiled or fried tomatoes, all of which are varied in attractive and appetizing ways and the canned

product is often served in a scalloped dish.

As a sauce or a relish, tomatoes, both green and red, are unsurpassed, and the popularity of catsup and chili sauce has long been undisputed. Tomatoes, simply sliced and seasoned, provide an excellent salad course, and there are combinations of tomato with other materials to please every taste. Jellyed tomato juice forms the basis for a variety of novel salads or meat accompaniments and we find salad dressings varied by the addition of tomato catsup or chili sauce.

Many of our favorite stand-bys for luncheon or supper dishes include tomatoes in the list of ingredients. Macaroni, spaghetti and rice are substantial and tasty when combined with tomatoes and various seasonings. Tomatoes also combine well with beans, eggs, cheese, and other nourishing foods to produce colorful and well-balanced dishes. In the school lunch box, on motor and camping trips and at picnics, the tomato in some form holds an important place. Small whole ones will relieve thirst and their juicy nature makes them excellent accompaniments to sandwiches. Also as a filling for sandwiches they are delicious and combine with other tasty materials extremely well.

We cannot say too much in praise of this popular and versatile food, which by its health properties and culinary merit has earned such an important place in the menu of the Canadian people.

### Clear Tomato Soup

- |                                   |                              |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1 Can of tomatoes                 | ½ Small carrot sliced        |
| 1 Cup of water                    | 2 Whole cloves               |
| 2 or 3 Stalks of celery (chopped) | 1 Bay leaf                   |
| 1 Small sliced onion              | ¼ Teaspoonful of peppercorns |
| ½ Green pepper chopped            | Salt and pepper              |

Place the water and the tomatoes in a saucepan and add the chopped celery, onion, green pepper, carrot, cloves, bay leaf and peppercorns. Allow to simmer for fifteen minutes, then season to taste and strain. This may be served plain in bouillon cups, or may be combined with one quart of hot meat stock before serving. Or it may be jellyed, using two tablespoonfuls of gelatine soaked in quarter of a cupful of cold water and dissolved in the hot liquid. The bouillon is then strained into cups and chilled. Before serving beat lightly with a fork.

[Continued on page 62]





# Tempermental Teeny

## By Teeny Biglow

**M**OST folks thinks a housemade is as dum as the broom she sweeps with and I betcha thats what Miz Taplow thinks of me becose I told her I was born in Manitoba. praps I aint had eddication but thares a lot who has who I know more than.

Anyway the man in Winnipeg that red my bumps on my head, he said "Teeny I see your offa the farm but it aint on acct of the hayseeds in your hair beco:e you got temper mint."

"Pepper mint," I ast.

He says "no. Tomper mint."

"O" I says, "what will I do with it?"

He says "you just hang on to it, it will come in handie and there is a lot laying around hollywood but it aint all thare becose you got a lot." do you someti nes burst into teers about nothing a-tall" Pa always sed I cride about nothing a-tall and maw ses im tuchy. I told him and he ses "dont you go back on the farm with no such temperment becose you can sel it rite hear in Winnipeg or take it to Toronto whare thare aint any."

It was on acct of my temperment that I got this hear Housemades job with Miz Taplow and she brung me along to Toronto. if they mowed Toronto down bfour it grew so tal it wood be a nice place and put up scarecrows to keep out a lotta peple who aint got nothing to do but keep in other peples way.

I got into trubble with Miz Taplow on acct she dont speak very plane. She sed "Teeny cut up the Bannanas into litle skwares" and I thot she sed Pagammas and I cut the ones I was irning into litle skwares becose on the farm we cut the old shurts into litle skwares for patchwork kwilts. And Miz Taplow sed at dinner "Teeny bring the Bannanas" and when I brung them she ses "why diddent you cut them up" and I ses "Pleese Miz Taplow I cut up the Pagammas" and she looked at me quear and diddent say nothing and I burst into teers about nothing a-tall.

Yestidday Miz Taplow ses "Teeny what you dont see ast for" and I thot that awful kind for thats what pa sed to peple that come to visut us. Once pa sed that to Miz Pepper and she sed "thanks mister Biglow praps my eyesite aint so good as it mite be but I dont see no strawberries to go with this hear jug of cream at my plate." ma ses "thares dride applesoss" and Miz Pepper ses "O I thot that was turnups."

In the afternoon Miz Taplow came into the kitchun and sed "Teeny Im going out is thear anny thing you dont see you wood like to ast for" and I ses "well Miz Taplow sence you ast me with this hear washing I dont see how Im going to go to the pitchers to see

Buster Keeton" and she ses "nether do I" real snappie "is that all you dont see" and I ses "yas" and she ses "all rite your seeing enof to soot me" and she went off out and I burst into teers about nothing a-tall.

### CHAPTER II

**T**HE ic man at wears a strip shurt ast me to go to the Katerers Bawl. I was that mad. Miz Wig it the janaters wife she sed "dont you go with no ic man Teeny you kin go with my bruther Davvie and he will take you in the snowdrop londry delivery kar after he gets throo delivering which will be at 1/4 to 8." she sent Davvie up to Miz Taplows back door for me to see him so I wood no him when he cum to take me to the Bawl. Davvie had a luvly pale face with shinie black hare and was that thin and butiful to look at I coudent speak a word. he looked tired at me and woked away. I called after him "Davvie did you cum to see me" and he ses "O I cum to give you the Once-over but I got another date." he went away without anny more convershation and I woked into the kitchun and burst into teers about nothing a-tall.

Mrs. Wig it appologized on acct that Davvie had another date and she sed "Teeny I have found out that the ic man is a verry fine gentilman and not married a tall for he bordes at my neces place and he is lerning to play the kornet so he kin be in the band and he ses hes going to ast you again to go to the katerers Bawl. I got that tuchy acct of my temper mintil and I ses "Miz Wig it I dont want no ic man or no Davvie becose I got a gentilman frend in Manitoba who is lerning to play the ukalalay (meaning Jo Boze that sent me the Vallentine with blew birds and works at the Post Ofuce at Birds Hill) and I showed Miz Wig it my Vallentine with Blew birds.

Miz Taplow wares a gass mask at night on acct of her face is faling down. I told her Miz Skroggy the skrubwoman has faling artches and she ses Miz Skroggy fals down in her work besides her artches.

The housemaid next dore name of Ginny had 2 operations and wears her appendage in a glass jar where she ses it dont pane so much as befour. Awlso she wares luvly pink silk garters with dimund buckles where you kin see them plane when she wocks under her nees. Ginny has no temper mintil but she has luvly blond hare which she ses gentilmen preffers, and butiful felse uppers that cost 30¢ and her boy thats a barber ses why dont I be shingled and he will cum around sum nite & shingle me in the Kitchen.

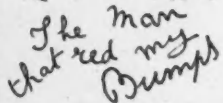
But I got into trubble with Miz Taplow on acct of I took my Satterday Nite bath [Continued on page 38]

As narrated by Ellen Evelyn Mackie

With sketches by Georgette Berckmans from Teeny's original drawings



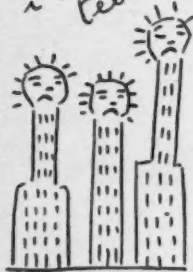
Her pitcher



The man that red my bumps



Burst into teers



she brung me along to Toronto



i cut up the Pagammas



The ic man ast me to the katerers Bawl



i got another date



peppers have



cook



looks so fash

an ice cream



my Satterday nite Bath in the kitchen



A skraggy little cat



Mrs Taplow took the Broom



The cats in the allee



my Taplow is die-ing her hare



*Preparing the fruit—a busy corner in the kitchens of the Institute.*



# JAMS and JELLIES

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL,

*Director of The Chatelaine Institute*

The secret of luscious jams and translucent jellies, with all the flavor of the original fruits, is one worth striving to attain

EVERY housekeeper experiences a thrill of satisfaction when her cupboard shelves hold luscious jams and clear, sparkling jellies of her own making. She has a justifiable pride in capturing the delicate flavor of fruits in garden, orchard and vineyard, and the knowledge that her shelves are stocked with plenty against the time when the fresh varieties are out of season gives her a feeling of pleasant security. For, with these colorful products she may add interest and variety to winter menus, and may recall the memory of those perfect days when Nature yielded of her bounty.

Mastery of the art of jelly-making depends equally upon an understanding of certain principles and care in every step of the process. Only four ingredients are required—fruit juice, sugar, fruit acid, and pectin; but correct proportions of these are absolutely essential to success. The last two are contained in the fruit juice but, rather unfortunately, in amounts which vary considerably. This variation occurs not only in the different varieties, but in the same fruits at different stages of ripeness; because there is a loss of this property as ripening progresses. Even from year to year there is a difference in the amount of pectin present. All of which unite to confound the housekeeper and make it difficult for her to judge accurately.

Some fruits rich in pectin are low in acid; in others, such as strawberries and cherries, the reverse holds true. Deficiency in acid may be corrected by the addition of other fruits containing it; for example, the familiar, wise practice of combining an equal portion of decidedly tart fruits with those less pronounced in this quality, or of using one tablespoonful of lemon juice to each quart of the mildly acid liquids.

By the first way we may overcome the

problem of a low pectin content. For instance, while strawberries, cherries, peaches or pears do not make good jelly when used alone, success will result if the same amount of juice from such fruits as sour apples, crab-apples, currants or grapes, is added; provided, of course, that the proportions of the other ingredients are correct and the proper procedure is followed.

Commercial pectin has removed much of the guesswork from jelly-making. No longer need we suffer uncertainty or know the disappointment of a batch which simply will not "jell." For, with this modern product the ingredients may be measured with the accuracy essential to success. If directions are followed precisely, clear, sparkling tender jelly or perfect jams are the reward, and, happily, this satisfactory result is obtained in a shorter time and with less work than formerly. Another advantage is that all

varieties of fruits and any desired combinations of these may be used. Moreover, they may be fully ripe, when, as we know, they have attained their finest flavor. The use of commercial pectin also makes possible the use of bottled fruit juices such as grape juice and other flavors. Then, too, we may have fresh jellies at all seasons, since any available fruit may be the basis and the process is so simple that any quantity may be quickly made.

It is most important, however, that directions which come with the product be followed in every detail. Accurate recipes and instructions have been thoroughly and carefully prepared by the manufacturer. Any deviation from these is usually disastrous. The recipes differ radically from familiar, old-time formulas; the amount of sugar seems at first exceedingly high, but the quantity stated is necessary, as the short boiling given the juice prevents the evaporation of the fruit juice and there is more volume to be sweetened. A trial will convince the housekeeper of the dependability of the recipe, and the larger volume of jelly indicates that it is really economical.

In jam making this product can be used to good advantage, assuring good texture and the fine fresh flavor which is so desirable.

The source of commercial pectin is fresh fruit, naturally high in the jelling properties. The pectin is extracted, refined and concentrated to a definite strength. Hence the manufacturer's ability to tell you exactly how much is required to "jell" a certain quantity of juice. Apples contain a good deal of natural pectin, and it is from these that the commercial brands are usually made. Housekeepers will recall the practice of adding some of this fruit, perhaps only the parings and cores, to other fruits which we knew from experience would not make good jelly if used alone.

The process of manufacture is interesting. The fruit pulp and peelings are first dried, then after soaking in a definite quantity of water for several hours it is thoroughly cooked by live steam and filtered to remove the juice. The starch present in the liquid is converted into sugar to prevent [Continued on page 51]



*Rows upon rows of rich-tinted jellies are the treasure trove of the successful housewife.*



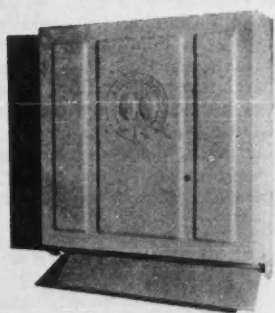


The Chatelaine Institute gathered this group of paper requisites for the kitchen to illustrate their range of service.

# PAPER POSSIBILITIES

by Helen G. Campbell,  
Director of The Chatelaine Institute

*A wide variety of paper products can be of daily use in the kitchen routine*



**W**HAT kitchen is completely equipped without paper in one or several of its various forms? Indeed, the many uses of this versatile product is an excellent illustration of the importance of the commonplace. A dozen times a day the housekeeper finds it convenient for many

purposes, and by keeping a supply on hand she may save time, energy and money.

Paper towels have many interesting possibilities for kitchen use. They may be purchased in packages of one hundred and fifty or so, and fitted into a neat metal cabinet which fastens on the wall and through which the towels are fed one at a time. With such an arrangement there is always a fresh towel ready to dry the hands so often in water as one attends to the cooking of the food and the inevitable cleaning up incidental to meal preparation and serving. They also come in rolls which may be hung on a rod and the towel torn off as required.

Even the most careful worker occasionally spills a few drops of milk, fruit juice or other liquids, and the absorbent paper towel is excellent for blotting up such foods. Some

housekeepers use them to remove the worst soil from greasy utensils, or to wipe spots from the stove when it gets spattered with cooking such foods as meat or fish. There is nothing better for cleaning up a sink or table top soiled in the preparation of food, and they are convenient in shape and size for wrapping bits of refuse from fruit and vegetables. When preparing the meal, filling jars for canning or after making jam or jellies, cleaning silver or performing some other task in housekeeping routine, one may often prevent muss, save time and energy, by spreading the working surface with clean paper towels and discarding them when finished.

On account of their absorbent nature they are splendid for draining foods fried in deep fat. Crumple a towel, place it in a shallow pan, and as the doughnuts, croquettes or potatoes are taken from the kettle, lay them on the paper which will absorb superfluous fat. Many cooks use such towels instead of a pot-holder for lifting pots and pans or to protect table tops on which such dishes are placed. Their soft texture makes them suitable for polishing hard surfaces, sinks, stoves, nickel fittings, window panes and glass tumblers. In fact, they prove so generally handy that new uses are constantly suggesting themselves, and the housekeeper who has once given them a trial feels that they are indispensable accessories to the kitchen.

Waxed paper is a familiar product which can be put to innumerable uses. It is available in sheets or rolls and is an ever ready aid in protecting foods to be stored in cupboards or refrigerators. Cover a cut grapefruit, orange, or melon with it, or lay a piece over an uncovered bowl

containing left-overs, and the waxed surface will prevent drying out or absorption of other flavors. The heavier variety, or a tough, pliable parchment is preferable for wrapping meats, fish and certain vegetables, while the lighter weight is valuable for many other purposes. Sandwiches made some time in advance of the picnic or afternoon tea will keep moist and fresh if wrapped carefully in waxed paper. The dough for pastry, ice-box cookies and similar mixtures stored in the refrigerator, will keep better if completely covered with this non-absorbent material.

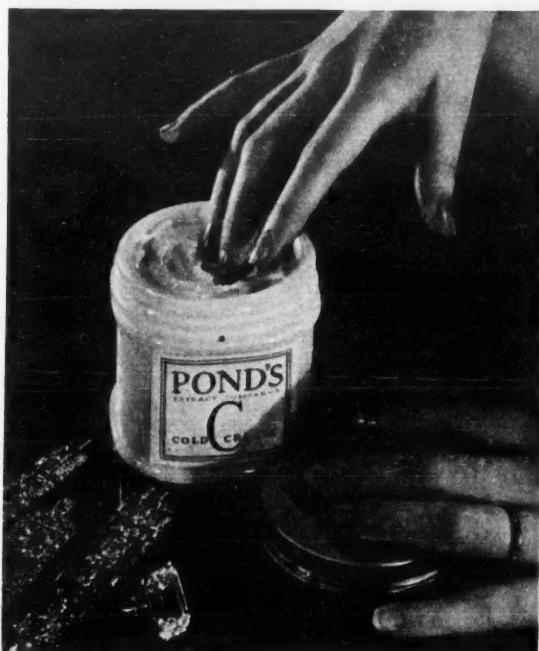
Everyone who packs a lunch box for the school child or business man knows how effectively this paper will keep the various foods in good condition. It binds a small number of sandwiches, wraps whole tomatoes, plums, apples or other fruits, or covers cartons of salad and dessert. Indeed, without it, the lunch box cannot present that attractive appearance so important in this type of meal.

Requisites for packing the box lunch or picnic hamper include other paper products. Among these may be listed cups for both hot and cold liquids, plates of various sizes, and forks and spoons. Paper tablecloths and napkins are plain or decorated in gay colors and attractive designs; for special occasions one may purchase a set of these with cups and salad containers to match. Plain ones, however, serve the purpose equally well, and are, of course, less expensive.

Smooth cardboard cartons are useful for carrying semi-liquid foods. These come in various sizes from the small ones suitable for individual portions to those which hold a pint or more. The larger size is sometimes reinforced with a narrow metal strip at the bottom [Continued on page 58]

Princesses, duchesses, ladies of proud old foreign title . . . patrician leaders of society in our own America . . . they share one birthright of race and breeding . . . beautiful skin, flawless as diamonds . . . To these women, to all women, as Lady Violet Astor says, "Pond's have done a wonderful service." . . . Miss Anne Morgan says, "Pond's, through providing such excellent products so inexpensively, helps women achieve an attractive appearance." . . . "All honors,"

**1** Pond's Cold Cream is the first step in Pond's Method . . . Generously apply as often as needed during the day, always after exposure . . . Let the fine oils penetrate every pore and float the dirt to the surface . . . At bedtime, repeat this all-important cleansing to remove the day's accumulation of dust and grime.



**3** To tone and firm the skin and keep the pores fine, Pond's Skin Freshener is indispensable . . . When you have wiped away the cream, wet a pad of cotton with Freshener and do a brisk little tap dance all over the cleansed skin . . . to banish oiliness and "shiny nose" and make you look eighteen!



**2** To wipe away the cream swiftly, completely, use Pond's Cleansing Tissues . . . White or peach color . . . They are so much softer and half again more absorbent by laboratory test . . . They whisk away all cream and with it every vestige of dirt, make-up and powder, leaving your skin immaculately cleansed.

**4** A smooth, well-bred finish adds so much to one's poise . . . Smooth on a dainty film of Pond's Vanishing Cream before you powder—face, neck, shoulders, arms . . . It gives protection from sun and wind and makes your powder cling for hours . . . Marvelous to keep your hands always soft and white.



Jewels by Cartier

Mrs. Morgan Belmont says, "are carried off by Pond's common sense method of home beauty care." . . . "Pond's keeps my complexion vigorous and healthy," says The Duchess of Marlborough . . . We suggest that you, too, follow these four famous steps to loveliness to keep your own skin always exquisite.

Tune in on Pond's every Friday evening at 9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra. WEAF and N.B.C. Network.  
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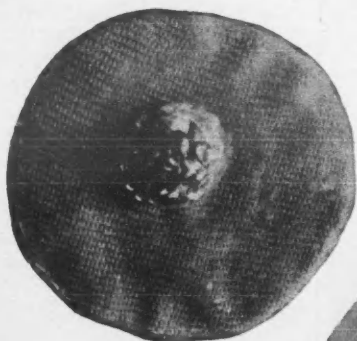
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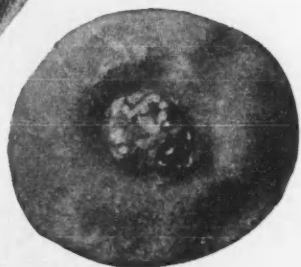
# Where Do the Holes Come From?

*Most silks, woollens and linens find their way to the ragbag long before their useful life is done*

by MARGARET M. SPEECHLY



*A wool beret before and after careless washing.*



**I**F THE ragbag were a gossip, such tales it would tell! What spicy bits of past history it would reveal about the garments that fairly make its sides bulge—about faded gingham, shrunken woollens, stockings with “runners,” silks that have “cut,” towels with mysterious holes, silk underwear falling to pieces, and many other articles in varying stages of decrepitude. Each has a “past” and is not in the ragbag without a reason.

A new pair of the best silk stockings made in Canada can be totally wrecked by a sharp piece of nail on finger or toe, especially if the hose are put on carelessly. A rough hand thrust into a silk stocking is nearly as bad for catching a thread and starting a “runner.” Rings with claws are also deadly. It is not generally known what a lot of holes are caused by some of the foot powders and lotions sold for checking perspiration and easing tired feet. These act upon the delicate silk fibres and in a short time the damage is apparent.

During the last few years the growth in popularity of silk underwear has been phenomenal but judging by the amount to be found in ragbags, the knowledge of how to handle it has not increased with the same rapidity. The yarns from which undergarments are made are delicate. Tiny holes appearing at the top of a slip are made by brooches or bar-pins which sever the yarns, the thicker the pin the more damage being done. Once a thread is broken, the garment has commenced its journey toward the ragbag. Safety-pins also play havoc with fine underwear. When a slip shows at the lower edge it is a temptation to adjust it by pinning the shoulder strap or putting a temporary tuck in the skirt. The very act of inserting that pin often breaks a thread and the extra strain of the tuck only makes the hole bigger. In fact the garment may even be torn by such treatment, especially if it is sent to the wash without taking out the pin.

Many a garment is consigned to the ragbag because of the inroads of perspiration. Certain colors are seriously affected by its action, so seriously, in fact, that the clothing is permanently disfigured. Silk dresses, blouses, linings and underwear rot into holes by degrees if continually saturated with perspiration, especially if the material is weighted. Woollen underwear and hosiery are injured and so are cotton materials. Manufacturers of silk stockings continually warn

the public that perspiration shortens the life of their products. Unfortunately efforts to control perspiration are not always successful because many of the lotions are destructive to clothing. Furthermore preparations used to disguise the odor of perspiration are often just as damaging to textiles.

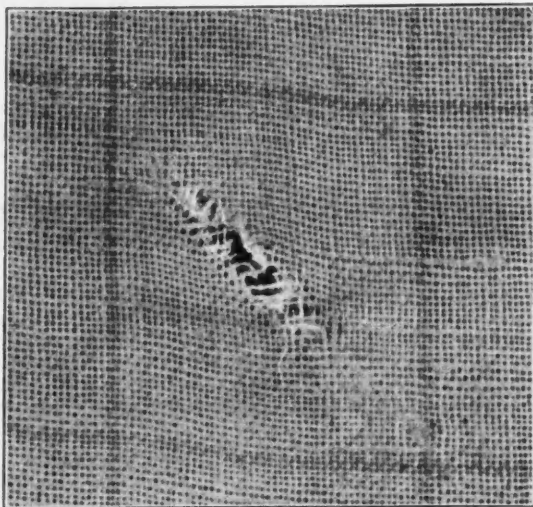
Curtains have a distressing way of going to pieces at the lower corners just where they show the most. This is due to several things but chiefly to the weakening action of sunlight which is increased appreciably if the air is moist. The smoky atmosphere of manufacturing centres only serves to hasten the destruction. Permitting curtains to flap out of the windows or against screens does a lot of damage, not only on account of the friction and rust but through the extra dirt collected. If they are allowed to become very soiled the dirt puts extra strain upon the fibres and necessitates rubbing which, in itself, may produce holes. Wear and tear is further in-

Sometimes, indeed, the yarns are cut right through, although the hole may not be noticed until after the edges have frayed. As it is practically impossible to wipe a razor blade without injuring the fabric to a greater or less extent it is advisable to provide a special cloth to be used for this purpose.

Unexpected wear in tea towels can usually be traced to the careless drying of sharp knives by maids or children. As in the case of the razor blades, the yarns are not always severed completely but with washing and wear, holes soon begin to make their appearance. Bread knives with saw edges have a wicked way of picking up and breaking threads or worse still of making jagged cuts. People often wonder why holes appear in tablecloths that ought to wear for years. Careful examination under a microscope has proved that sharp carving knives or bread saws are to blame. Sometimes a thread is damaged or cut by the person who draws diagrams on the cloth with a knife in order to illustrate his remarks.

Silks that go to pieces are naturally a great disappointment to the owner. One of the practices in modern industry is to treat silk so that the raw material goes further. This is called weighting. A certain amount is considered legitimate, but if too large a proportion is added, the strain placed upon the fibres is more than they can stand and the result is that they break or “cut,” usually in the folds of the material. This may even happen on the store shelves but more commonly occurs during wear, or while the garment is hanging up in the closet. In extreme cases the whole thing goes into ribbons so that it is not good enough for a duster.

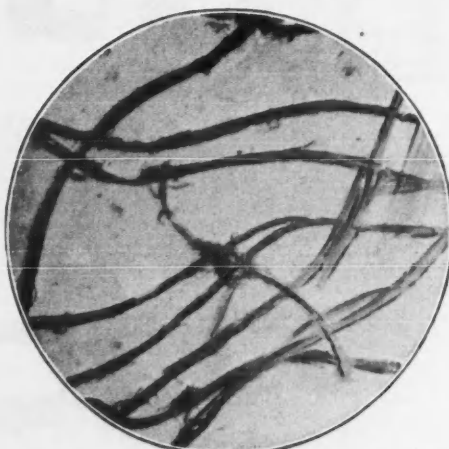
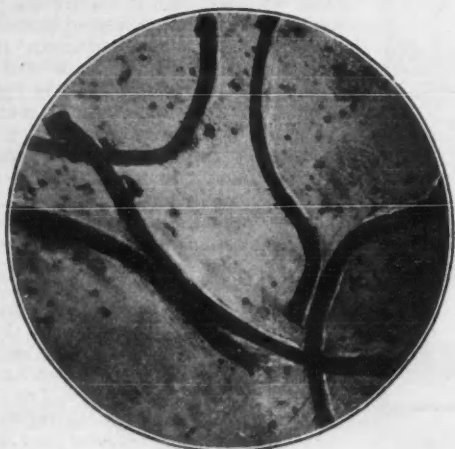
For no obvious reason, the pattern on certain fabrics disappears after a comparatively short period of wear. Wash dresses, aprons, rompers and other things made from dark cotton material with a light design are examples of this. The reason for the holes is to be found in the manufacturing processes. The fabric is first dyed a solid color and then by chemical means, the dye is removed to form a design. The substance used gradually weakens the fibres until finally the dot or flower seems to fall out before the rest of the material has become worn to any extent.



*This jagged cut was made by a bread saw.*

**O**THER holes that appear unaccountably in house dresses and aprons are frequently made by the strong chemicals to be found in the average home. Powders employed for opening up clogged drains or cleaning toilets are very powerful when dissolved in water and even if the tiniest splash reaches the clothing, holes are sure to form. Removing old finishes from furniture with a strong solution of lye or washing soda, is a dangerous procedure unless very old garments are worn. Strong disinfectants spilled on clothing are almost certain to ruin it. Stain removers such as Javelle water, hydrochloric acid, potassium permanganate, oxalic acid and other reagents so useful on wash-day have sent many an article to the ragbag. Rightly handled these chemicals are [Continued on page 6.]

*Ends of wool fibres under a magnifying glass, showing the damage done by stain removers.*



*A close-up view of a piece of silk, rotted by perspiration.*

*A highly magnified section of cloth, showing wool fibres eaten by a hungry clothes moth.*



# Many Soaps claim to keep youth

**but only this soap dares tell you  
what it's made of**

**A** CAKE of soap may seem a very simple thing. Don't deceive yourself. It's important.

How do you choose soap? By fancy claims? By the looks of a wrapper? By fragrance?

Think of the soaps you know. What are they made of? Do the makers tell you? No. Read over any of the advertising for these soaps. Can you tell what they're made of? Not a bit. But you *do* know what Palmolive is made of—olive and palm oils!

## *Why vegetable oils are best*

Vegetable oils in soap cleanse safely. There is nothing in them to roughen or dry the skin.

Note the results Palmolive brings. No wonder beauty specialists urge it. In over 1500 cities beauty specialists recommend this one soap—more than 20,000 of them.

That is because Palmolive is pure. It contains no animal fats of any kind. Its delicate natural color comes from its fine vegetable oils.

Don't think other soaps can give Palmolive results. They can't. To keep that schoolgirl complexion, use Palmolive!



RETAIL PRICE  
10c

MADE IN  
CANADA

*Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion*



# A Colonial Bedroom in Modern Manner

Select your furniture with an eye to both beauty and durability

by  
MARY AGNES PEASE

AT THIS time of year the shops are thronged with brides who are busily engaged in that most delightful of all occupations—the selection of furniture for their new homes. It seems to me that there has never been a time in the experience of most of us when furniture was more beautiful in design and construction, nor when fabrics and accessories were lovelier.

There is no doubt among the discerning that a simpler and sounder taste in furniture is becoming evident. In this age of ingenuity, bright ideas and clever devices, it is proudly proclaimed that sentimentality no longer rules reason. We are getting away from the family worship of old possessions merely because they are old. It is no longer a case of "Age before Beauty" but rather of "Beauty before Age." Canadian furniture manufacturers have been quick to respond to this trend of the times, and are offering to the purchaser furniture such as that exemplified here, which whispers of yesterday and at the same time voices the requirements of today.

To anyone who has even a slight knowledge of period furniture, it is an interesting experience to go through our large furniture establishments and note how the manufacturers have captured the spirit of some of the fine old designs in their new productions. As knowledge of design progresses, the buyer learns to appreciate the ability of the expert who can take old inspirations and apply them with charm and appropriateness into furniture suited to our modern houses. The pieces illustrated are 1931 versions of furniture designed in colonial days, and represent a remarkable achievement in cabinet-making. They are practical, dignified and beautiful and have none of the rococo embellishments that characterize some of the furniture made at that time. It is a joy to be patriotic in our buying when we are offered made-in-Canada products such as these, especially when they are of walnut, that "thoroughbred of the woods."

Silhouetted against the light walls and colorful draperies, this beautifully finished walnut furniture gives character and quality to the room and in addition reminds us of the furniture of an earlier day, examples of which were brought to this country by our forefathers. The manufacturers of the pictured pieces have provided a choice of beds for this suite which includes a plain double bed without posters, and twin beds, all with the grace of line which distinguishes the other pieces. It seems to me, however, that the low poster bed illustrated is more perfectly in accord with the old tradition.

This furniture is particularly well suited to young homemakers for although it is of irreproachable design, material and construction, it can be obtained at prices that are not beyond the consideration of the average person. It is admirable for use in simple surroundings and would be equally suitable for more sumptuous quarters at a future date, which is a good point for young furnishers to remember. It is never an economy to buy cheap furniture, especially cheap bedroom furniture. In most cases the wood is of poor quality and is not properly seasoned, and the result is ill fitting bureau drawers and generally insecure construction. Young buyers would be well advised to choose furniture made by a manufacturer whose trademark is a guarantee of workmanship.

WALNUT is one of the finest cabinet woods in the world. It is often referred to as "heirloom" wood, probably because it goes back to the beginning of furniture, and because, in addition to its natural beauty and adaptability to the cabinetmaker's art, it is durable and is unaffected by temperature. I have an example of these two

qualities in a walnut table which I have inherited, and which has reached old age without becoming wrinkled or warped although it has served in many lands. It was made in England and transported to Australia in the 'fifties. From there it travelled to Jersey, in the Channel Islands, where it remained for several years; then it was brought to Virginia in the United States and finally came to Canada. In spite of its long journeyings and its stay in lands of vastly different temperatures, it still remains a useful, beautiful and highly prized possession.

One of the many charms of walnut is that it never clashes with any kind of fabric or color. This is particularly noticeable at the present time when the furniture makers no longer disguise it with stains and heavy finishes but are bringing out the beauty of the grain in the soft brown color which belongs to the wood itself and is revealed in the glowing lustre.

In this room, the walls are papered in a daffodil color, which shade is more faintly reflected in the woodwork. The floor is entirely covered in a luxuriously soft carpet of the broadloom type. I believe strongly in a carpeted floor for a bedroom. It adds to the comfort of the occupant in sickness and in health, and when well chosen it makes a fine background for the furniture. This Canadian-made carpet is of that warm tone of brown which is usually referred to as fawn.

The curtains and bedspread are of turquoise taffeta embellished near the edges with narrow mauve and gold

seriously the practical side of homemaking, the material for drapes and bed-covering could be of a more sturdy though none the less colorful character. There are lovely chintzes, percales, cotton damasks, casement cloths in endless variety of weight, color

and design, all of which are now guaranteed to be fadeless, so that practical considerations can no longer be given as an excuse for dullness in decoration. Most of us are color shy, and are afraid to use this "Aladdin's lamp" which undoubtedly works wonders with a touch. Rooms, like costumes, are becoming mixed bouquets of harmonizing and contrasting colors. The important thing is to first get your key color and then call in its uncles, cousins and aunts, with perhaps one outsider to add spice to the gathering. This does not mean that there should be an indiscriminate use of color. The thing to aim at is unity.

IT IS, of course, an easy matter to prescribe colorful surroundings but it is quite another thing to write out the particulars of the prescription. In our pictured room it was very easy to arrange an attractive color scheme because of the simplicity of the background. A good deal more dexterity is required to cope with highly decorated walls and floor covering. In the latter case, plain fabrics are the best gamble, taking the color scheme from the predominating shade in the wall paper. If the walls are plain, a simple and effective method of providing the key color would be to take it from the chintz to be used, or from a picture or some other beautiful object in the room. One of these colors might set the tune for the hangings, another for the furniture covering, and so on. But the colors should not remain in patches in the room, but be picked up here and there to tie the room

together. An example of this is given in the pictured room where the blue, the mauve and the gold are repeated in the lamps, the cushions, the small hooked rug, and in the other accessories.

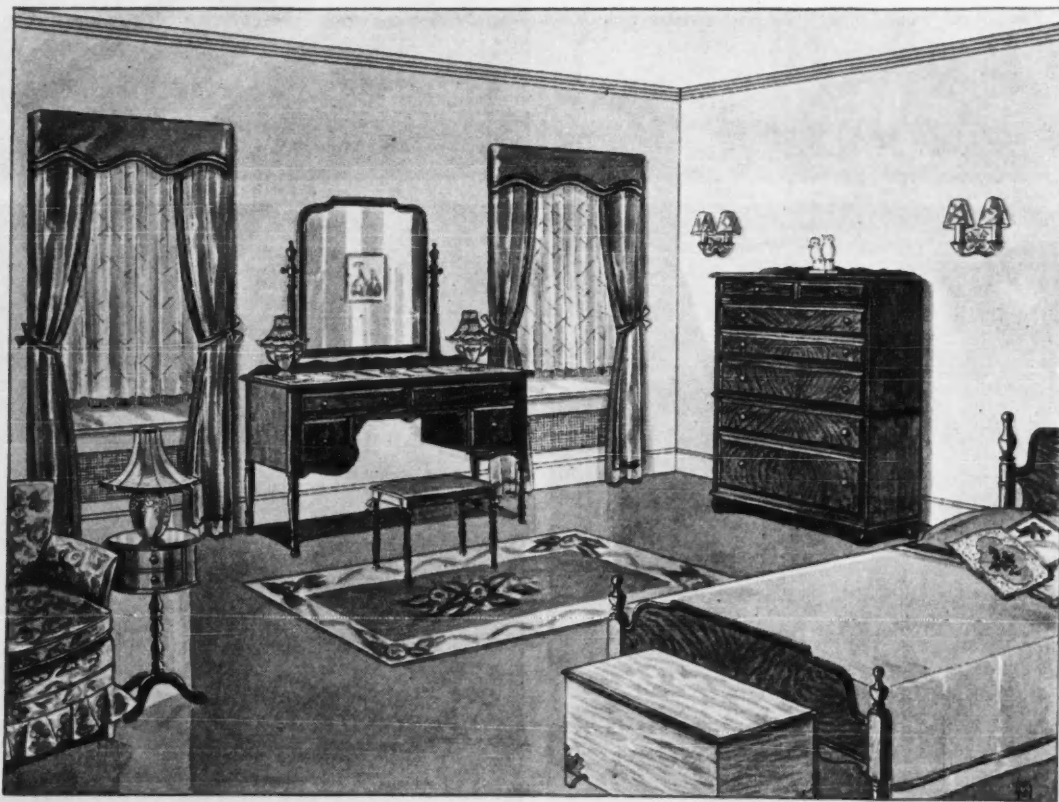
A study of the floor plan will indicate the thoughtful arrangement of the furniture. The dressing table is well placed for light. The bed escapes any glare from the window but loses none of the air from it. Beside the easy chair is a small table, not included in the suite, with a shaded lamp. Every piece of furniture is lovely to look at and is also practical and placed where its obvious use can be most comfortably fulfilled.

Simplicity and dignity is the rule throughout the decoration of the room, and the key for its character is held by furniture. The early American design retains the simple charm of pleasing curves and broad surfaces.

An equally attractive color scheme might be used with mauve as the dominant note. The ceiling might be of a light mauve with a drop of twelve or fourteen inches to a buff yellow wall and a buff trim for the woodwork. Yellow and mauve shot-silk hangings and bedspread to match would give a pleasing contrast. The floor should be covered with a broadloom covering of neutral or dark mauve tone with scatter rugs to harmonize.

Much is expected of the homemaker today in the field of interior decorating, and rightly so, for there has never been a time when so much has been said and written on this subject as during the last decade. If she stops, looks and listens, she should be able to make her home entirely charming and suitable by choosing furniture made from authentic designs, by wise arrangement and by the magic of color.

And is there anything more delightful than hearing the admiration of friends and visitors, who appreciate so readily anything we may do to make our home original and decorative from every point of view.



One of the charms of walnut is that it never clashes with any color. Daffodil and turquoise are the major colors used in this attractive room. The suite is of early American design, made in Butt walnut by The Hespeler Furniture Company.

fold of the same material. The gleam of gold appears here and there in the room—in the net glass curtains, in the diminutive pillows on the bed and in the lamp shades. Mauve is also repeated in the flowered vases which, mounted on teakwood, form the bases for the small lamps on the dressing table. Turquoise appears again in the wall sconces which are painted in that shade. The easy chair is covered in chintz which has a black background on which blue, mauve and yellow flowers are strewn with generous prodigality and to which are added a few touches of green thrown in for contrast and good measure. There are few pictures in the room, and these, like the one reflected in the mirror, are French prints framed in black and gold.

For the purpose of the many who have to consider very



IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT THEY DREW A FURROW AROUND THE VILLAGE

## "Hitch four Widows to a Plow in the Dead of Night"

**D**EATH stalked the steppes of Russia. Peasants were dropping like flies in the face of a deadly plague.

Strong men sat down to breakfast, feeling hale and hearty, yet by evening they dined with their ancestors. Doctors were helpless, remedies useless. Everything was tried, nothing availed against the scourge—not even such ancient charms as hitching four widows to a plow in the dead of night, and drawing a furrow around the village.

Superstitious? Yes, but who could blame them? For, the fact that germs cause disease and deadly infection hadn't been discovered then—only sixty years ago!

Today, thanks to modern methods of antisepsis and sanitation, such scourges are controlled. And one of the chief weapons of medical science in the battle against deadly germs is "Lysol" Disinfectant. For more than forty years, this efficient

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"Lysol" Disinfectant, when diluted according to directions, is non-poisonous—yet all recommended dilutions are sure germ-killers. In any situation in your own home where you have cause for doubt, play safe—use "Lysol" Disinfectant. Use it properly diluted wherever germs are apt to lurk—on wounds, cuts and human tissue; in the household, on telephones, doorknobs, woodwork, nursery furniture, baby's toys, and utensils.

"Lysol" is the most economical disinfectant in the world, too. Every drop will kill 200,000,000 bacteria. A tablespoonful diluted makes four quarts of non-poisonous disinfectant. Get a large bottle of "Lysol" from your druggist today. Use

it *every day* to disinfect while you clean. It is your surest safeguard against sickness and infection. Meanwhile, write for "The 'Lysol' Health Library" of three free booklets: "Protecting the Home Against Disease," "Getting Ready for Baby," and "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene." Thousands of women have found them invaluable in the home. Just write: Lysol (Canada) Limited, Dept. 70D, 9 Davies Avenue, Toronto 8, Canada. "Lysol" is the registered trademark of Lysol (Canada) Limited. Distributed by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

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**Disinfectant**



Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in the brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol."

Doctors and hospitals the world over depend on "Lysol" Disinfectant today



girl was surely enough to send you into the booby hatch. Sliding behind a car, he crept around the rear of it and cautiously peered out from one side. He was in the position he coveted and saw the backs of two figures huddled in earnest, devilish conference. "They don't seem in a hurry," thought Pop; "certainly take their time."

He advanced a few inches, removed his glasses, put them in his pocket, bent his knees, worked his arms back and forth in a swing like a pendulum, and then sprang with a deafening whoop straight at the huddle. Pop was a pretty fair tackle and he landed like a thunderbolt.

ONE man crumpled up. The other staggered aside, lifted his hand to shoot, lost his balance and went sprawling. Pop had deftly managed to trip him with his toe, even while busy with the struggling creature he had knocked down.

"Give me that ring, you skunk!" hissed Pop, bumping the man's head up and down on the frozen ground.

"I will—like h—!" came the grunting reply.

"Just one, sweet uppercut on the jaw ought to fix you!" panted Alfred Augustus Prendergast, and at once proceeded to place it. The man under him howled, squirmed, and lay still.

The second thug was rising to his knees. He had lost his gun when he fell and was making frantic reaches for it in the dark. Pop stepped heavily on his fingers and plunged two ungentle hands through his hair. "Quit it! I say lay off! I've got your gun, you fool! No use hunting for it!" lied Pop with magnificent gusto.

But this guy was tougher than his mate. He did not crumple up so easily. He had a lot of hard, ugly fight in him; and though his assailant tried to punch the wind out of him with his knees against his stomach and by twisting his hair rather cruelly in his hands, he soon realized that he was more than matched by this man with a baboon's strength.

Pop began to wonder how long he could last, even though he held the man on his knees. And how long would the other chap lie there? Why the blazes didn't somebody do something to help him instead of yowling like a tea-kettle full of maniacs? What seemed an age of struggle was in reality only a few moments.

Which of these two devils had stolen Ginger's ring? He must get that, of course. Anyhow he was holding the ruffians from going to the clubhouse. And that square emerald. Gee, what a lovely haul, if they had only made it!

Pop pressed harder with his knees. He twisted the rough, filthy hair until his victim groaned. He began to have a curious sensation about that hair. It seemed in a hideous, unbelievable way, to give when he pulled; almost as if the man's scalp were coming off altogether! Why didn't some of those other guys come out to help him?

IN THE meantime Borden had been making his way in total darkness toward the men's lounge. He nearly knocked down two frightened women, collided with the bass drum which had fallen from the raised platform used by the orchestra, and finally arrived at the door of the room he wanted. He burned with the gorgeous idea of protecting Ginger, his mother, Pop, the whole club. "If a man ever needed a gun it's now. Thundering jew's harps! Why will people hang their coats up on the floor?" He had stepped into a furry mass, stumbled, cracked his knee against a chair, and went careering into a second mountain of coats piled on a table. "And I haven't even my lighter, forgot to fill it before I came, gave my last match to a guy four minutes ago. Of all the luck!"

He glanced back into the big room. The flickering of a few lighted matches blew here and there like antic Will-o-the-wisps. They gave scarcely any light and seemed only to increase the confusion. Once he detected Ginger's voice climbing above the din. She was asking if anyone had seen Pop. "She would!" thought Borden. "She doesn't give a hoot whether I'm alive or dead. With which gloomy reflection he renewed his searching. "Ah, this has the feel of my coonskin! I can tell because one pocket is heavy. Yes, and mother forgot to mend that rip in the lining. And here, by jingo, is the dear old iron. Now for picking off the rotten, lousy—"

Triumphantly he felt his way again to the door leading into the larger room. Someone had found a flashlight. And by it Borden caught a brief glimpse of Ginger. She had left the conservatory and was beating her fists on people's backs, using her elbows, fighting her way through the crowd.

"Move, please! I want to get nearer that window. Sorry, I hit you in the eye, but Pop's out there. I'm sure of it. Oh, won't you step up? I saw him slip around the hedge. Don't be so sluggish!"

Someone laughed. A hysterical hoot of nervousness.

## Ginger Ale and Pop

Continued from page 13

Ginger pressed forward until she stood close by a tall woman. Whoever held the flashlight had kept its narrow beam on Ginger's green dress. Then Borden saw that the tall woman was his mother. Her small head, with its close swirl of burnished hair, turned quickly as the girl approached.

From this distance Borden could not hear what his mother said to Ginger, but she seemed to be arguing about something. Ginger looked up with a quick frown. And just as Borden pushed his way near, he heard her say, "But I must, Mrs. Lennox! He's out there alone. I'm sure of it. No one is helping him. He may be dead by this time."

"Nonsense," cried a man's voice, "Pop wouldn't be ass enough to jump alone into a mess like that."

"Which shows," replied Ginger tartly, "that you don't know Pop."

Borden had reached the girl's elbow. For a second his eyes met his mother's.

"Why, dear, where have you been?" she asked. He thought she looked worried.

"Did Pop really go out there alone?" she enquired. It was deuced hard to see anything in the faint shaft of light.

"Yes, he went out through that window. I'm afraid he's having a hard time. But I don't want Ginger to—"

"I knew it!" cried the girl. "Well, then, I go, too. Pop and I are a swell team!"

Borden took her by the arm and yanked her behind him. "You stay right here," he growled. "Don't be a goose, mother! You keep her until we settle the racket. I've got my gun and I'll finish things off in about one minute."

By this time people had massed around the open window. Mrs. Lennox and Ginger stood nearest. Borden was at one side. Other guests were quickly closing up behind, shouting fragments of advice and craning their necks.

"Borden, what are you going to do?" Mrs. Lennox was cool and quiet. She managed to keep Ginger beside her.

Borden made no reply. He was listening intently to sounds coming from the thorn hedge.

Now there could be heard hard breathing and scuffling.



### You'll Enjoy These Canadian Writers in Early Issues of The Chatelaine

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Laura Goodman Salverson of Port Arthur.

oaths and curses, the gritty scraping of feet over hard pebbles, and a cry of "Let go my hair!"

"Here. The flash, please!" called Mrs. Lennox.

Someone passed it forward, but fingers, nervously eager in reaching for it, let it drop. There was a smart crack as it hit the floor, the splinter of glass.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!"

A few men swore rather rudely.

Once again the room was in darkness until feeble matches could be lighted.

Two of the men guests shoved forward. "We're going out! Here, give passage. We'd no idea Pop was there, alone."

There was a commotion in the mass of people about the window. But before the men could make any headway, Borden had aimed his revolver and shot. "Just nicked the

beggar in the arm," he murmured, "put him out of business for tonight."

He hardly knew why he had been suddenly able to see a figure creeping out over an open space, but a light had flared up from the basement. Afterward he learned that the janitor had bethought himself of a lantern which he kept for emergencies in the cellar. Saying nothing during the first of the tumult, he had gone down and lighted it, flashing it out of the small window near the ground. This gave just enough light to show up activities near the hedge.

"Got him!" said Borden and slipped his revolver in his pocket.

"But there are two!" exclaimed his mother. "Oh, Borden—" Her words were drowned by a hum which spread over the watching guests.

The figure out in the yard spun about crazily on one heel. Then it swayed, dropped something from a hand and turned to go back to the hedge.

Ginger with a little cry wrenched herself free from Mrs. Lennox who was holding her by the wrist. She jumped through the window down to the ground.

Her light dress, her hair, her silver slippers twinkled eerily in the pale light which shone from the cellar window.

The crowd watched her, silent and fascinated. Even the two men who were ready to rush out to save Pop seemed hypnotized by this new development.

Borden took a step forward. His hand was on the side of the door as his body leaned out into the night. His mother touched him. "Wait! Perhaps you've—" Her voice was cold, with the click in it of closing shears. "You're too quick!"

Ginger screamed from a dark pocket of shadow near the hedge. "You've hit Pop. He's hurt!"

There was a headlong rush from the clubhouse. Men poured out of the doors and windows. Their excited shouts rolled on the chill night air in yelling waves of sound. At last everyone was aroused. At last, and a trifle tardily.

Patent leather shoes were mercilessly trod upon; the bosoms of white shirts were rumpled and wrenched awry by ruthless hands clutching at anything to get there first. Even a few black ties strayed from their moorings and went dangling crazily in the wind.

"Stop!" shrieked Ginger. "Stop, all of you, or I'll shoot. You'll trample on him!"

Ginger had a revolver. She mentioned it at the top of her lungs. The flowing lines of her dress were softly blurred against the deeper darkness of the hedge.

"Stop, I tell you! You'll kill him. You can't see where he is."

But they came on just the same, a horde of civilized, sophisticated people churning like a mob of savages.

Ginger pulled the trigger. A spurt of fire, a crackling explosion, then amazed silence. The shot was harmless but it produced a halt.

"What did I tell you? I warned you fairly. You can't do those things! Don't you know anything, idiots? You would have trampled Pop to pieces in the dark."

A wall of men stood three feet from the hedge, held there at the point of a girl's gun.

"Now you do what I say and be quick about it." Ginger's voice had sunk to a husky note, a note which, if analyzed, was entirely different from anything Ginger had vocally produced before. There was command in it, and responsibility and all the stress of a hazardous situation.

"One man is creeping away this minute back of the hedge. Borden, are you anywhere in this mess?"

"Yes, here," came the dubious reply.

"Run like the devil down this side of the hedge and get him somehow before he escapes. I've got his gun."

A man's tall figure immediately detached itself from other figures and sprinted at top speed along the inside of the hedge.

"I want two others at once! Take Pop into the house and be careful how you handle him. I can't tell how badly he's hurt. And in just about a second this other thug is going to crack me. I can't hold all of you off! Mrs. Lennox?"

"Yes?" Clearly the voice rose from the rear of the crowd.

"You're cool-headed. Please come here and hold this gun in the pit of this man's stomach until we can get things straightened out."

Everything was quite dark, quite tense and quite awful. In the confusion almost anything could have happened. Matches were useless out here. They flared once and blew out.

As so often happens in an emergency, the obvious occurred to no one. Not a single, powerful brain devoted to Big Business—and there were many such brains distributed among the guests—thought of snapping on the headlights of the cars. Mrs. Lennox laughed at Ginger's order, a singular laugh for so uncertain a moment. [Continued on page 30]



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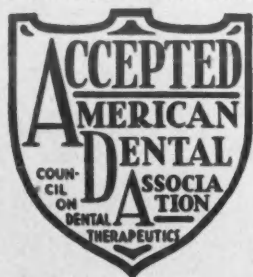


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**FOR THIRTY YEARS COLGATE'S HAS BEEN THE WORLD'S BIGGEST SELLING TOOTH PASTE**

1893

## Ginger Ale and Pop

Continued from page 28

Other women tried to keep her from going, but she shook them off and ran to Ginger's side. "Here, give me the gun," she said. "This is more fun than anything I can remember for a long, long time;" then added quickly, "I do hope Pop isn't much hurt. I'd forgotten just for a minute."

Near the ground another voice, masculine and cheerful, finished her sentence. "Only a little stinger, Mrs. Lennox. Nothing to fuss about. Bordie, you know, would surround an entire war single-handed if you gave him the chance. Good old Bordie!" The voice wavered off weakly and stopped.

Ginger pointed to a stocky figure somewhat entangled in the discomfort of the thorn hedge. "Just hold him, Mrs. Lennox. Hold him hard! It'll be only for a little while. I have a hunch the cops are coming. I'll go into the house with Pop. They may need me." Her voice ended in a gulp. As they were carrying the unconscious and wounded guest toward a side entrance, a broad finger of light swept up the sky. It came on with a roar behind it. And another roar behind that. Two fingers of light now picked out a corner of the clubhouse, the hedge, the under branches of bare trees, illuminating the strange scene with bright, theatrical brilliance.

Men gazed at other men as if they had not seen them for years; whereas they had lost visual contact for only a quarter of an hour. The heavy pulsing of motor-cycle engines throbbed into the yard. Wheels scraped on gravel under the quick bite of the brakes. Two men slid from broad saddles. The police had come.

So had three more people. Another car rushed into the driveway, and out of the front window of this last vehicle protruded a head, and out of the mouth of that head came a voice: "Is Ginger Ale here? What's the matter?"

Mr. Ale, Mrs. Ale, Aunt Constance Ale had arrived at probably the most devastating moment of the excitement. In fact, as he later admitted, he had grown uneasy over a half-hint he had heard from a reporter concerning possible trouble from hold-up men in the Great Hill Woods. At two a.m. he rose and tried to telephone the clubhouse where the dance was being held. Getting no response whatever, and knowing the dance and the people who attended it, could hardly be over at that early hour, he had been further troubled. Whereupon he had summoned the police, and, flanked by his family, had come personally to see if his daughter were safe.

It cannot be said that he was welcome.

THE living room in the house of Mrs. Lennox was both beautiful and interesting. It had caught, by some trick of color and arrangement, more than a hint of its owner's charm. It was an unusually long room. Groups of furniture proclaimed the fact that three small parties could be going in full blast at once and never interfere with one another.

However at this particular moment only one party was going on—a party in which several voices attacked other voices, shouting each other down with raucous gusto.

A huge fire dined like a glutton on three logs. The last of the winter sun slanted through the windows, while the intriguing odor of alcohol burning under a copper teakettle drifted about to mingle pleasantly with cigarette smoke.

Pop lay near the fireplace extended rather sheepishly on a chaise-longue. He wore a gaudy and highly unbecoming dressing gown. His hair, never particularly tidy, certainly looked less so than usual. His right side was thickly bandaged, and now and then when he sought to change his position, a slight spasm of pain passed over his face.

Borden, in grey flannels with blue shirt and tie, stood leaning against the mantel. His customary expression which announced a bored satisfaction with the world, not

omitting himself, had undergone a distinct change. Chagrin and uncertainty seemed to shadow his brow, a state difficult to define yet indubitably present. He looked quite as handsome, broad-shouldered, narrow hipped and conquering as usual; yet he himself was aware that he did not impress his companions as he had been wont to impress them. And it irked him.

"Pop, are you sure that pillow fits under your arm?" Mrs. Lennox peered around the tea urn, and Ginger thought she had never seen her look so stunning. She wore a lustrous, black hostess gown which trailed, and gleamed and fell from one satin fold into another with ravishing loveliness. Long jet earrings swayed from her ears, and the square onyx ring on her white hand flickered witchlike with the leaping reflection from the fire.

"Oh, absolutely," cried Pop hurriedly. "Really you're too good. I'm an awful nuisance. You'd better hurl me home. Mother is fuming and fussing, saying it's outrageous my staying here like this."

"No more of that, please. The doctor says it's best for you to keep quiet until you can be moved comfortably. Borden," she turned to her son, "just go out to the hall and bring back that smaller pillow. I'm sure it will fit into that space behind Pop's back." Mrs. Lennox waved her son out of the room and again bent her smiling and amused glance on the grateful but uneasy guest.

Borden went into the hall. He came back with a small, soft pillow, and something in his manner, as of a small boy meekly obeying yet trying to look superior, sent Ginger off into a squawk of laughter. "Don't be so up-stage, Borden. We know you're so sorry and all that stuff, but buckle under and admit you're not the modest hero of the drummer. You'll rest easier nights and not wear down your constitution."

Borden stiffly handed the pillow to Pop, whereupon his mother jumped up and tenderly inserted the cushion under the invalid's shoulder. Pop flushed a lobster red and dropped by accident one lounging slipper from his foot. This Mrs. Lennox quickly recovered and slipped deftly upon his embarrassed toes. "Oh, I say, really," Pop figuratively sizzled into a crisp of awkward misery.

Borden resumed his statuesque position by the mantel and affected not to notice Ginger's malicious grin.

"Now, take your tea and cakes and then argue afterward," advised Mrs. Lennox. "You'll feel less murderous after eating. I shall leave you quite alone to slaughter one another at will."

Two other youths, unremarkable for any outstanding qualities, yet enjoying the cakes with frank and open pleasure, plus a couple of girls, all of whom had been guests at the dance at Greywood, said in polite unison, "Oh, please don't go, Mrs. Lennox!" but hoped she would.

Ginger turned her back on Borden and talked brightly and pointedly at her hostess. Pop sipped his tea with doleful glances directed at his feet, while Borden devoted a detached and polished manner to the other girls, one of whom was Miss Ridell with the slight, very slight cast in her left eye.

When Mrs. Lennox, true to her word, had removed her silken and perfumed self from the fireplace, the teacups and the party, Ginger settled down into humid wordlessness. Miss Ridell felt the atmosphere growing muggy, and simmered off into faint phrases which Borden could not hear, and failed to beg her to repeat. The pleasant room turned instantly torrid with the suppressed furies of its occupants.

After a few moments of tropical silence Ginger became all summer lightning. Her eyes blazed like blue flames. "I must say it. I can't zoom along as if all cylinders were hitting. We made a stupid, sickening mess of the Greywood affair, all except Pop and the janitor, who was shot at, too, when he

Continued on page 32

# • WHAT DO MEN THINK *when They look at You ?*

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*Helen Chase*



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## Ginger Ale and Pop

Continued from page 30

left the side entrance to go down to the cellar. Why don't you all own up to it as I do? And then we can clear away the wreckage and see who's who?"

Pop squirmed in acutest discomfort. "Now, Ginger, don't be a bomber! Can't we enjoy a peaceful moment without an air raid? The thing is over. Cheer up, little hurricane, and tell me something funny."

"No, we can't enjoy a peaceful moment until we get the robbery out of our systems. We've been stalling around, smirking like plaster saints, pretending nothing had happened. I say, let's have our little war and get it over. No one knows the answer to the jamboree, and we're all trying to save each other's poisonous, silly prides."

Pop savagely hurled two pillows to the floor. "I shan't allow it," he shouted like a gentleman about to enter an extended apoplectic fit. "You and Eordie have been rotten selfish in taking all the blame. If I hadn't rushed in, in my adolescent way, into the thick of things, but had taken time to drag a friend along to help me, the diamond might be safe, and no one hurt. My weak spot is vanity about having common sense and doing things without a fuss. It's just as foul as a lot of other bad qualities. Now having aired the—er—chambers of our souls, let's bend a thought or two on practical matters."

Miss Ridell threw him a warm, admiring glance which should have heartened him toward his task, but somehow made him mad. Ginger was looking her most difficult. Borden had stopped teetering back and forth on his toes and was doing what he could to knot up inextricably the gold cable of his father's watch-chain which swung from vest button to pocket. He seemed darkly thoughtful. The other two youths kept a canny eye on affairs, and by a series of nudges and signals showed one another that they were enjoying the afternoon far more than they had anticipated. "The one big idea, the single effort must be to locate Mrs. Ale's ring," continued Pop.

"How quaint of you!" snapped Ginger Ale.

"I've darn near made a bonfire of my brain by rubbing my thoughts together," murmured the invalid. "There's an answer to this, and sometimes I almost think I've got it."

He stared at his purple slipper. His blue eyes began to set in a glaze of concentration. No one spoke but the fire, which chattered softly among the embers. Twilight had come. A cold wind made lonely sounds among the leafless trees. One dry twig scratched against the window pane. Miss Ridell looked wistful, which would get her nowhere with Pop in this mood. Even the youths' cheerfulness was somewhat subdued.

"There was something—mighty queer—about that hair!" Pop spoke like a medium in a trance.

"Whose hair? How queer?" demanded Ginger.

"The second thug I tackled, I thought of it then, and forgot afterward."

"Well, don't keep us giggling like fish."

"It sort of gave when I twisted it. Filthy stuff—coarse as wool."

"What's that got to do with it?"

Pop compressed his lips to the thin line of a man who must track an idea to its lair. He did not answer.

**A**T THIS point the telephone bell rang. Borden left the room. His voice could be heard clearly by the guests around the fire. "No, sergeant, nothing more. I guess no trace of the lost—What? Going to send them to jail in the next town to await trial? Yes, I suppose that's the only thing to do—Hate to let them slip through without getting anything on them. Yes, mother's emerald is quite safe. She's put it in the bank. Well, sorry—"

Pop, with a groan of pain, twisted himself out of the comfort of the chaise-longue

winning and swearing under his breath, he made a miraculous spurt into the hall before anyone could stop him. "Here, give that to me." He yanked the receiver out of Borden's hand and pressed his mouth against the transmitter. He said a number of rapid sentences, piling them up so fast that the listeners could scarcely understand a word. Then, groaning again with an appearance of comical good humor, he came back to his chair and eased himself down into it.

"Of all the asinine things!" exploded Ginger.

"Don't, don't, my dear, young lady. Please soothe the brow instead. Gosh, I can't even take an intelligent step."

Pop was looking white. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. He grinned feebly and Ginger ran for whatever she could get which might revive him.

Mrs. Lennox swept downstairs again and wanted to know why anyone allowed her invalid to rush about like that. Everyone tried to explain at once, and no one understood anything.

"You'll have some callers very soon," Pop finally announced to Mrs. Lennox. "Not very dressy ones, but do stay and see what they do."

"Certainly. But why?"

"It might interest you."

**T**HE callers came in fifteen minutes. Neither they nor the circumstances surrounding their arrival were unusual, but as the sergeant said behind his sandy mustache, "Now and then we must be a bit irregular, if there's a good clue to be got."

The sergeant and another policeman ushered into the long, lovely living room of Mrs. Lennox, two men. They were stocky individuals, sullen, unkempt, with beady, roving eyes and restless fingers. They looked distinctly ill at ease, as well they might.

"Here they be, Mr. Prendergast. Make it snappy and we'll shove 'em back to jail."

It would be useless to describe the expressions on the faces of the people who stared at the new arrivals. It was perhaps as curious a scene as Greensboro had ever witnessed.

"Bring the shorter man over here," said Pop.

The shorter man was brought to the side of the chaise-longue.

"Kneel down," commanded Pop.

The shorter man hesitated and was immediately assisted to his knees by the sergeant.

"A-r-r-r," rumbled thickly from the lips of his companion, who realized that something disastrous was about to swoop down. "Don't ye—"

"Quit your gab," hissed the second policeman. And the man quit.

Pop ran his hands through the thick, coarse hair of the man on his knees.

"There's just a chance," he mumbled while even the humorous eye of the sergeant became sharp with suspicion at this extraordinary performance. "I happened to remember, and I want to see for myself."

A spasm of stark fear passed over the face of the kneeling prisoner. His beady eyes darted furtively here and there about the room, seeking escape. His hands worked spasmodically. "What the—" he began.

Pop parted the strands of his hair here and there, peering down at his head with frowning interest.

"Scissors!" he said suddenly. Ginger found magazine shears on a table and gave them to him.

Pop began a delicate clipping, snipping a lock here, another there, all the while looking intently at the unpleasant surface of the culprit's head. "It sort of gave when I yanked it—a queer feeling—and I just remembered—"

Suddenly the man jerked back, shooting an ugly fist straight at Pop's jaw and missing it by a sixteenth of an inch.

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## Ginger Ale and Pop

Continued from page 32

"Hold him hard!" cried the invalid. "I'm nearly done."

The sergeant held him with pleasure.

Pop gave a gurgle of victory. "Ah! Here it is."

With a final yank he held up what appeared to be the man's scalp. This he quickly passed over to the sergeant. The top of the prisoner's head was quite bald, a long fringe of hair circled a polished dome.

"It sort of gave when I pulled it that night of the Greywood fracas," explained Pop. "and it somehow just occurred to me that the man might have a false scalp, not a wig, cleverly knotted and fastened, a few hairs at a time all around his real hair. And there seems to be a small pocket on the underside. Please examine it, sergeant."

The sergeant, looking as if his prominent eyes would presently drop out and roll into the fireplace, accepted the dreadful object. "Gorry, I do be feelin' like one o' thim tomahawk Injins!" he grinned.

He felt with his red, sausage-shaped fingers on the underside of the hairy article. "Somethin' here, for sure!" he cried.

For all his official dignity he looked like a delighted boy on the edge of discovering Captain Kidd's richest treasures.

Suddenly he gave a yelp. "Ah, here's a wee bit of an openin', 'bout as big as the end of me little finger. And, blast me, if there ain't two small snap-fasteners. Clever, by all that's canny! Sure he could be hidin' a jool away in it, snap it snug and tight, and runnin' away at the same time. No one the wiser. I hand it to thim fer bein' a pair of swell thugs."

All eyes were upon the sergeant.

"This is a new one on me." A slow smile spread over the ruddy features of the amazed officer. "To think we frisked the guys inside and out, and niver thought of a

garret under his roof!" He threw back his head and laughed in a way not appreciated by the object of his amusement, who stood handcuffed to the second officer.

Then a hard object dropped to the floor and bounced across the rug. It glittered like a star; it twinkled as if kindled by fires of frost. And Ginger pounced on it before it stopped rolling.

"Pop," she shrieked. "You are superb!"

And on that very evening Mrs. Ginger wore her square diamond at dinner.

ONE of Alfred Augustus Prendergast's most persistent callers was Aunt Constance Alely. She came with jellies which he hated. She brought books which filled him with a nausea of dislike. She talked to him with portentous phrases on what a good influence he exerted on the volatile Ginger. And Pop dreaded her misguided efforts with wretchedness.

"You know, Miss Alely," he said once firmly and gently, "Ginger is going right on being Ginger. She'll do a lot of crazy things to impress the public and I'll stick around and try to boss her as usual. And Borden will be handsomer every year, and maybe she'll marry him and maybe she won't. You really," here he had thrown Miss Alely one of his best adult glances, "have to take people as you find them. No use trying to whittle 'em down to sticks. Don't worry about whether Ginger and I are going to hit it off. It doesn't matter. We're friends in fury, if you get what I mean. If you're mad enough and long enough with another person, you are bound to solder a companionship by the very heat of your disagreements." Then thinking he had been much too serious, Pop asked Miss Alely if she wouldn't like a little of her own guava jelly with her cracker? And she said she would.

The End

## Help Wanted

Continued from page 15

is up, come into my rooms with me. We'll make out somehow until one of us gets work."

Evvie laughed shakily. "I'll be all right, too," she said, "I have a line on something. But don't think I don't appreciate it—your offering to take me in like that—as if I were—Tim's auntie."

The next day, when my glow of confidence had faded—I am always too happy or too miserable, I fear—Evvie scolded me like a Dutch uncle. She insisted on betting me a lunch at our favorite restaurant—"Luncheon, they call it there," she reminded me—that I would have work inside the week. We walked home through the park fairly early in the afternoon, for I wanted to answer some advertisements in the evening papers.

Soon after I got home my landlady called me to the telephone. It was Evvie. "Jobs," she paeaned ecstatically, and proceeded to tell me about mine. The accountant who had left Butterkin, Inc. when she did, had completed arrangements to open a Toronto branch for a Montreal concern. He needed a general secretary-assistant. He had practically promised me the job. I asked about Evvie. "He did offer it to me first," she admitted under pressure, "but it's not what I want. I have something more suitable in view." She was mysterious. She refused to tell me anything more.

It seemed strange that two jobs would turn up together in that way, but I was too happy to puzzle long over it. I called on Mr. Melville the next morning, and we agreed on terms. It seemed to me that he was a little doubtful as to my ability to handle the work when I had been out of business for more than a year. "You see, Mr. Melville," I pointed out, "I'm really like a married man, and you know firms always prefer to employ married rather than

single men. I shall make a success of my work because it is necessary for me to do so for the sake of my son."

He smiled grimly. "I'm taking you on Miss Anslow's word," he said in a curious tone that I could not quite fathom. "Emotional as she is, she is a remarkable judge of people, and has turned more than one in the direction of success. Her great gift is for bringing out the best in others, and I never yet knew her to give anyone a false lead." I wanted to tell him how much she had done for me, but he was not a person to encourage confidences, so I just thanked him again for the chance he was giving me and left.

Evvie and I had lunch in the Queen Anne Room—huge chicken salads on green glass plates, and special ice cream. Evvie sent a note to the orchestra to ask if they would play "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and they sent back a polite message with the waitress to the effect that they had not the music but would play it sometime next week. We were very cheerful and I tipped the waitress twenty cents. Evvie still refused to tell me what her new job was.

The next couple of months were hard for me, for the readjustment to business was difficult, my salary was low, and I was anxious about Timmie, alone all day except when my landlady came up to my rooms at stated intervals to feed him or clean him up. I am afraid I did not think often of Evvie until Mr. Melville mentioned her one day. He had come out of his office to speak to me about getting in a girl for a day or two to send out a mail service campaign. The employment situation came up, and he asked about Evvie. I had to admit that I did not know where she was.

"I'm sorry to hear that," he said quietly, looking me full in the face. "I don't know whether you realized it, Mrs. Bassimore, but when Miss Anslow refused this position

# Take them to the Dentist, *Mother*, before school starts!

Their future health, their school work, may well depend on the condition of young teeth. Make sure they're in good repair.



IN TORONTO nine children in every ten need dental care! That is true in Montreal, Vancouver, and other cities. Those are tragic facts brought out by surveys.

It's a wrong but common belief that baby teeth don't matter. First teeth diseased may ruin those that follow. Many systemic troubles of later years are the result. Guard teeth under your dentist's supervision.

### Why we sponsor this advertisement

The Pepsodent Company publishes this advertisement because our business is built upon the vital principle of better teeth. Hence our interest is selfish, for it's those who are most concerned about their teeth that eventually turn to Pepsodent—the film-removing tooth paste.

Your dentist will tell you about

film on teeth. That it should be removed because it harbors the germs of decay and other troubles.

### What film does to teeth

Film glues germs to teeth so stubbornly ordinary ways cannot remove it. Film absorbs the stains from food and smoking and makes teeth unattractive.

Pepsodent tooth paste removes film—gently. It embodies the finest, softest polishing agent known. Pepsodent is safe, completely safe, to the softest children's teeth. Use Pepsodent twice each day.

# Pepsodent

Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year



# Smartly Styled New Fisher Bodies are Attracting Thousands to the Chevrolet Six . .



**I**SN'T it true that when you see the new Chevrolet go flashing by, your whole impression is one of fleet, colorful beauty—of modern, fine-car style? Its long, streamline smartness—its pleasing variety of blues, greens, maroons and other fashionable shades—and its many distinctive touches of lasting chromium-plate are attracting thousands to this smooth, longer-wheelbase Six with bodies by Fisher.

Fisher has helped make Chevrolet attractive in many other ways that will appeal to you: By giving the interiors abundance of leg room and head room. By tailoring these interiors, and the wide restful seats with rich, long-wearing upholstery fabrics. By introducing adjustable drivers' seats and non-glare, venti-

lating windshields. And by using the composite wood-and-steel Fisher construction to assure quietness and durability over many months and miles of service.

In deciding on your next automobile, remember that only one car in the lowest price field gives you all the pride, satisfaction and extra value of Body by Fisher. It is the same car that leading business firms are choosing because of its *unexcelled economy*. It's the popular new Chevrolet Six . . . the great Canadian value!

Your Chevrolet dealer is listed under "General Motors Cars" in the classified section of your telephone directory. Ask him about the GMAC deferred payment plan, and the General Motors Owner Service Policy.

## CHEVROLET SIX

A GENERAL



MOTORS VALUE



That well-groomed look only comes from daily care of details.

## September's Beauty Talk

by ANNABELLE LEE

GOOD things don't last for ever, but luckily, where one good thing ends, another begins. Summer still clings to the skirts of September, but swiftly lengthening shadows tell us that autumn's just around the next bend. A sigh for the indolent, care-free hours we've spent on the beaches or motoring through the countryside—and our eyes turn eagerly forward before hardly the breath is drawn . . . The children off to school again . . . things to do over in the house . . . what to take up this winter . . . the new fall fashions . . . getting together with the bridge club again . . . a new dance frock to mark the changing season . . . And before we know it, we are plunged into the busy, golden days of fall.

So right here and now is the psychological moment to pause and take stock of yourself in that brief breathing space between summer and autumn. Are you ready to face the coming season—healthy and fit in mind and body—able to withstand the strain the coming full months will put upon you? If you have been wise you will be ready. Hours spent in the open air, soaking up the sunshine, relaxing taut nerves, will have built up your system and renewed your energy. Eyes will be brighter, skin will be clearer, muscles will be harder. But, even assuming you are in perfect health, there are certain repairs to be made. There's that tan, for instance, of which you were so proud two short weeks since. How is that going to look with the new dance frock? Your complexion, too, while it is free from blemishes, is probably coarser than it should be. Your hair is inclined to be dull and lifeless (and small blame to it when the hair brush was given a holiday most of the summer). And your hands—well, if you happen to have been camping, candidly I expect they are a sight. Now let's take this overhauling-for-the-fall campaign systematically, and start with your skin.

If it is coarse and lined, that is because the sun and wind have got in their work without sufficient defense on your part. You've neglected creaming it at night and protecting it before you expose it to the sun's "beneficent" rays. Maybe you have "squint lines" around the eyes, due again to the sun. Indeed, the sun must bear the blame for nearly all summer's ravages.

My first advice would be to make acquaintance with a good nourishing cream. Follow the simple routine of first cleansing at night with a quick-melting cleansing

cream, wiping off with tissues, or a scrupulously clean soft rag, washing with not too hot water and soap, rinsing with cold water, and finally applying a nourishing cream to the face and neck to leave on all night. That's all. You may, of course, want to give your face a home massage treatment, which is wonderfully youthifying irrespective of whether your skin is dry, oily or normal. And if you do, let me remind you of the massage instructions which you may obtain free of charge by writing to me.

A combination of hot weather exposure and careless protection doesn't always result in dryness. But it may be guaranteed to aggravate a tendency to either dryness or oiliness. Your mirror may reveal to you that your complexion has "gone porous" and is over-greasy. And in that event the good old-fashioned soap and water wash we were brought up with, is the best cleanser possible. If you use a cream to remove your make-up at night, be sure to wash it all off before you retire. A mild astringent or skin tonic after cleansing will tighten up the large pores, but avoid too strong preparations,

NOW to attack that beautiful tan you have acquired. Or perhaps it is a generous sprinkling of freckles that lingers with you. "Attack" is rather a strong word to use. It savors of caustic bleaches and desperate quick-working remedies that will do far more damage to your skin than you realize. The only way to fade tan or freckles is by slow, gentle, safe methods. So if you are planning for your first big dance of the season next week, make up your mind to appear as a sun-bronzed goddess, and take comfort by knowing that you'll not possess the only pair of brown shoulders on the floor. A skilfully blended powder and rouge to harmonize are essential to evening-time sun-tan. If you've tanned patchily, you might find it best to use a liquid powder of flesh or natural tint to cover up the tanned parts. Sponge it on evenly over the tan and natural skin alike, and then revel in an alabaster-like skin once again.

You probably know that lemon is an excellent bleach, but if it is used alone it is a little trying to the skin. The best way to use it is to combine it with glycerine, which will counteract its drying tendencies. Buttermilk is particularly good as a bleach also. Bathe your face and neck in it at night. A mixture of buttermilk and oatmeal will whiten and soften your hands, arms, neck and shoulders gently and effectively. Less

## More Glamour added to your fingertips by this new Nail Make-up

Excels in brilliance, say  
women in 8 fashion centers  
"New way to Fascinate," writes  
beauty editor in Budapest

IN all the fashion centers of the world beautiful women are making men's hearts beat faster . . . with the alluring brilliance of Cutex Liquid Polish.

Guthy Böske, well-known beauty editor in cosmopolitan Budapest, writes, "Every woman of fascination recognizes in this gleaming new nail make-up a way to make her hands more fascinating, surer of their effect."

"Cutex Liquid Polish never fails you," she says. "It is the result of 16 years of specializing in manicure preparations only. Its brilliant lustre is unmatched and lasts for days. It never makes your fingers unsightly by cracking or peeling or discoloring. It goes on so simply, so smoothly, and dries in a moment!"

This polish contains no unnecessary perfume to make it more expensive, to conflict with your own favorite scent or to dim its exquisite lustre . . . and there is a range of six smart shades.

Just as fastidious women all over the world do—in glamorous Budapest and Vienna, in smart Paris, London and New York, romantic Rome and Madrid and beautiful Buenos Aires—you too



can keep your nails flawless, appealing.

Follow the directions in the little booklet enclosed with every Cutex preparation.

Just this easy manicure once a week . . . and a few minutes' attention each day to cleanse and push back the cuticle . . . your fingertips will always be romantically lovely!

Every new aid for beautifying the nails has started with Cutex.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, Paris



Put your Nail Polish to this Test:  
Does it . . .

1. dry in 30 seconds?
2. never crack, peel, or discolor?
3. last a whole week?
4. sparkle always with smart lustre?
5. come in sturdy bottles, easy to open?

Cutex Manicure Preparations are only 35¢ each . . . Liquid Polish and Remover, together . . . 50¢.

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures.  
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. 179  
Post Office Box 2320 . . . Montreal, Canada

Made in Canada

## Cutex Liquid Polish ONLY 35¢

Tips the fingers with romance



## WHOSE EYES? LOOK AGAIN!



These tragic blue eyes belong to a youthful RKO-Pathe star who is rapidly gaining fame as a dramatic actress. She has flaming red hair, is 5 ft., 5 in. tall, and weighs 120 lbs. Name below.

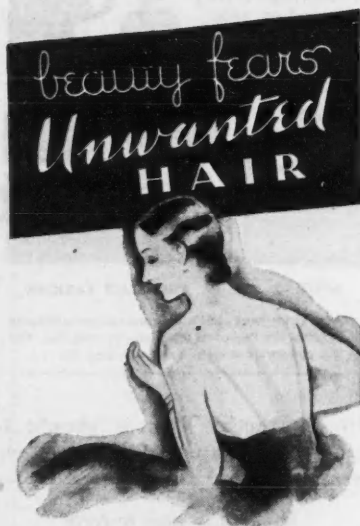
## soothing to hay fever eyes

If your annual hay fever attack is accompanied by itching, burning, watering eyes, here's welcome news for you. All you need do to gain relief is apply a few drops of soothing *Murine* from time to time. Almost immediately the irritation will cease, and before long your eyes will stop watering. This widely-used formula of a veteran eye specialist costs only 60c at all drug and department stores.

\*Helen Twelvetrees

**MURINE**  
FOR YOUR  
EYES

Soothes... Cleanses... Beautifies



## A Safe Depilatory

X-Bazin is a fragrant hair remover, as essential to fastidious women as their favorite cosmetic.

This pleasant cream... so simply applied, is gentle and harmless to the skin... it removes unwanted hair quickly, safely and surely.

Try it... obtainable everywhere... and extremely inexpensive.

Sole Canadian Distributors  
PALMERS LIMITED  
Montreal

**X-BAZIN**  
Cream or Powder  
**HAIR REMOVER**

THE FORMULA OF DOCTOR XAVIER BAZIN PARIS

I'm quite certain she had nothing else in view."

SPRING came back to the city; the trees feathered out in green, and the birds were prattling in the park as I walked home from work; but they did not ease the canker in my heart. I used to dream about Evvie drowning herself, poisoning herself, inhaling gas. In vain I told myself that if such a thing had come to her I should have heard of it somehow. That only turned my thoughts to other and even more painful extremities. The summer came on, and I could not eat. Then Timmie was ill, and that wore me to a shadow. I had not been working long enough to earn holidays, and I could not afford to take them without pay, but Mr. Melville noticed my condition and offered me ten days in August.

"I can't afford to have my right-hand man wearing herself out," he said kindly.

I was deeply touched, as much by the personal interest, so rare for him, as by the appreciation of my work implied by his speech. I stuttered some inane words of thanks.

"I've heard of a farmhouse not far out along the highway, where they take a few business people as summer boarders. It's a new place—'Green Pastures' I think they call it—and apparently quite unusual. Why don't you try it?"

The name appealed to me, and the suggestion saved me the necessity of decision. I thanked him and went off with the address.

When I descended from the bus at the stop Mr. Melville had mentioned, I found waiting for me a boy of some twelve or thirteen years, with a long, serious face and steel-rimmed spectacles. He was in a shining buggy such as I did not know still existed, and between the shafts an old white horse, reins loose, was cropping clover and idly switching his long tail at the flies.

"Are you the lady for 'Green Pastures'?" he asked, coming to me to help with my battered club bag. I admitted that I was. "It's a lovely name," I commented. "Isn't it?" He turned surprisingly eager eyes toward me. "It was Auntie's suggestion.

We drove northward from the highway over sweet country roads between waving fields. My charioteer was communicative. He had stood first in his class that year at school. But Auntie made him take setting-up exercises every morning. They all took them in the kitchen. Auntie said brains weren't much good unless you had strength to use them. Daddy said that in September perhaps they could have a radio and then they could do their setting-up exercises to music. Mummy did the setting-up exercises, too. She had been sick last winter but she was ever so much better now. They all took turns in thinking up nice things to do for her, but Auntie was best at it. Auntie did the cooking but he waited on the boarders.

It was a great grey house, trimmed with green. At the door I was met by a small, pretty woman, with fluffy grey hair and pink cheeks. "Mrs. Bassimore!" she exclaimed rather than enquired, as though I had been an old friend instead of a complete stranger. "I'm so glad to see you. And the baby, too, the darling! I do hope you'll like your room. Rupert, bring Mrs. Bassimore's bag upstairs for her."

The room was small and white, with a Dutch dresser and washstand, and tulips stencilled on the factory cotton hangings and bedspread, and tulips in a windmill garden in the hooked rug on the floor. I exclaimed with delight. "Some of these things have been put away for years," smiled my hostess. "I used to love such work when I was a girl, though I haven't done much since I was married until this year."

"Until Auntie came," put in the solemn-eyed Rupert.

"There's no one Rupert adores like Auntie," said his mother indulgently. "I might be jealous if I weren't so fond of her myself. Run along now, Rupert, and help her with the preserving. Mrs. Bassimore wants to rest."

"May I help you unpack?" she added, turning to me as Rupert left. "You can just

lie down and have a rest after your trip and tell me what to do with things."

I felt rested already by the peace of the house itself, but I was too charmed by my hostess to wish to let her go. I thanked her for her kindness and settled myself in the little white rocker to watch her deft movements. "Your sister seems to be quite an original person," I remarked by way of making conversation.

The woman looked up quite seriously. "She's the most remarkable girl I've ever met," she answered. "She's not my sister, though, nor yet my husband's. In fact, she's no relation at all, though she's as close to all of us as any sister could possibly be. Last year I was tired and sick; the farm hadn't been doing well, and Jim was discouraged. The children seemed so noisy and troublesome, and Rupert was so delicate. I just felt as though the burden was too much to carry alone. We put an advertisement in those free columns in the evening papers, on the chance that in the hard times we might get someone of some sort who would come for what we could afford to pay, just as a sort of general mother's help, you know. But she—why, she's like a guardian angel.

She laughed shyly. "I daresay you think me a silly old woman to be rambling on like this, but there's one subject that does get me warmed up."

"Not at all," I murmured politely. "You were evidently very lucky. Such a servant is most unusual."

Her face flushed. "We don't think of her as a servant—not in the usual sense at all. She's really much too good for us."

"How did you come to get such a treasure?" I asked lazily, hardly expecting an answer. My hostess was obviously one of these trusting souls who see swans on every goose pond, and I liked her the better for it.

But her answer was grave and almost indignant. "She had been applying for all the cook-general and house-parlor-maid situations advertised in the city, but she had no experience, and though she was desperate and willing to take anything, no one would have her because they didn't think she would stay long enough to make it worth while to teach her their ways. You see she had been a stenographer."

The chair seemed to sink away beneath me. "What did you say her name was?" I asked.

"Eve Anslow," answered the woman, looking at me in some surprise.

"I—I know her," I said hoarsely.

A smile irradiated the features of my hostess. "How delightful! The naughty girl, not to tell us! She must have seen your name on the guest list. That will be the surprise she told us she was planning for the dinner of the new guest. But I'll call her now."

Before I could reply, a child's scream outside and below drew us to the window. A little girl had tripped over a root and lay on the ground, a sobbing heap. The back door of the house opened and out flew Evvie, her golden hair gleaming in the summer sunlight and making an aureole around her head. She took the child on her lap and wiped away its tears with the same cheerful briskness that had put new heart into me that first terrible day in the employment office.

My companion turned to me with a smile. "The children adore Evvie, and she adores them. They wouldn't let her go back to business if she wanted to. All I fear is that my nephew—" But I did not hear. I was looking at the girl I had so pitied, for whom I had felt so ashamed. A rare smile of perfect contentment was on her face. I remembered how Evvie had felt about homes, and after all "domestic" only means belonging to a home, and it was a greater than any of us who said, "I am among you as One that serveth." I was convinced that whatever Evvie's reason for ignoring my coming, it was not shame, and that I was the one who had cause to blush for having even considered running away. I leaned out of the window. "Evvie! Evvie!" I cried.

She looked up at me and smiled, simply and naturally, with the child still in her arms, and the smile was the smile of a Madonna.



## Instantly Renders

an irresistible, soft, pearly loveliness that will add years of youth to your appearance. The effect is so delicate and natural, the use of a toilet preparation cannot be detected. Cannot rub off.

**GOURAUD'S  
ORIENTAL  
CREAM**

White, Flesh and Rachel Shades



## Brunette's Note

Brown or black hair glows with life and beauty when shampooed with Evan Williams "Graduated".

Six distinct Shampoos for every shade of hair at your drug store.

An Empire Product  
SOLD EVERYWHERE  
Sole Canadian Distributors  
PALMERS LIMITED  
MONTREAL

**Evan Williams  
HENNA  
SHAMPOO**



## BLONDES win wedding veils

LUCKY blondes—honeymoon bound. For blonde hair has an irresistible allure. That's why thousands of blondes count on Blondex to preserve this priceless heritage. This special blonde hair shampoo keeps hair unforgettably radiant—bright, fluffy, alluring! Prevents darkening—safely brings back sunny, golden glint to dull, faded light hair. Not a dye. No injurious chemicals. Kind to the scalp. Blondex will bring out the natural gleaming gold now hidden in your hair. At all good drug and department stores.

## Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

Absorb all blemishes and discolorations by regularly using pure Mercolized Wax. Get an ounce, and use as directed. Fine, almost invisible particles of aged skin flack off, until all defects, such as pimples, liver spots, tan, freckles and large pores have disappeared. Skin is beautifully clear, soft and velvety, and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out the hidden beauty. To quickly reduce wrinkles and other age lines, use this face lotion: 1 ounce Powdered Saxolite and 1 half pint witch hazel. At drug stores.



on acct of Mike because when I had my afternoon of on Saturday and went to the pitchers he woked into the kitchin rite threw my bedroom dore which I shut tite and et the cold chickin that was for Sundry nite supper which I forgot to put in the Refregerater. Miz Taplow ses "whare did that cat cum from agen" and then she sees the sossor on my window sil and ses "Teeny did you giv that cat milk outa that sossor agen" I ses "pleeze Miz Taplow because he was that hungrie and cride at the dore" she looked in my room and saw Mike curld up on my old korsets under the bed and so Miz Taplow opened the kitchin dore and sed "take that cat down to the janater and you needent cum back if you preffer his companie to a good job."

The Janater thanked me for Mike when I giv him the 3\$ I was keping in my stocken to buy a perl lavaleer like the gurl that sels tickets at the cristel pallace and ast him to buy milk for Mike. Then I burst rite into teers about nothing a-tall.

#### CHAPTER IV

MIZ TAPLOW ses she took me because I am offa the farm and not like Sity housemades that is pert and wants hier pay and gallavent out at nites. I told Miz Taplow I am temper mintil and she ses not to get noshions in my hed because she cant pay me hi wages with the forks not skourd and the tabel sett like a krowword puzel and I beter pay sharp attention to what she ses because I got into trubble ansering the dore when the lades ade came colecting. Miz Taplow was in the bath room poltising her hare with red paste and she sed "Teeny tel them to cal tomorow I am dri-ing my hare." I thot Miz Taplow sed die-ing my hare. Which I told the lades ade at wonts when I went to the dore "Miz Taplow kant cum on acct of die-ing her hare." Miz Taplow herd me and was that mad she ses I must be stone def and I beter get a eer trumpit. I sed "pleeze Miz Taplow I aint def because you dont speke very plane" on acct of her folce uppers whitch she leves in a glas in the bath room til she gits drest. Miz Taplow sed I beter stop giving her soss at wonts. I got tuchy on acct of my temper mintil and looked feece at her whitch she diddent see because of tiing the poltise on her hare and I woked away with my eyes. 1/2 klosed like Marlene Deetrik in the pitchers at the cristel palas. then I burst into teers about nothing a-tall.

Last Saturday Miz Taplow pade me 20\$ for working a month whitch I put in to my stocken at wonts to by me a perl lavaleer like the gurl that sels tickets at the cristel palas pitcher show and ran to katch a car on acct it was my afternoon of and a tal man giv me his seet with butuful black close and white shurt like our Minister at Birds Hill and shinie brown eyes like a litel rabit. He smiled at me because my 20\$ had sliped down my stocken leg whare he cood see it rite throo my stocken and whispered "dont you kare because I got my feat in front of you" whare nobody wood see my 20\$. he sed wood I cum with him to see the pitchers and helpt me of the car and when we cum to the cristel palas he sed wood I lend him my 20\$ to by the tickuts on acct of he left his puce at his bruthers plase whitch I did at wonts but

some pepel pushed themselves between us so I lost him in such a grate crowd of pepel. the pore man diddent no whare to find me and giv me my 20\$ for a perl lavaleer thats why I am stil wareing my grean beeds.

Lizie the cook left in a grate hurie on acct of the grocerie bil whitch Miz Taplow sed was 2 big and she bet Lizie carred home fod to her maw and Lizies famalee was getting fat at Miz Taplows expence. it was not Lizies maw a tall that steels Miz Taplows fod but Gorge Berns that cals on Lizie on Sundry Nites and gav Lizie a luvly ring and she givs him groceries because he kant git work on acct of his eye site not being so good in the daytime as at nites and al the jobs being in the daytime.

Miz Taplow got a chinee cook name of Foo with a luvly white cote and his eyes tite like butten hoals. So Miz Taplow ses "Teeny you wont waist so much time tocking to a chinee cook" because he sed to Miz Taplow he diddent tock anything but chinees puzels and after Miz Taplow went out of the kitching Foo laffed at me and sed "me speke velly good engleesh" I ses "why did you tel Miz Taplow a lye" and Foo ses "becawse when old gurl giv me orders she tink I not understand." I sed "whare did you work Bfour" and Foo sed at Miz Fletchers and he got fird on acct of when Miz Fletcher was away and mister Fletcher had 2 lades to tee 1 day on Foes afternoon out and next morning Foo ses "so you had laddee frends to tee mister Fletcher" and he ses "thats a lye because how do you no" and Foo ses "lip stick on cup" and mister Fletcher was that mad he pade Foo 10\$ to lose his job at wonts.

Ole a swel fellow at the Cut Rat soda founten told Ginny the girl next dore that he thinks I am SUM QUEAN only not so stif. the way it was how I met Ole I always patronize the Cut Rat soda founten acrost from the Cristle Pallas Pitcher Show. on hot dog days Ole looks so fresh like an Ice Kream coan with gorgus blew eyes and hare like yellow taffie, we have lots in kommon on acct of Oles pa and ma lives on a farm in Manitoba whare mine does to. when I had a big chocklut Sunday he said "have one on me two" whitch I did and nerely burst to pleeze him and was that sick Miz Taplow had to giv me a doze of salts. Ole tuched my hand quite a lot when no buddy was looking for it giv me Electrck shocks in the arm only much nicer than with the Electrck Iron whitch I get somtimes. Ginny says Ole got a krush on me and the next time I come along what did I see but her sitting at the Cut Rat soda founten drolled up to vamp Ole. I aint jellus becose he dont prefer blond hare on acct of he has enof of his own but Ginny was terrible sore at me. next day she brung her cousen from Hamilton who is black hared with gorgus clothes all drest in red. perhaps she is butuful to look at but terrible bold and made such eyes at Ole. they wated for him till ten oklock for I just come out of the Pictur Show and saw them. so Ole had to go home with them. I could skreem.

Yours trooly,

*Teeny Biglow*

## Another PARTY PROBLEM *solved!*

Many a hostess has had her party spoiled by what usually happens during the last few minutes when guests are getting away after a delightful evening amongst friends.

Sometimes it is a bit of a scramble among the men to get their coats — true it is done with a certain amount of good-natured bantering — but it is a scramble nevertheless.

Then, on the other hand, the hostess finds it necessary to allocate bedrooms for guests' apparel — upsetting the sleeping arrangements of the children. The coats and evening cloaks are literally sprawled over the bed and chairs in a most unsightly fashion.

Every hostess knows all this without being reminded of it, yet it is brought to her attention because the makers of the famous Red Seal Cedar Chests have invented a new kind of coat hanger that solves the coat hanging problem which tends to spoil every party.

It is called the

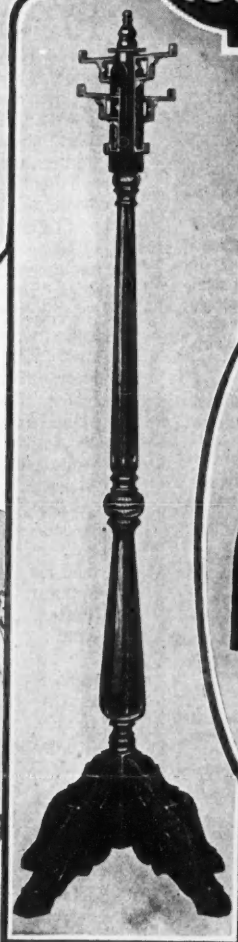
**RED SEAL  
COSTUMER**

Photograph No. 3 shows the head extended by a very simple operation so that it will hold 10 to 12 overcoats with ease.

Photograph No. 2 is an enlargement of the head in extended position.



1



3



A glance at the illustrations herewith will quickly demonstrate to you how this Red Seal Customer operates. Photograph No. 1 shows the Customer in its normal position. This particular design is one of eleven different models. It has a solid Walnut stem and legs, beautifully designed in Colonial style.

Simple! Yes it is simplicity itself, and in addition to proving a wonderful convenience is also a beautiful piece of hall, bedroom or library furniture. Red Seal Customers will be exhibited for the first time at the Furniture Show, Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, August 28th to September 12th.

Ask your dealer for further information.

**THE HONDERICH FURNITURE COMPANY, LTD.**  
MILVERTON, ONTARIO

RH 120



# 4 WARNINGS OF THE SKIN'S CRITICAL AGE

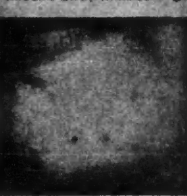
How new, medically-sound beauty method corrects the 4 dreaded signs of age:

1. You first cleanse pores with new liquid solvent
2. Then clean pores "take up" nourishing cream

**1ST WARNING... DRY SKIN.** Does powder flake on your skin? Follow directions below to end dryness, replenish natural oil, thus make dry skin smooth.



**2ND WARNING... WRINKLES.** Ambrosia cleans thoroughly. Clean pores then absorb Ambrosia Cream which replenishes natural oil, smooths away wrinkles.



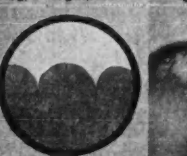
**3RD WARNING... BLEMISHES.** Regain clear, radiant skin with Ambrosia. It prevents blackheads, blemishes, is healing, tonic, and antiseptic.



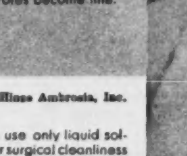
**4TH WARNING... LARGE PORES.** Ambrosia cleans out the dirt that makes pores go open. Tightener then constricts pores, improves color and tone.



**ORDINARY CLEANSING.** Cross-section of skin, showing how ordinary cleansing may leave greasy dirt to clog, enlarge pores.



**PORE-DEEP CLEANSING.** How Ambrosia cleans pore depths. Thus ends blackheads and blemishes. Pores become fine.



© 1931, Hise Ambrosia, Inc.

Doctors use only liquid solvents for surgical cleanliness

AMBRÓSIA .. \$1.00 .. \$1.75 .. \$3.00  
AMBRÓSIA CREAM .. \$1.00 .. \$2.00  
AMBRÓSIA TIGHTENER \$1.00 .. \$1.50

Next time you pick up a baby look carefully at the child's skin. You will find it firm, fine-textured, rosily clear. You will love to stroke it, love to kiss it.

That's the way skin ought to be.

Now examine the 4 little photographs on this page. Each is of a woman in her twenties. Each shows one of the warnings a skin gives when it reaches its critical age.

Would these complexions appeal to you? Yet they could!

**New method replenishes oil, corrects skin defects**

A baby's skin is fine and firm because it has a normal supply of natural oil. As years go by, alkaline cleansers may dry out this oil. Exposure to sun and wind further dries out the skin. The face may then look 8, 10, 15 years older than need be. The skin reaches a critical age.

To smooth away dryness and wrinkles, natural oil must be replenished. There is now a way to do this, a way tested and proven by 789 skin examinations recently made by a great New York doctor. Here is what you do:

Cleanse with Ambrosia, the pore-deep liquid solvent. It floats away deep-lying dirt. Acts as an antiseptic. Does not push dirt into pores as greasy cleansers may. Thus it prevents blackheads and blemishes, leaves skin zestfully clean and refreshed.

Now apply Ambrosia Cream. Clean pores actually absorb this colloidal fluid, particles of which are five times finer than particles in milk. The first cream ever made of a blend essentially the same as the natural oil of a healthy skin. Has no wax to clog and coarsen pores. Wipe skin with damp cotton to remove surface moisture. With natural oil replenished, wrinkles smooth out and dry skin becomes as firm as a baby's cheek.

**What to do for large pores, blemishes**

If your skin shows the other 2 critical-age imperfections, large pores and blemishes, follow with Ambrosia Tightener. This aromatic astringent, made to a doctor's directions, constricts large pores, makes oily skins normal. Is healing and tonic.

Watch your skin for the 4 warnings of critical age. Then decide whether you will risk continuing with the method of cleansing that brought on these defects. Or begin now with the new, medically-sound Ambrosia method and regain youthful charm.

You can secure Ambrosia products from any drug or department store. Follow carefully the directions which come with every bottle. They are printed there just as a great skin specialist gave them to women who saw him personally in New York City.

**Send 10¢ for book**

Read all about this great doctor's clinical analysis of women's skins. 100-page beauty book, "New Faces for Old," also gives correct treatments for leading skin problems. Send 10¢ now to: Hise Ambrosia, Inc., Dept. 49, 114 5th Ave., New York; 69 York St., Toronto, Can.

\* All statements based on clinical tests of N. Y. doctor who watched use of Ambrosia products on all skin-types... a total of 789 skin diagnoses.



MADE IN CANADA BY CANADIANS

messy than these home-made preparations are the mild commercial bleaching creams and lotions, which have as their basis some gentle whitening medium—perhaps lemon, strawberries, or cucumber.

**H**AIR generally reflects the condition of the skin. If your skin is over-oily, so will your scalp be, and similarly, it will be dry when your facial skin is dry. The usual aftermath of a summer spent hatless in the sun, is a dry, lustreless head of hair. The sun has dried out the natural oils and left the hair dull and faded looking. It is, in fact, suffering from sunburn. Added to this, most people neglect their hair during the summer months, and then regard the loss of hair in the fall as a natural seasonal visitation.

Now that the quaintly attractive hats Paris has decreed we shall wear this autumn are going to show so much of our hair, it behooves us that we should make our hair ready for such a test. The nicest permanent and the most careful coiffure will be ruined if your hair is not brushed back to gleaming health. The first step on the road to hair health is the shampoo. And I cannot suggest a better way to start off your campaign than with a hot oil shampoo. This treatment is not confined to dry hair only, but to oily and normal hair, too. It is a splendid tonic treatment. One warning though—it may be counted on to take the color out of dyed hair. In fact, it is an excellent preparation for a re-dye, and also for a permanent wave.

With a piece of absorbent cotton apply heated balsam oil to the scalp. Part the hair in half-inch parts all over the head. If the hair is split, apply it to the ends, and if the hair is very dry, apply it the entire length. When you have saturated your head with oil, apply hot towels to steam it. The next day give your hair an ordinary shampoo, and be sure to remove every speck of oil.

So much for the preparatory treatment. After decks have been cleared is time to get your routine of hair care working once again. Massage your scalp for five or ten minutes every day. When you massage, don't simply rub with the fingers, but set your finger tips firmly, and aim to move the scalp not the fingers. The object is to loosen and improve the circulation of the scalp.

At this time of the year, if your hair is in any way sub-normal, you should give it the benefit of a hair tonic. There are many excellent ones on the market, and I know a hair specialist who puts up most effective tonics for dry, or oily hair in varying colors for different shades of hair. They are applied with the cushions of the fingers massaging the tonic with a circular movement into the scalp. If you use a tonic every night, now,

and later twice a week, you will soon acquire a lustrous head of hair. And incidentally, I have always found that the application of a tonic dampens the hair just sufficiently to set a wave beneath a hairnet at night.

The last reminder is to brush the hair faithfully every day, whether it is waved or not.

**I** AM not going to go into the complete procedure of hand care here, for the subject is too extensive, but I do want to give you a few after-summer hints. The buttermilk and oatmeal mixture recommended earlier in this article is a very effective bleach for over-tanned hands. If possible, leave it on all night beneath a pair of loose gloves. The woman who wants to keep her hands soft and white and young looking, cannot afford to overlook first—lotions, and second—gloves. Every time you wash your hands you should use a soothing, non-sticky lotion or cream afterward. And if you have not already become a convert to gloves when working around the house, try to get used to them now—rubber gloves for the tasks which necessitate plunging your hands in water, and cotton gloves for dusty chores. They will prevent stains, hangnails, and all the other ageing symptoms.

Lemon, tomato or peroxide are especially good stain removers. If your hands have become hardened and calloused, massage olive oil into them at night and wear gloves, and after washing the hands with warm water, rub pumice stone gently over the calloused spots.

As to your nails, if it is at all possible, every woman should visit a manicurist once in a while. And there is no better time than this between-season period when the hands are showing the result of neglect, and the nails are brittle. Ill-kept nails will ruin the best-groomed appearance. After a professional has gone over your nails, it is so much easier to keep them up yourself afterward. But let me give the home-manicurist three words of caution: Never try to clean the nails with anything sharp; use an orange stick. If the nails are brittle, or there are hangnails, rub in sweet oil, cold cream or one of the special creams for this purpose on the market. Get into the habit of gently pushing back the cuticle with the towel whenever you dry your hands. When you file, file with one-way strokes on each side, from the side to the tip, and be careful not to file too close at the sides of the nails to file the cuticle. Never cut the cuticle, but use instead a cuticle remover.

Skin, hair and hands—sign posts to health, good looks and careful grooming. Be sure that they read aright before you round the bend where autumn waits.

## Tempermental Teeny

Continued from page 20

in the Kitchen and she caled "Teeny whats that splaching with watter I heer in the Kitchen" and I ses "pleese Miz Taplow I am takeing my Saterdag Nite bath like we do on the farm on acct of sick of us have to take it in turns."

But Miz Taplow got terrible mad and sed "Godness are you takeing it in the Kitchen sink" and I ses "no Miz Taplow I am takeing it in the wash tub" and she ses "go at wonce and take it in the bath room" so after I was all dry from my Kitchen bath I had to go and take anuther in the bath room. When I cum out Miz Taplow ses "Teeny you take a bath every morning at sick o'clock in the bath tub whether you need it or not do you here" and I ses "Yes Miz Taplow" Miz Taplow is terrible hard on sope.

### CHAPTER III

**A** SKRAGGIE little cat followed me, rite home from the cristel pallase pitcher show he must of cum out of a cole shed on acct of the black dert on his spotts what ust to be white and he snoped along rubing hisself agenst my feat. He wocked rite in the kitchen and I giv him sum milk which he gulped at wunts.

Miz Taplow cum out to the kitchen and

sed "Teeny put that dertie cat rite out side becawse he mite have diseaze and giv us al kanser" the pore litle cat looked ofended but kep on gulping the milk and Miz Taplow was that mad she took the Broom and shoed the pore litle cat, rite outside and sed "Teeny dont you never have anny more stray anamels hear and we can't use that sossor that it drunk milk of so throw it in the garbag tin" which I did at wunts while she was loking and after she had went out of the kitchen I got the sossor out of the garbag tin to keap for the cat if he cum back agen which he did at wunts for I hared him muwing at the dore. He diddient like being there in the dark alone after 10 OKlock when everboddie was redie for bed so I sliped him in my bedroom which is offa the kitchin and crissoned him Mike sprinkling some dropps of water on his hed like they do in chirch.

Mike sat hisself on my window sil for 3 days and never ofered to cum in the kitchin on acct of his milk which I put in the sossor beside him and curld up in the son while he wotched the cats in the Allie belo wassing hisself of with his tong and purd at me to kome his hare which I did with the litle red kome Miz Pepper giv me wunts.

But I got into trubble with Miz Taplow

a children's librarian. At this moment two or three women are attaining marked success in managing these departments of publishing houses in Toronto. Theirs is the responsibility of accepting or rejecting manuscripts of children's stories, and of producing the accepted stories in styles attractive to youthful readers.

In library work are found many university graduates, some of whom have abandoned more lucrative professions for the fascination and satisfaction which the service affords. To enter a library school, however, a university degree is not necessary; applicants with honor matriculation standing are accepted. These schools—one at McGill and one at the Ontario College of Education—offer a one year course and grant certificates to successful students. At present the training course is not compulsory, but more and more libraries are demanding training certificates from mem-

bers of their staff. It is no uncommon thing to find experienced librarians taking the training course to fit themselves for remunerative positions from which they would otherwise be barred.

The field is slowly but steadily widening. One attractive feature of the work characteristic of it from the earliest days, has been the comparative security of tenure of the librarian. The average term of service in the same institution exceeds that of the school teacher by about one third. This fact, coupled with the peculiarly intimate contribution of the library to the welfare of the locality, makes the librarian the confidant of thinkers and readers of every class, the coadjutor in every forward movement, a vital force in the intellectual life of the community. Thus to one to whom remuneration is not the sole consideration, library work offers a satisfaction and a reward indeed unique.



## HOME DISCOVERIES

If a small quantity of cinnamon is scattered on the hot stove, the delightful aroma arising as it burns will quickly eliminate the odor of scorched milk or other burnt food, including fried onions.—Mrs. M. Hermon, Slocan City, B.C.

### Renovating a Boy's Cap

The peak of my boy's otherwise good cap was badly bent and crushed. Funds did not permit of a new one, so I carefully unpicked the peak from the cap and spread the underside of stiffening, which is between the two layers of cloth, with glue. Then I pressed the cloth into place with a warm iron. When dry I basted and stitched it back to the cap. Result—a new lease of life for that head covering.—Mrs. C. E. Howard, St. Thomas, Ont.

### To Cut Bread Smoothly

Heating a knife in hot water will enable you to cut fresh bread, candy and other pastries with ensured smoothness.—Mrs. M. J. M., Calgary, Alta.

### Broken Glass

If you break glass on the floor take a damp flannel cloth and lay over the fragments and pat them. They will adhere to the cloth and it can be burnt.—Mrs. H. B. Howard, Vancouver, B.C.

### Toy Box On Wheels

If you have trouble getting the children to pick up their toys at night, try this: Get a wooden box the desired size, sandpaper the edges a little to make them smooth, paint it a bright pretty color, paste pictures of children or animals on the sides of the box—I use the covers from *The Chatelaine*—and put four small casters on the bottom so that it can be wheeled from one room to another.—Mrs. F. S. McDonald, Woodstock, Ont.

### Tracing Embroidery Patterns

Instead of tracing your embroidery patterns with carbon paper, try perforating them with the sewing machine. Remove the thread, of course, and just slip your paper pattern under the needle and follow the drawing. Stamp them with lampblack and turpentine, in the usual way. The patterns last much longer done this way, and it is so much quicker than pricking by

hand with a needle.—Mrs. K. Whitehouse, Montreal, Que.

### Screen for Hot and Cold Air Openings

Frequently one is annoyed by small articles being dropped down hot or cold air openings in the floors. This is particularly the case when there are small children in the home. I have found it very useful to take a piece of worn-out window screen and place it in the opening some inches below the grating. This prevents small articles from being lost, as the grating is removable.—Mrs. H. Greenhalf, Walkerville, Ont.

### When Eggs Are Not Quite Fresh

When it is desirable to use the whites of eggs beaten stiff, if the eggs are not strictly fresh or new laid, add one tablespoonful of cold water to each egg white before beating. I have had splendid success in using the whites of packed eggs for meringues and whips by making use of this discovery.—E. W., Coaticook, Quebec.

### Cleaning Kid Gloves

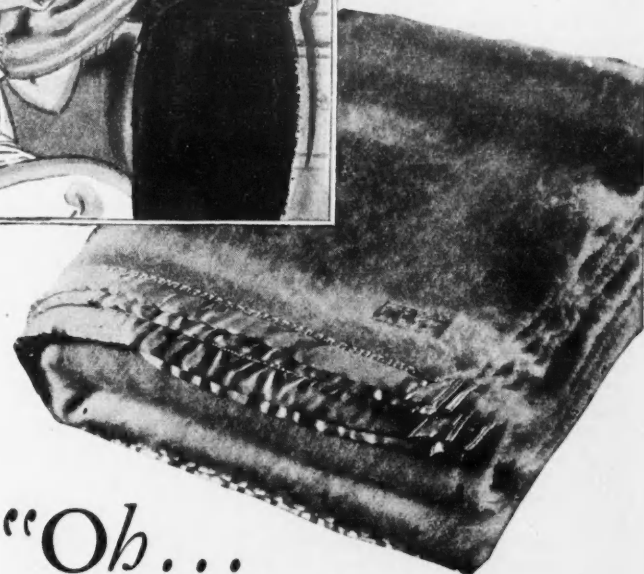
Glove cleaning is always a task abounding with difficulties and disappointments. Try this for kid gloves. Put gloves on the hands, rub with a mixture of fuller's earth and powdered alum, and brush with a soft brush. Follow with clean dry bran until spots are clean. Then rub with a clean woollen cloth. You will be surprised at the results.—C. C. M., Thomson, Regina, Sask.

### Making a Warm Comforter

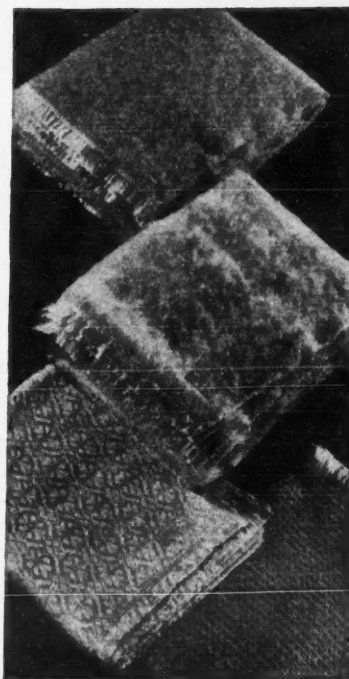
When knitted garments—sweaters, suits, children's woolies, scarves, etc.—are past further wear, have them carefully washed and stored away from possible moth attacks. Then when enough are collected they will make an attractive warm comforter. Tack them on to some large thin piece of material such as an old sheet. They must all touch but not overlap. Place an extra thread here and there to hold firmly in place. The work is best accomplished on a bed; then if interruptions come, the whole can be rolled up, and when resumed, unrolling leaves everything ready to work at again. Cover the whole with sateen, cretonne, chintz or any desired material, quilt as desired, and one has a very cosy, pretty comforter as warm as two blankets, washable, offering years of service at merely the cost of the covering.—I. C. H., Minnedosa, Man.



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**TARTAR SANDWICH**—Chop together 3 large sardines, 1 cup Paris Pâté and three small cucumber pickles. Add teaspoon French mustard; mix to paste with little vinegar or lemon juice. Spread on thin white or brown bread.

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Marie Cecilia Guard

## THE LIBRARIAN'S JOB

*Library work offers fascinating possibilities to the woman whose first consideration is not remuneration*

by MEYME C. ALTHOUSE

DO YOU like a good book? Do your palms itch every time you enter a room with an interesting looking bookshelf? Are you seeking your vocation? If so, why not become a librarian and indulge your passion to the full? Yours will be one of the most absorbing professions open to the women of today.

Your interest in your work and your desire to serve must exceed your financial ambition, however, for the librarian field in Canada is limited, and the salaries are commensurate only with those of public school teachers, except in a few odd positions, mainly administrative, in large library systems, where the rewards are more attractive. But there are other compensations more difficult to measure, but none the less real. Not the least among these is the delight of service. How many thousands of people have been denied educational advantages, and what greater joy is there than to assuage their thirst for knowledge!

Library work in Canada, although dating back to the time of Egerton Ryerson, has only recently expanded into an attractive field for the professional woman. Thus, the appointments have been comparatively few. Throughout the nine provinces there are from sixty to sixty-five vacancies in a year, of which about forty occur in Ontario. This ratio is not surprising when one considers that five-sixths of all the public libraries of the Dominion are found in this one province. Approximately five hundred public libraries exist in Ontario, ten in Quebec, fifteen in Nova Scotia, eight in New Brunswick, five in Prince Edward Island, about ten in Manitoba, ten or twelve in Alberta, twenty in Saskatchewan, and about thirty in British Columbia. This development in the West, small though the figures appear to be, is extremely creditable considering the limited population.

Lack of population and the want of available revenue seem bound to restrict the immediate future of library work in Canada, yet its scope is gradually enlarging. The special libraries maintained by great business houses, insurance firms, banks, newspapers, and educational institutions provide more remunerative positions than do ordinary public libraries. For example, there are in Toronto, among others, specialized libraries at the Academy of Medicine, the Canadian Bank of Commerce, the Toronto Daily Star, the Ontario Hydro Electric Commission, and the Board of Trade. One large departmental store employs a trained librarian as book adviser, and her position

is indeed attractive, financially and otherwise.

In Ontario, schools too are recognizing the value of having a trained librarian in charge of the school reading room. The Normal School libraries are already so staffed, and many secondary schools are adopting the same arrangement. The plan of employing trained supervisors for school libraries had its inception in the London (Central) and Oshawa Collegiate Institutes. These two colleges and one technical school employ full-time librarians. In October, 1928, Mr. Arthur Slyfield, librarian at the Oshawa school, sent out a questionnaire to all the collegiate institutes, high schools, and technical schools in the province. Of the fifty-seven colleges, it was found that thirty-two maintained an organized library service with special accommodation and, to a greater or less degree, a specialized staff. In most instances, however, the person in charge of the library is a member of the regular teaching staff; his library duties are in addition to his regular function as instructor. Of the one hundred and thirty-five high schools circularized, forty-one reported much the same condition. The tendency in large schools appears to be decidedly in the direction of employing full time trained librarians, rather than entrusting the library service to the teaching staff.

In the United States, during war time, librarians were specially prepared for statistical work, and many are still holding such positions. To date, this field has not opened up in Canada.

One especially interesting branch of the librarian's work is the boys and girls department. This is recognized as a separate branch of the service, and is developing rapidly in all the provinces of the Dominion. In Ontario alone, between six hundred thousand and seven hundred thousand books per year are circulated among the children. Special training is required for this department. Here the daily contact with children, and the opportunity of putting the best literature into their hands is a lure which proves irresistible to many women. The work among the children is opening up new avenues of service, rich in promise and in interest. Throughout the United States, children's bookshops are appearing everywhere; it is inevitable that this movement will extend to Canada. Already publishing houses are opening special children's departments in charge of which one usually finds



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at him. It was all too lovely the way it was happening.

"Splendid. Now I shall have somebody I can talk to. I come from the jungle, you know. Back of beyond, and I am terrified by these smart, sophisticated, modern women. They do everything so much better than I do. Women do everything better than men nowadays. Do you know what I am doing? Going round the world looking for a girl who cannot add. You know what I mean, the good old-fashioned sort—one-two-three-four five with her fingers under the table. Can you, by the way, add?"

"No."

"Splendid," said Alistair. "Then I need look no further."

He was only teasing, of course, but it was such fun. He was such fun. Perhaps it was because he was so much younger than the men she usually met on these visits. Perhaps it was that being home on leave, he was jollier than anyone else there. They were friends from the very beginning.

And over the room sat Maurice, watching them like a lynx.

**S**ITTING on her bed in the luxurious room that was such a contrast to her own at home, Fenella realized that it was serious. It was like a lamp lit up, of a sudden, in her heart. She liked everything about him, the way he threw back his head to laugh, his voice, his long slim hands with little gold-brown hairs on the backs of them, the way he looked at her, rather sideways, laughing, and ragged her, as no one had ragged her since Jo grew up and went away.

Maurice was jealous as a cat. He had caught hold of her when she went up to bed. "Fenella, you aren't playing with me! You aren't going to flirt with that young fellow?"

She wriggled away from him. He had hovered about the passage waiting for her to go to her bath, so she didn't bathe. She couldn't face any more of Maurice that night.

Sitting on her bed she made a pact with herself.

"I'll enjoy myself just for the week-end. If he flirts with me, I'll flirt back. It won't do any harm, and at any rate I shall have something lovely to remember. And when he knows I've got engaged to marry Maurice—next week—he'll think I didn't really care—that I wasn't any more serious than he was. Just this week-end . . ."

She thought: "If only I had some pretty clothes. I only wish I'd taken Lion's tip and put some money on the Derby. All these old rags!"

She went sleepily, distastefully, through her wardrobe. How could any nice man fall in love with a girl who wore clothes like that?

**T**HE week-end was the happiest Fenella had ever spent. They picnicked on Saturday afternoon, and climbed Kemp's Crag, which was steep and heathery and full of boulders, so that Maurice was soon puffed and fell behind with the others, leaving Alistair and Fenella to go on alone. She did not mean to stay up there as long as they did, but Alistair smoked a cigarette and they sat on the heather and talked, and when at length they did get back, Maurice was terrible, fussing round and slanging Alistair for keeping her up there so long.

Fenella looked at Alistair mutely. She knew it was on the tip of his tongue to ask Maurice what business it was of his anyhow, and she did not want him to, because Maurice in his present silly state would probably tell him off.

They danced to the gramophone in the big hall after dinner. On Sunday the whole party drove to church in an open wagonette. It was all very old-fashioned and friendly and jolly. Alistair manoeuvred Maurice out of the seat next to Fenella. Fenella had willed him to do it, and the will seemed to have worked. They sang the old-fashioned hymns together. Fenella kept stopping to listen to Alistair's voice. She thought: "Some lucky girl will sit beside him Sunday after Sunday."

On Monday she had to go for a walk with Maurice to keep him quiet. Maurice was

being terrible, trying to catch her alone in the passages, trying to touch her feet with his own under the dinner table. She thought it must be quite obvious to everyone there, the way he was going on, and blushed with the humiliation of it.

"If you worry me so, Maurice, I won't."

They were walking together in the great park beyond the garden. "I don't mean to worry you, dear. But I just can't bear to see you messing round with that young fellow. I know I'm a jealous old fool, but if you'd only tell everyone, then I'd feel safer."

"I don't want to tell anyone yet. And I won't be worried and harassed. Good gracious, Maurice, if only thinking of being engaged to you, perhaps, is like this, what on earth will being married to you be like?"

"When we're married I shall feel safe."

"I shan't if you go on like this. Leave me alone. Just for this week-end." She was pleading with him now.

"All right, darling. I will. I will. But don't you want some money? What about tips for the servants here? You belong to me, now. I've got the right."

She had enough sense not to take any

home. Maurice was going to drive her, and they were going to tell her mother. She had nothing left, only tonight. Tonight. One must make the most of this little tonight, for, alas! it was very short. Already the moon hung over the trees like a tangerine orange that the long fingers of the larch trees were trying to pick.

She knew what Alistair would do. Queer how she understood him. He would dance with all the other people first, beautiful women, all the orchid standard, all beautifully dressed. With Lady Ethel, and her Dresden china face with its haughty look, and then he would come on to her, and they would have all the rest together. The last dances mean so much. They were worth waiting for. They made being pressed to Maurice's shirt front less of a penance. Maurice clung to you when he danced with you, as if he was a drowning man and you his straw. Maurice was very depressed that night. She felt sorry for him now, for she knew what it felt like, to love someone dearly who did not care about you. She tried to be kind to him, but she simply could not listen to what he said. None of it seemed

were different, I could have made him love me. Even now, if only I had half a chance . . ."

He said suddenly, "Will you tell me something?"

She nodded, surprised. "Is anything wrong? Anything worrying you?"

She could have cried. There was something between them, some sympathy so that he knew. She longed to lay her head on his shoulder and tell him. But she laughed and shook her head.

"Why should there be anything wrong?" she parried.

He said nothing more. Lady Ethel put on the last dance. They spoke very little until it was finished, but words are not always necessary. The evening was over. They said good night to one another, laughing gaily, joking with the others in the big hall. She slipped up to bed, avoiding Maurice's eyes. In the bedroom she tore off her clothes, hurried into her shabby pyjamas, and then flung herself down on her knees beside the bed in a passion of tears.

**I**T WAS over. It was finished. He was lovely and she would never see him again. For one little week-end he had belonged to her. He had taken no notice of anyone else. Not of May and her wiles, not of Alicia Dangerfield who had tried hard to flirt with him although she had a perfectly good husband of her own there.

The moonlight flooded her room. Useless to think of sleeping. It was warm outside and very still. Owls called in the garden. Wrapping her old silk dressing gown round her, she crept out on to the terrace. Somehow one's heart did not ache so badly out of doors. The old house looked dignified and grand in the moonlight. Oh, to have lived here always, a tidy life, with home made jams in store cupboards and church on Sundays! She wondered which was Alistair's room, and her heart felt full of sweetness because she knew that she was somewhere near him. Whatever happened to her afterward, she would still have this memory, this week-end, like a jewel in her heart.

She bowed her head on her knees suddenly, her hands in her hair, and cried bitterly. Three tall lilies peered out of the gloom of the herbaceous border, as if amazed to see the childish crumpled figure there. Their sweet scent filled the night air, so that Fenella never noticed the smell of good cigar, never heard the footsteps that approached across the grass. Alistair stood looking down at her. Then he threw his cigar away and laid his hands on her shoulders, and said,

"Whatever is the matter? Look here, I knew something was. You've got to tell me."

They talked in whispers because of the open bedroom windows just above them. Quiet windows with occasional snores drifting out. Why did she find it possible to tell him all those things she had never told another soul? All the pent up miseries and disappointments of years. All about the mess and the muddle at Cairnforth, and the worrying mystery about her father that no one would ever quite explain, and how he had gambled away most of their money, so that there were never any proper schools or clothes for his family. And how awful it had been, growing up to discover one was not like everybody else, but just a mess without order, without religion, without any plan in life. And how Jo, who had been such a darling boy, had hung about the village with no one caring what happened to him, and no one to give him any advice until he got into some sad hole and ended by marrying the barmaid and being sent off to Australia. And then Maurice. And how she owed Maurice money and would never be able to pay it back, so might as well marry him. What else was there she could do, and anyway what did it matter?

"Of course, it matters." He sat with his arms round her. "I knew there was something wrong. I knew from the beginning. But, my darling, you can't do it. Not go on with it."

Like another lover of long ago, his vast

*Continued on page 44*

## The Women Men Forget

*Continued from page 5*

### Why Should I Envy Her?

by Helen Shackleton

My neighbor's house has gracious, flowing lines,  
Low-built, deep sloping roof, and all  
That makes a house a home to love.  
Wide casement windows, chimneys tall,  
Oak beams, criss-crossed along its mellow front,  
Roses in cluster round the quaint blue door,  
A terraced garden, rich with blossoms gay.  
Why should I envy her? My neighbor's poor!

There's hunger in her eyes; her hands hold naught,  
Though deck'd with costly pearls and jewels rare,  
But I am rich, whose home is but a cot!  
I have no need of priceless gems to wear,  
For both my hands are full, and full my life.  
I've jewels sweet, that laugh and cry and play,  
A man, whose very soul is mine to keep!  
I would not live my neighbor's life one day!

Why should I envy her? My neighbor's poor!  
No babies romp about the quaint blue door.  
Homage men pay her—homage to her gold!  
Why should I envy her? I've wealth untold!

more money from him. Not just then. She owed him fifty dollars. She had nothing for tips, but this humiliation was one she had grown accustomed to. She shook her head.

"I'm all right, Maurice. Thanks awfully. And please, please be good."

"Give me one kiss . . . just to go on with. I get so low and depressed, girlie."

She gave him one kiss, small and hurried. Thank goodness Alistair had gone off to play golf, was nowhere around where he might see. She didn't ask much. Only the week-end peace and one harmless flirtation.

"Be kind to poor old Maurice," he pleaded.

She hardly heard him. All the rest of the walk she was absent-minded and distraught. He watched her, terror in his eyes.

**T**HE lamps were lit in the great hall again on Monday night. They were turning on the gramophone for dancing. It was the last night. Tomorrow she had to go

to matter even if he thought it important. She was sitting with him when Alistair came to claim her.

"This one is ours," he said, and she knew by his face that he was as glad as she was. That he, too, had been waiting and counting them off. Only two more. Only one.

"I have enjoyed this week-end so much. All except this afternoon. I didn't want to play golf. Not one bit."

"Didn't you? Why not?" She would have her fun. Just one evening of it.

"Because I would rather have gone for a walk with you. Tell me, are you going to the Fryers next week-end?"

She wasn't. It was unlikely that they would ever be at the same party together again, but she did not tell him that.

"We simply must meet again. I'll give you my address, and perhaps if you are ever in town we might go and dance."

She said nothing. His arms tightened round her. She thought: "If only things



## Lovelier Spring

Continued from page 7

done over in buff; walls a soft stucco effect, woodwork slightly darker, floor a rich tan. The stone fireplace with Bill's built-in book-cases at each side, gave the room an air. The walnut highboy and the desk were hopelessly Victorian but dignified. The hideous leather couch could be disguised with a throw until they could afford a chesterfield—as Bill would say, until they had a crop. The cane pieces, now enamelled blue, glared almost defiantly, though her dull orange cushions and her chintz would tone them down. But that old organ! It was a riot. And Bill was inexorable. It had been his mother's. They could have a piano, when they had a crop, but the organ stayed too. Rennie made a face at it. She could not play the old thing anyway—she always forgot to pump—though Bill, in the right mood, wheezed a fair imitation of music from it.

However, when the side curtains were hung, the wedding gifts in place—. She closed her eyes to visualize it—pictures, brass, silver, her blue lustre on the tea wagon from Ford, firelight flickering on her copper wood-box, Bill with the inevitable book, radio bringing the outside world to them, company dropping in. The room which had been such an eyesore—. And she would have done it. She was smothery with happiness as she dragged the old-fashioned sewing machine in from the hall. She did not even regret her electric one at home. Home? This was home.

**W**HEELS scraped harshly on the drive as she opened her trunk and spread the chintz on the bed. Rennie peeped through the dotted muslin sash curtains. Mrs. Davey! It would be! And she'd have to be polite because the Daveys were their nearest neighbors and neighbors were scarce. A good soul in spite of her nose, Bill said; community of interests, he termed her listening-in. Humph! plain snoopy, and a bore, the high light of her conversation a recital of how her first three children had arrived before the doctor. "Though," she would add sententiously, "times has changed in that respect." Rennie set her jaw as she went toward the kitchen.

Mrs. Davey entered without formality, thumping down upon the clean cloth an enormous red geranium in a still labelled peach can.

"I heard as you wanted a red g'rany-umm." She cocked her head to make sure that she had displayed the plant to advan-

tage. "Bein' as I had to borra a coupla cans o' lye, knowin' Mrs. Alleyn-that-was had lots on the cellarway shelf, unless be you've used it all—"

Rennie said she had not used any of it, and thanks for the plant. She pulled a chair up by the range, and, murmuring that Mrs. Davey keep her coat on as the fire had gone down, put in another stick. Immediately the kettle began to sing, but though it was customary to offer tea at any hour, she did not suggest it. As if a person needed tea at one o'clock! And she with her curtains to make. She pushed the irons forward on the stove.

"You're doin' the house over out of magazine ads, I hear," gazing about with apparent disapproval. "It looks sorta—bare. You could stand a plant in each winda. I'll show you how to take a coupla slips offa this one as soon as it gets over its best bloomin'."

"You'll not mind if I paint the can black?" Speaking carelessly, Rennie lifted the geranium to see if her cloth were marked. It was.

"I'll not mind but the plant will. G'rany-umms don't take kindly to painted cans." Mrs. Davey, smudging out the ring with her finger, was making it worse. "Mrs. Alleyn-that-was used brown oilcloth. You'll come to it. Land sakes! All this fuss for a kitchen. But I do s'pose us women spends most of our days in a kitchen. Not that you look it, dressed to kill at any hour. In all my days I never did see a person with such a layout of clothes."

Feeling superior herself, Rennie tried to believe that her caller was being superior rather than consumed with envy; though with her false teeth which slipped, her gingham dress with the pattern scrubbed fiercely out as if she had repented her original impulse to buy colors, her coat and hat from the ark, she had cause to be envious, poor thing. Excusing herself, Rennie went to the cellarway to get the lye, noisily moving the tinned stuff, mostly pork and beans. Bill had said he would not grieve if he never saw a pork-and-bean again. "I'll give her a 'coupla' cans," Rennie thought, "and then I'll be under no 'obleeement' for her mangy old g'ranyumm."

As the radio, only more vigorous, Mrs. Davey was still broadcasting. She was makin' soap tomorra. They had killed that many hogs this winter, the men in the bush cuttin', and she had rendered tubs of lard

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FALSE TEETH ARE A GREAT INVENTION BUT KEEP YOUR OWN AS LONG AS YOU CAN



False teeth often follow pyorrhea, which comes to four people out of five past the age of 40



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## The Women Men Forget

Continued from page 42

pity almost made him die. She was so little, so helpless, and she had no one to look after her.

"Such nonsense! You can't marry an old man like that. It's ridiculous."

"Yes," she said dully, her head on his shoulder. "But when people have girls they don't want, it doesn't matter who they marry."

"This money you owe him, how much?" When she said fifty dollars, he laughed with sudden relief. Sums in three figures had been dancing before his eyes.

"You may laugh," said Fenella, "but when you haven't got it, fifty dollars seems as much as a thousand."

He took her face in his hands and looked at her. It was all tear-stained in the moonlight. He could see the drops glistening in her lashes, wet on her cheeks.

"Listen, Fenella. I am going to give you the money to pay him. And you must tell him you can't marry him. Tell him you are going to marry me. I loved you from the first minute I saw you, darling. Oh, Fenella, would you mind if I kissed you?"

"No; I hoped you would. But I never thought I'd have such luck."

On the lawn the two shadows thrown by the moonlight merged into one, and the tall white lilies watched them, amazed like vestal virgins embarrassed by lovers in a wood.

It was amazing to awake the next morning and remember. Had it really happened? Did Alistair really love her? No lady rescued from a dragon, just as its jaws were finally closing around her, could have felt more astonished than Fenella or more relieved. It was a spring day with the sun shining and all the birds singing. She was saved. Alistair loved her. She sat on her bed, quite giddy at the thought.

She put the fifty dollar bill he had given her into her jacket pocket. That must be given to Maurice at once. There would, of course, be a nasty scene with Maurice, but it didn't matter. One would be free of him for ever.

The scene took place directly after breakfast. Alistair caught her hand and gave it a little squeeze and whispered, "He's gone into the library. Better go and get it over, darling. Then we'll talk and make a plan."

Maurice was standing in the window, reading the paper. He looked old and jaded and rather weary. For one instant she felt almost sorry for him and the news she had to tell. He turned when she came in, put down the paper, and tried to take her in his arms.

"Please wait," she said, and handed him the bill. "It's over, Maurice. I can't marry you, and here's the money I owe. I'm sorry."

She had expected a scene. Maurice went very white. For a moment she thought he was going to faint and wondered what would happen. She wasn't nearly strong enough to catch him if he did.

He took the bill, tore it into a dozen pieces and flung it on the floor. He looked at her, crying. His red middle-aged face was mottled and discolored, his eyes full of tears. She felt terrified and wished he would go away.

In the end he departed, banging the door so loudly that the whole house shook. Fenella stood a trifle dazed, looking at the flitters of that fifty dollar bill. If he didn't want it, he might at least have given it back to her whole, she thought ruefully. One could do so much with the money.

Poor Maurice. But how glad one was to get rid of him!

Lady Freshfield came in, her eyebrows sitting high on her smooth forehead with sudden worry.

"You naughty child, what have you done? There's poor Maurice just like apoplexy. I thought everything was all right."

She saw her diamond bracelet which Maurice had promised her on his wedding day, dwindle and dwindle until its sparkle was no longer visible even to her optimistic eyes.

"I'm not going to marry him . . ."

Lady Freshfield said sharply: "Why ever not, child?" She stared at Fenella, her naughty Dresden china face suddenly a little hard. "I hope you don't imagine you are going to get Alistair. I can assure you any hopes of that sort you may be cherishing can only lead to bad heartache. Alistair will have to have a very different sort of girl for his wife. I know his mother, and she has views."

The library door opened again. Alistair came in. He put his arms round Fenella and held her tight.

"I suppose you're surprised. Well, we were, too; weren't we, Fenella?" His laughing face challenged Lady Ethel.

"Your mother certainly will be. My dear boy, what on earth has come over you?"

"Love at first sight," said Alistair. They stood facing her, as handsome a couple as she had ever seen. She said.

"This is monstrous. What on earth am I going to say to Effie? Fenella, you naughty girl."

**MAURICE** departed before lunch. Lady Freshfield wondered whether it was a coincidence that May also had a telegram recalling her to town, and got him to give her a lift in his limousine. You could never be sure what May was up to. She was just drifting around. The rest of the party were thrilled by this sudden romance in their midst. Which was all very well, said Lady Freshfield petulantly. They hadn't any of the responsibility.

Fenella and Alistair meanwhile took to the woods. They had sandwiches for lunch but forgot about them. Alistair lay on his back, his head on Fenella's lap, while she traced his eyebrows with an enchanted finger.

"You mustn't be afraid of my mother, Fenella. She may take it rather hardly at first. She hoped I'd marry money. But we have always been the best of pals, and she will come round when I tell her I could not live without you."

"To think how easily I might have missed you."

"To think I tried hard not to come here, this week-end, and so might never have seen you."

"We were bound to meet somehow," Alistair said, his lips against her throat. "It was meant we should. This is more marvellous than any ordinary love story, Fenella. It is something different. We knew each other at sight, you and I."

When they got back, they found Lady Freshfield a little perturbed and very cold with them.

"This is all very well, Alistair, but I can't take the responsibility of it. You must tell your mother at once."

He said gaily, carelessly. "Don't worry. I'll go and see her first thing in the morning. Mother will be quite all right."

Fenella had to go home by train, for there was no Maurice to drive her. Leaving Alistair nearly broke her heart, although he assured her it would only be for a day or so. She must come right along and stay with them at their flat in town until they could be married.

"Which must be almost at once, because I've only another three months leave. Oh, Fenella, we'll have fun, sweetheart!"

He was so gay, so confident about it. Life had always been kind to Alistair and given him what he wanted. Fenella, knowing what she knew, did not trust it so implicitly. She parted from him with wet eyes and an ache in her heart. A feeling that such happiness was too wonderful to last, that it could not possibly be real, that she would never see him again.

What hope has Fenella, with her helpless, childish inclination to run deeply into debt, of finding happiness as the wife of a poor civil servant in India?

Next month's dramatic installment is worth watching for, as Dorothy Black is one of the most powerful of modern writers.



then; she laughed shrilly as she ran into her bedroom; not even thirty-two years would she be here.

Her trunk, open as she had left it when she got out her curtain materials, suggested escape. Her father would welcome her with open arms. She could free Bill—perhaps in time marry Ford, forget his other loves, she who no longer belonged to herself. Escape? Ah, too late. From the bed the chintz, dull orange with blue and splashes of purple-rose, mocked her. She swept it to the floor and threw herself down in tears.

**A**CAT-NAP, but when the knock on the kitchen door awoke her, she rose refreshed. It was Mrs. Neaves who drove the school van and collected the cream on the way. She would not come in, her shoes too muddy, but stood in the doorway holding out a flat parcel and the fresh smell of rain.

"Bill says there's a book he'd like me to mail. It's all ready on the hatstand in the hall. It's to be registered, so he couldn't leave it on the box. And I've brought you a pie. Most men," she added apologetically, "like a pie after a hard day in the field."

"I daresay they do," gratefully. "Come right in. This floor will wipe off." She was busy filling the range, stirring it to a blaze, setting the kettle in the hole. "I need a cup of tea but more especially someone to drink it with."

Mrs. Neaves put the pie on the chair, threw off her glistening coat and hat, and came in, her red hair brightening the room. Rennie loved red hair. That was what had attracted her to Bill. In a year, she thought, Ford would be bald.

"Why, Mrs. Alleyn! That's Mrs. Davey's geranium. She has been growing it three years. She must think a heap of you, giving it away."

Rennie looked at it, brave in its crimson show, and flushed crimson herself. Mangy, had she said? Even after Mrs. Neaves' red hair had gone, the geranium would brighten the room.

"Mrs. Davey means well. It's her pronunciation and her teeth."

Mrs. Neaves laughed. "Her teeth aren't first-hand, but she's going to get a set of her own the next time they have a crop. Dave can't put her off again."

"Crops!" intolerantly, putting the tea to steep. "Do you people think of nothing but crops?"

"We have to think of that which gives us our livelihood."

But she had laughed, and Rennie had seen a spark of contact. Mrs. Neaves was not old at second glance. It was her clothes.

"Have you always lived on the prairies, Mrs. Neaves?"

Mrs. Neaves had not. She was born and raised in 'Frisco. Left a widow with three children she had come to her brother's homestead.

"It was hard at first, winter nights, coyotes howling around your door, a blizzard howling, too. I'll never forget the first time I stayed alone with the youngsters, my brother and his wife in town to the dentist. There was a storm that night, all the wires down, and the next day the baby developed pneumonia. If it hadn't been for Mrs. Davey! I don't know yet how she made her way across the drifts unless she had wings. She knew exactly what to do, having nursed Bill's father through pneumonia. From that time on I've not minded that she pronounced it with the 'p.'"

Guiltily Rennie thought of the washing propped on the buggy seat. Mrs. Davey with seven children, three hired men right in the house, a dozen cows she herself milked, hundreds of fowl, pigs, calves. Washing, baking bread, making soap.

"Women adapt themselves easily, however, if they've any stuff," Mrs. Neaves went on, stirring her tea. "Men— I've always felt sorry for Ben Duthie and Bill. Bill took a long time getting over giving up his university course. Philosophy, wasn't it? But you'll know all about that, his father's passion for land, and more land; and a succession of crop failures."

Rennie listened in a daze. She had not

known that Bill had ever wished to be anything but a farmer. How little she knew of him after all! Neither did she know that so many things could happen to a crop as Mrs. Neaves enumerated: frost, drought, the seed blown out in spring, rain at harvest time sprouting the grain in the stook, rust, smut, hail, gophers. And then when you did get it to the elevators, the manipulators in Chicago or Liverpool, men who had never seen a field of grain, sent the price to the cellar.

"But things 'll be better soon, Mrs. Alleyn." She was putting on her funny old hat and smiling down at Bill's characteristic writing on the book to be mailed. "Ben Duthie was telling me this morning that we're to have a flag station. That means right on your farm. And a school. We can't go on forever getting children up at six to be at school at nine, as we do here in winters. One of these days there'll be a village on this spot. You'll be subdividing into town lots. Bill may be the first mayor, Mayor Alleyn. And this old house, you're certainly doing wonders with it. It's an inspiration now. It will be the showplace of the town."

The showplace of the town. Rennie held to that dream as she followed her caller to the door, the rain now barely a Scotch mist, as if Mrs. Neaves' cheeriness had dispelled it.

"Spring at last." Mrs. Neaves raised her face to the fragrant warm air as she put the cream can in the van. "How grateful everyone will be. Winter on the prairies is so hard that spring seems lovelier than on the coast where the seasons melt into each other."

The air was sweet and crystal, etching the landscape boldly, the farmhouses dotted in all directions, the town, Mrs. Neaves' receding van; Bill. Bill had a different look. She had never really seen him before. He—he was a conqueror. The horses' heads were bowed, but his was thrown back as if he were whistling. As if the sound might be carried to her on the fine rain, she pricked her ears.

**T**HE sewing machine whirled down the long hems and sang over the tie-backs. Something did sing besides the tea kettle, she thought happily. The irons flew over the chintz, bringing the gay pattern warmly into relief. It took no time to hang them. They brightened the room beyond recognition. She turned the organ about so that the window light fell on the keys, concealed it with her Japanese screen. She brought out her brasses and silver polished in readiness—polished last evening long after Bill had gone to bed, as if there were not another day in the world! Moving swiftly, everywhere at once, she hung her pictures, Daphne's etching in the place of honor, laid the fire, arranged the china on the tea-wagon, plumped out the cushions.

It was finished. Dared she look? She closed her eyes.

Ah! It was—it was lovely. Bill would adore it. Could this be that frumpy old room? She had achieved beauty. It glowed. She had almost achieved sunlight. Not quite, she conceded, for she saw that the sun had come out, bathing the world in mellow gold. It glowed within her. What happy times they would have here, Bill with his books— She smiled at the book-cases which he had arranged himself, the top shelf with his precious old first editions.

But the smile died. Her hand flew to her throat. What was that gap? Where was Bill's *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*? She stood numb, empty, as tipsy as the two books leaning toward the space in the top shelf, her mind following Mrs. Neaves to town with the parcel to be registered. Why, she would be there long ago! The train would soon be in.

In a flash she was at the phone, ringing frantically for Ben. Thank heaven there was no one on the line! She got him instantly and tumbled out her plea.

"If it's in the mail," he protested, "they'll not give it to me."

"They must. If they'll not, you'll have to—you'll have to steal it. It's *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, Ben. Bill was going to sell it to

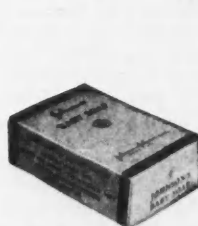


"Say Bill, that's a wonderful new powder mother's 'scovered. I noticed the difference right away, didn't you? It's so cool and soft—no more chafing and soreness for us. I guess we WERE pretty awful at times, Bill. But what could you expect of babies as uncomfortable as we were. I imagine they won't have to complain any more the way I feel. We ought to be happy all the time."

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but still had tubs of the coarse, and was outa soap. And did Mrs. Alleyn "prefer" the hard or the soft for her washing?

Rennie supposed she "preferred" the soft, if it was flakes.

"I've never done a washing, I'm ashamed to say—"

"Oh, no, you're not," Mrs. Davey cut in dryly.

"—and there's a tremendous one waiting to be done. Of course, I don't mind doing my own silk things in flake suds. But the table linen and bedding, and Bill's awful work shirts!"

"Get a machine. The old one of Mrs. Alleyn's can go on the junkheap. Bill should have saw to that instead of to the radio. Ben Duthie has a new-fangled kind in his store. You can sit in a rocking chair and work it." Her small eyes winked suggestively. "Nurse the baby while you wash. There's a ficiency for you."

Rennie went cold inside. Now was the time to hear again how the first three had arrived before the doctor, and if it had not been for Bill's ma dropped like an angel from heaven! Probably Mrs. Davey would then call her "Rennie" and offer to be her angel dropped right from heaven. But she did not.

"We have a dunkey-injun to do our washing," she said instead. "You don't look none too good. You give me that tremenjus one and I'll do it with mine tomorra. I'm bakin' too, and I'll send over a loaf. Men like home-made better than store after a hard day. And you get Bill to drive you to town when supper's over. It's picture show night. You've been stayin' too close to home, and too close indoors. Yes, I know it's seedin' and Bill galumpin' because you stayed so long on your syrup spoon—"

Rennie could have screamed. If only she would not persist in that ridiculous term! It was not so bad when she was trying to be facetious, but when she was serious it was nauseating; as if she were spreading a particularly messy treacle over their precious six weeks.

At last she managed to get her out. She stood smiling at the door while she clambered into the buggy, the bag of washing propped beside her. She smiled at her remarks about the weather. "Rain blowin' up all week, comin' to a head purty soon, a good job, too." At the way she cracked her whip. But when the wheels began to revolve her smile was done and she stared after her with narrowed eyes. "You don't look none too good." Snoopy old thing! Fishing for confidences, was she? Well, she'd get no confidences from her, if there were any to give.

The weight of clouds greying the sky seemed a menace pressing her down. The prairies! She hated them. But they possessed Bill. All the time on their honeymoon he had kept saying, "Wait till we get to the prairies, honey. There's where we can draw a good breath."

Where was Bill? She cupped her hands over her eyes in an effort to locate him, but he was hidden by the bluff. Hopefully she moved around to the front of the house. She wanted him. Suddenly she desperately needed the assurance of his being, for everything in a second had lost its reality, even Mrs. Davey's buggy rattling along the road part of a mad nightmare. Still Bill was out of sight. She stood there aching, her one desire to scream, and scream, and scream.

Being her father's daughter, Rennie took herself in hand. She loitered by the hotbed, lifting the glass to see if any of her seeds had sprouted. None had. Not a speck of green showed in the black earth. A bad omen? Had she actually planted seeds? She trembled with the force of her impatience to stir up the loam and see if she had. The loam gave off a sweetish-sour smell, sickening her. Leaving the box open to the air she turned to go in.

"When it's springtime in the Rockies—" The radio! As if struck she covered her eyes and dropped to the stoop. Ford Neely's song. Was it his melting voice? Springtime in the Rockies. The dogwoods in the ravine back of their house in bloom,

great soft stars in the moonlit night, their velvet petals floating down like fairy sails on the air. All the lovely spring smells! Lilac and syringa, chestnut and broom. Spring sounds! Crickets, frogs, robin and jay, rain . . .

Springtime in the Rockies. But not springtime here. Miles of dry bleached stubble, the slough with its alkali edge, stunted willows and poplars in the bluff toward the west, the strawstacks eaten into ugly mushrooms by the stock. Flat as one's hand no matter where one looked. At home their garden dipped into a ravine with a waterfall not a hundred yards away; and there were mountains beyond. Here, even on clear days, was nothing except the town marked by gaunt, ugly elevators against the sky. Town? She flattered it. A water tank, general store and post-office, the railway depot, false fronts on the buildings, pretentious names—Algiers Cafe, Royal Theatre; a few straggling houses on both sides of the track.

The track ran at the edge of their farm, less than half a mile from where she sat. The depot was twelve miles away. Twelve miles in summer, but how far in winter when the flivver was put away? The snow fences piled along the right-of-way were suggestive of prison bars.

A whistle muffled by the heavy air, and then the afternoon train emerged into view as a monster from the mist. With her mind's eye she could see the passengers congregated in the observation coach at the rear, chatting, reading, listening to the radio; people from all over the world; interesting people. While she, behind her prison bars, had—Mrs. Davey! She closed her eyes, dizzy as if with the train swaying beneath her.

The train crept off into the fog again; crept as a snail through her imagination, the smoke low, trailing behind, settling as a cloud on the ground, leaving it there to taunt her. She could feel the sting of cinder dust in her nostrils. There was rain in the air. As if the mere recognizing of its imminence had brought it upon her, a few drops spattered heavily down. She fled.

THE radio was still singing its song of the West. She snapped it off viciously, her father's house, room by room, rising before her eyes. Old mahogany, Oriental rugs, bowls of daffodils everywhere, her father pottering fastidiously about, Ford dropping in with music or a book.

There were many nice things about Ford, little gallantries, his manner of whispering sweet nothings as if he meant them . . . That man they had met on the train—his wife had died of "too much prairie;" thirty-two years and never farther from the farm than their little village; money to burn but tied by habit. She could not stand that, being tied by anything. Was she already? Again the disquietude swept over her. Suppose—. "Oh, I'd hate it!" tragically clasp and unclasp her hands. "I'd hate it!"

It could not be. She was not prepared to stand discomfort, pain. She would not be tied. She would escape though it meant leaving Bill. She ran to the window then and looked out through the curtain of rain. There he was jogging resolutely behind his four horses, his head buried in his neck. In the city he had seemed romantic. Nothing romantic about him now, plodding from sunrise to dark, not sense enough to come in out of the rain, even the cattle huddled against the strawstack. Crop, crop, crop, all he thought about; poor crops an alibi for everything, notwithstanding which wild horses could not drag him away from the farm. No heed for the loveliness of living. First editions, and a leather couch. She was not going to wait for a crop. He could sell his *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*. She had to have beauty around her. She had to, she who was especially sentient to environment.

Bah! What a fool she had been! As if she could beautify this barren place, no matter what money she had. Soft maples? Even they took time. Vines? Lilacs? As for a lawn, they said in England a lawn took a hundred years. She would not be here



### He didn't count sheep jumping a fence

NO SIR! The guest we have in mind had his own cure for insomnia! He asked us to furnish a thermos bottle full of hot milk, so that he could have it by his bed, in case he woke up at night, take a drink . . . and then get to sleep again! Thermos bottles and hot milk aren't part of the standard equipment of United Hotels . . . but we do have large, airy high-ceiling rooms, with a feeling of pleasant freedom . . . and the beds . . . well, if you've ever slept in one of our hotels you know how good they are! So there's very rarely occasion for insomnia at any of the 25 United Hotels.

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by  
ELSIE  
GALLOWAY

*The dress was photographed on a taller girl to show the warm banding on the knickers.*

## For a Small Daughter

A three-piece knitted costume any girl would love

**W**HAT could be cosier for chilly autumn days than this knitted suit for the small girlie? It is such delightful work for mother's busy fingers while at the summer cottage or spending the evening on the porch at home. The suit pictured was made of four-ply fingering yarn in a delicate shade of green known as chantilly, trimmed with the same yarn in a soft parchment shade.

The dress and bloomers require ten balls of chantilly and two balls of parchment, and the matching beret will require another ball of chantilly. Also a set of four No. 8 celluloid knitting needles and four No. 9 needles.

The suit will fit a child of four or five years, but the size may be varied by using more or less stitches and rows.

The dress is 18½ inches long measuring from back of neck, and 11¼ inches across back of yoke, and 14 inches across back at beginning of armhole. The skirt measures 19 inches across on the double, so the yoke could be made wider by narrowing fewer stitches and the skirt lengthened by knitting more rows before narrowing. The sleeve is 11 inches long measuring under the arm, and the cuff 7½ inches around. The work is done at a tension of 6 sts and 8 rows to the inch. The bloomers measure 14 inches long at side of leg and 12½ inches across top. The front seam is 10½ inches long, the back seam 11½, and the bottom of leg is 10½ inches around.

**Dress:** With chantilly yarn and No. 8 needles cast on 264 stitches (12 sts for each scallop) and knit 1 row plain. There will be 84 sts on each of two needles, and 96 sts on 3rd needle.

2nd row: P 1, \*ov, k 3, sl 1 st, k next st and slip the sl st over the knitted st (This is called slip and bind—sl and b), k 2 tog, k 3, ov twice, p 2. Repeat from \* 6 times on 1st needle, 7 times on 2nd needle, and 8 times on 3rd needle. Have 1 p st at each end of each needle.

3rd row: K plain except the p sts which must be purled in every row.

4th row: P 1, \* k 1, ov, k 2, sl and b, k 2 tog, k 2, ov, k 1, p 2, repeat from \* across needle ending with p 1. Other two needles the same.

5th row: Like 3rd row.

6th row: P 1, \* k 2, ov, k 1, sl and b, k 2 tog, k 1, ov, k 2, p 2. Repeat from \*.

7th row: Like 3rd row.

8th row: P 1, \* k 3, ov, sl and b, k 2 tog, ov, k 3, p 2. Repeat from \*.

9th row: Like 3rd row. Repeat from 2nd row once, then repeat 2nd row again and join the parchment yarn and proceed thus:

3rd row: P 1 with chantilly (ch), \* k 1 with parchment (pa), k 8 ch, k 1 pa, p 2 ch, repeat from \*, letting the pa yarn lie loosely behind the other sts until it is needed again, but great care must be taken to allow sufficient yarn between sts to prevent the work drawing up.

4th row: P 1 ch, \* k 1 pa, (ov, k 2, sl and b, k 2 tog, k 2 ov) ch, k 1 pa, p 2 ch. Repeat from \*.

5th row: P 1 ch, \* k 2 pa, k 6 ch, k 2 pa, p 2 ch. Repeat from \*.

6th row: P 1 ch, \* k 2 pa, (ov, k 1, sl and b, k 2 tog, k 1, ov) ch, k 2 pa, p 2 ch. Repeat from \*.

7th row: P 1 ch, \* k 3 pa, k 4 ch, k 3 pa, p 2 ch. Repeat from \*.

8th row: P 1 ch, \* k 3 pa, (ov, sl and b,

## GUARD THAT LOVELY

# smile



*There is no greater enemy of charm, of health itself, than decaying teeth and unhealthy gums*

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**95%** agreed that the most serious trouble occurs at the place where teeth and gums meet;

**85%** stated that the best product to prevent these acids from causing decay and irritating the gums is Milk of Magnesia.

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Now let it be said quite definitely, that what Kruschen did for him, it will do for everybody else who suffers from indigestion as he did. The fact is that "the little daily dose" first stimulates the flow of gastric juices to aid digestion, and then ensures complete, regular, and unfailing elimination of all waste matter every day.

Soon after you start on Kruschen you will begin to feel the benefit. You will find to your satisfaction that you are able to enjoy your food without any distressing after-effects. And, as you persevere, you will see that the relief which Kruschen brings is lasting relief.

get me some—. Ben, you must get it. You must, I say."

"All right. I'll get it."

He would. She stood there clinging to the phone, her tense body relaxing at the surety in his voice though her brain still whirled. A chesterfield, a piano. It did not seem quite Bill's style . . .

The clock struck. Seven! She'd have to feed Bill out of tin cans, Bill who would have parted with his dearest possession to gratify her senseless whims! She flew, slamming wood into the range, opening pork and beans into a casserole, arranging strips of bacon on top. She placed the dish in the oven, ground coffee, brought out Mrs. Neaves' pie. The geranium gave the table a festive air. Everything shone.

So did her nose. But, she thought as she powdered it and put a dab of perfume behind each ear, the bedroom did not. Had she time to give it a lick and a promise? She closed the trunk and shoved it against the wall, and began folding the papers Bill had been reading before he went to sleep.

There, on the table, lay *Foxe's Book of Martyrs*, its dull worn leather almost smug. Too weak to laugh, she flopped limply to the bed. Oh, she should have known! Bill was not petty enough for that.

The hired men passed with their teams, Bill's four clanking home behind. Through the open front door she saw Bill coming toward her out of the sunset. That way, his bared head gleaming to the air, he

loomed huge. Oh, she loved him, she loved him! She knew now why women worth while adapted themselves to any environment. She knew now what was meant by "the broad open spaces where men are men." So broad and open that their lives must be big. More than bigness of body; bigness of soul. Ford—he's shrivel.

And she? She who had been so smug. Instead of bringing beauty to the country, the country had been bringing it to her. Everyone brought beauty to her. They were big. Perhaps if she lived here long enough, thirty-two years maybe, she could acquire bigness, too; get rid of this miserable little self considerate only of her own sensibilities and vanity.

Now Bill was in the yard. She went to the edge of the stoop to meet him. A bird raised a fresh sweet song which was caught in a chorus of joy. Meadowlarks! Up from her hotbed gleamed a mist of vivid green—her seedlings coming through; new young life, she thought chokily bending over them.

Bill waved to her, three blue flowers in his hand.

"Anemones, honey!" he called out. "It's spring."

The radiance of his slow smile warmed her all through, sent ecstasy coursing through her veins. Spring! After her little "winter of discontent" a lovelier spring than she had ever known.

"Oh, Bill!" she whispered, clutching him.

"Oh, Bill!"



## Women and their Work

Month by month, *The Chatelaine* mirrors activities of women working for the development of their communities



Mrs. Ward B. Perley



Miss Lottie Bowron

THE Young Women's Christian Association is Mrs. Ward B. Perley's work and hobby. For the last ten years she has been a member of the original committee of the Windsor, Ontario, Y. W. C. A., and was its first vice-president for many years. She is its present second vice-president.

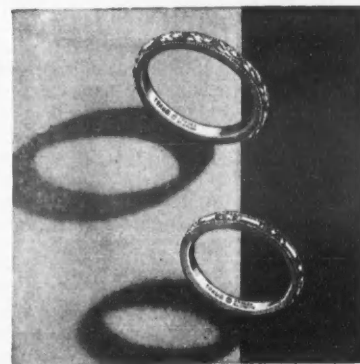
Mrs. Perley has watched the Windsor Y. W. C. A. develop from a handful of members to its present-day proportions, but she has not only watched, but has actively participated in its progress. For eight years Mrs. Perley was director of the Y's cafeteria—and the Windsor Y is noted for its cuisine. She is essentially domestic, and often now takes charge of the big mending days at the Y. W. C. A.

No more tireless worker could be found when the Y has any big project under way. Especially is she keenly interested in the annual Christmas bazaars. Their extraordinary success in Windsor may be attributed very largely to Mrs. Perley's enthusiasm.

Mrs. Perley's husband is president of the Canadian Steel Corporation. Her hospitality is proverbial, and she is a gracious hostess and homemaker.

A PIONEER in women's work in British Columbia is Miss Lottie Bowron, who is playing the part of a good fairy to the teachers in rural districts of the province. Two years ago she was appointed by the Provincial Department of Education to "look into the social and living conditions of female teachers in rural communities and to report any recommendations to the department." Her work takes her over hundreds of miles of country where transportation is a great difficulty, and very often she is obliged to travel by freight train, launch, horseback and on foot.

Miss Bowron has about 755 teachers to call upon, and three-quarters of the year is spent in this travel work, the other quarter in reporting her activities and dealing with matters at head office. Before the students leave Normal School, Miss Bowron visits them, talks to them in a friendly and informal manner, with the result that when she calls upon them in their schools months afterwards, possibly in some remote part of the country, she is able to renew the first acquaintanceship and to greet them as a friend.



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## FLUSHO

## Jams and Jellies

Continued from page 23

any sediment forming in the bottles of the finished product, thus making it possible for our jelly to have the crystal-clear appearance which is so attractive. The liquid then undergoes repeated filtering and further evaporation until it conforms to a definite standard when it is put into bottles of convenient size and capped ready for sale. The product is a pale amber shade, practically tasteless and odorless and, therefore, does not change the color or flavor of the fruit juice with which it is combined in jelly making. Pectin is also sold in powdered form, and, as in the case of the liquid varieties, we emphasize the importance of following carefully the directions published by the manufacturer.

When making jelly without the commercial pectin, it should be remembered that the amount of pectin is highest in fruit when it is slightly under-ripe, and for jelly-making avoid those at the fully ripened or over-ripe stage.

Failure is often due to the use of too much sugar, as for most fruits and fruit combinations two-thirds to three-quarters of a cupful of sugar to one cupful of juice is a good proportion. An equal amount of sugar and juice is advisable only when currants, under-ripe grapes or wild crab-apples are used. Avoid also the addition of too much water, as an excess makes prolonged boiling necessary, resulting in inferior flavor and darkened color. Certain fruits such as apples should be just covered, no more, with water. Juicy fruits require only enough to prevent them from burning.

THE first step in jelly-making, with or without commercial pectin, is the preparation of the fruit, which should be freed of stems and blossom ends if necessary, and any decayed, bruised or damaged sections removed. Cook until the pulp is very soft, then strain to separate the juice from it. To do this, pour the mass into a jelly bag of flannel, three or four layers of cheesecloth or some other material which will allow the liquid to escape but keep back all small particles. Place this over a bowl or other container large enough to hold the liquid which strains from the pulp.

If you wish to have your jelly clear and transparent, not cloudy, do not attempt to hurry the straining process by squeezing, but let it stand without disturbing it until all the juice has been drained away. Measure the juice and when using commercial pectin, proceed according to directions given in the recipe. If none is added, heat the juice and boil rapidly for five minutes; add the required amount of sugar and stir until thoroughly dissolved. Let it boil rapidly, skimming when necessary, until it reaches the jelling stage, which is best determined by dropping some of the mixture from a dry metal spoon. When two drops form along the edge, unite and fall together, remove at once; skim off any foam or scum and pour the liquid quickly into jelly glasses or tumblers which have been previously sterilized. If bubbles appear, remove them.

AFTER the jelly becomes cold, pour over it a layer of melted paraffin, being sure that it makes a perfect seal around the edges. When this hardens, cover with metal tops or with paper fitted over the edge. Label the jars before storing the jelly in a cool, dry place until it is to be served.

The fruit pulp from which the juice for jelly has drained need not be discarded, but may be used for jams and butters or it may be covered with water, heated slowly for twenty minutes or so, and a second extraction of juice made. Jelly from this will not be so clear nor so delightful in flavor, but it is possible to obtain a very passable product.

Delicious jellies may be made by either the long boil method without added pectin, or by the short boil method where commercial pectin is used. Experienced cooks may achieve superior products either way, but even the inexperienced are certain of success with this valuable aid by which

jelly-making becomes a science rather than an art.

### Plum Jelly

- 4 Cupfuls of juice from ripe, large blue plums
- 7½ Cupfuls of sugar
- ½ Cupful of liquid pectin

Select about four pounds of fully ripened plums, wash and crush thoroughly without peeling or removing the pits. Add one cupful of water and stir over the heat until the mixture boils. Cover and simmer for ten minutes, then drip through a jelly bag. Measure four cupfuls of juice into a large kettle, add the sugar, stir and heat to boiling point. As soon as the mixture begins to boil, add the pectin while stirring constantly, bring to a full rolling boil and boil for half a minute. Remove from the heat, allow to stand for one minute and skim and pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Cover with a thin film of hot paraffin and when cold cover with about one-eighth of an inch of paraffin.

### Grape Jelly

- (without added pectin)
- 4 Pounds of grapes
- 2 Cupfuls of water
- Sugar

Remove the stems from the grapes, wash and crush. Add the water and boil for about twenty minutes. Strain through a jelly bag. Measure the juice and add the same measure of sugar. Bring to the boiling point and boil for twenty to thirty minutes or until it jellies. Test by dropping from a spoon, and when two drops form on the edge of the spoon and all together, the point is reached. Boiling time forty to sixty minutes.

### Grape Jelly

- (with added pectin)

- 4 Cupfuls of juice
- 8 Cupfuls of sugar
- 1 Cupful of pectin

Stem and wash about three pounds of grapes. Crush thoroughly and add half a cupful of water. Stir over the heat until it boils, cover and simmer for ten minutes. Drip through a jelly bag. Measure four cupfuls of juice into a large kettle, add the sugar, stir and bring to a boil. Add the pectin at once, bring to a full rolling boil and boil for half a minute. Remove from the fire, let stand one minute, skim and pour into sterilized jelly glasses. Seal as for plum jelly. Boiling time ten and a half minutes.

### Elderberry and Apple Jelly

- 8 Cupfuls of elderberries
- 4 Cupfuls of apples
- Water
- Sugar

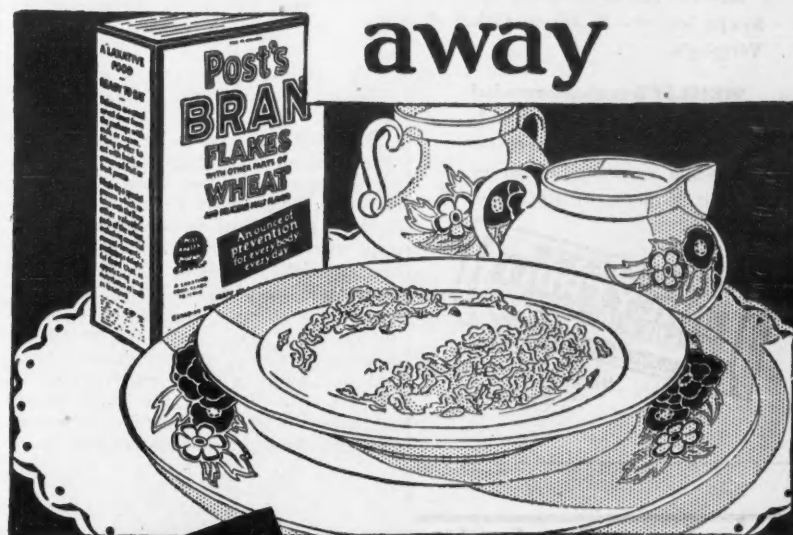
Use elderberries which are just under-ripe, strip from the stems and wash. Wash the apples and cut in small pieces, leaving peeling and cores in. Combine the fruits and add water so that it can just be seen through the pressed-down fruit. Mash and stir well and cook until the mass is reduced to a mush. Drip through a jelly bag and boil the juice for twenty minutes, measure and add an equal quantity of sugar, boil again for five minutes or until two drops form when dripped from a spoon. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal with paraffin.

### Peach Jam

- 4 Cupfuls of crushed ripe peaches
- Juice of one lemon
- 7½ Cupfuls of sugar
- 1 Cupful of pectin

Select ripe peaches (about three pounds), peel and pit, crush thoroughly and add the lemon juice. Or, if desired, the peaches can

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k 2 tog, ov) ch, k 3 pa, p 2 ch. Repeat from \*.

9th row: P 1 ch, \* k 4 pa, k 2 ch, k 4 pa, p 2 ch. Repeat from \*.

10th row: (P 1, \* ov) ch, (k 3, sl and b, k 2 tog, k 3) pa, (ov twice, p 2) ch. Repeat from \*.

11th row: (P 1, \* k 1) ch, k 8 pa, (k 1, p 2) ch. Repeat from \*.

12th row: (P 1, \* k 1, ov) ch, (k 2, sl and b, k 2 tog, k 2) pa, (ov, k 1, p 2) ch. Repeat from \*.

13th row: (P 1, \* k 2) ch, k 6 pa, (k 2, p 2) ch. Repeat from \*.

14th row: (P 1, \* k 2, ov) ch, (k 1, sl and b, k 2 tog, k 1) pa, (ov, k 2, p 2) ch. Repeat from \*.

15th row: (P 1, \* k 3) ch, k 4 pa, (k 3, p 2) ch. Repeat from \*.

16th row: (P 1, \* k 3, ov) ch, (sl and b, k 2 tog) pa, (ov, k 3, p 2) ch. Repeat from \*.

17th row: (P 1, \* k 4) ch, k 2 pa, (k 4, p 2) ch. Repeat from \*.

Break off pa and with ch repeat from 2nd to 9th rows 3 times, making 6 patterns in all. Then k 1 row sl and b at centre point of each pattern and k all the p sts. There will then be 242 sts—77 sts on 1st and 2nd needles, and 88 sts on 3rd needle. P the next row, k the next, and p the next, making 2 ridges. Then k 1 row, p 1 row four times with the parchment yarn. Break off, and k 1 row, p 1 row twice with chantilly, making 2 ridges of chantilly, 4 ridges parchment, and 2 more of chantilly. Then with chantilly knit plain in stocking stitch for 6½ inches or 13½ inches from the beginning. Then k 1 st, k 2 tog all around, leaving 161 sts. Put 80 sts on 1st needle, 40 sts on 2nd needle, and k 2 tog at end of 3rd needle, leaving 40 sts on it also. Now leave 2nd and 3rd needles, and work back and forth in stocking stitch on 1st needle for back of yoke. That is k on right side of work and p on wrong side.

Bind off 3 sts at beginning of first 2 rows for armholes, and 1 st at beginning of each next 4 rows, leaving 70 sts on the needle. Knit across and purl back till yoke is 4½ inches deep, then k 23 sts, bind off next 24 sts for back of neck, k 23 sts. Leave these 46 sts on one needle, leaving about one yard of yarn hanging; break off and proceed to knit front yoke as follows:

Put 80 sts on one needle and bind off 3 sts at beginning of 1st row, and knit across. Purl back binding off 3 sts at beginning of row as before. Bind off 1 st and k only 35 more sts and purl back. Bind off 1 st and k 34 more sts and p back, and continue knitting and purling these 35 sts for 3 inches—24 rows. Then bind off 6 sts for neck at beginning of next row and 1 st at beginning of row on neck edge 6 times, leaving 23 sts. Now work 5 rows for shoulder and make other side of front to correspond.

Now weave the front and back shoulders together in this way.

Take 23 sts off back needle and thread a wool needle with the end of long piece of yarn left hanging. Now hold the needle with front shoulder sts close to back needle, with wrong sides of work together. \*Insert the wool needle, as if for knitting, into the 1st st of the front needle, draw the wool through the stitch, slipping the latter off the needle; insert the wool needle as if for purling into the 2nd st of front needle, draw the wool through, letting the st remain on the needle; carry the wool under the front needle and insert the wool needle, as if for purling, into the 1st st of the back needle; draw the wool through this st, and slip st off the needle; insert the needle, as if for knitting, into the 2nd st on the back needle, draw the wool through, letting the st remain on the needle; bring the wool forward under the needle and repeat from \* into the next st along until all the sts are worked off. Fasten the end securely.

Do not thread the yarn too tightly and you will have a much neater shoulder than if the sts had been bound off and the edges sewed together, and the weaving is not at all difficult.

Collar: Holding the wrong side of work toward you, pick up 25 sts on each side and 25 sts across the back of neck, and

knit plain in garter st for 10 rows (5 ridges chantilly). Join the parchment yarn and work 8 rows (4 ridges). Break off and k 3 rows with chantilly, binding sts off on 4th row on wrong side. This makes 2 ridges. Now with a bone crochet hook work a row of d c along end of collar, around front opening and up other end of collar on wrong side of collar. Work another row around front opening on wrong side, and then with a thread of both colors held together crochet two cords about 9 inches long, finished with a small tassel, and sew to each side at base of collar to fasten at neck.

Sleeve: Pick up 60 sts around armhole on three needles with chantilly yarn, holding right side of work toward you, and k plain for 15 rows. Next row k 2nd and 3rd sts tog on 1st needle, also the 2nd and 3rd sts from end of 3rd needle. Continue knitting in stocking st decreasing in same way every 8th row eight times when there will be 42 sts on the needles. Change to No. 9 needles and k 1 row, p 1 row twice (2 ridges). Join the parchment yarn and k 1 row, p 1 row 4 times (4 ridges). Break parchment yarn and with chantilly k 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row. Turn and bind off on wrong side.

Then with bone crochet hook work a row of sl st in each st of edge to keep it from curling up, holding wrong side toward you.

### The Bloomers

With chantilly yarn and two No. 8 needles cast on 72 sts and knit across.

2nd row: K 1, \* p 2, k 2 and repeat from \* across ending with k 1.

3rd row: P 1, ov, k 2 tog, \* p 2, ov, k 2 tog. Repeat from \* across needle ending with p 1.

4th row: K 1, \* p 2, k 2. Repeat from \* across.

5th row: P 1 \* k 2, p 2. Repeat from \* across needle ending with p 1. Repeat 4th and 5th rows till work measures 2 inches. 16 rows in all.

17th row: K 12 sts, turn. Slip the 1st st and p back to edge; k 24 sts. Turn. Sl 1 st and p back; k 30 sts, turn, sl 1 st and p back; k 36 sts, sl 1 st and p back to edge. This is the centre back seam edge.

18th row: K across, making 2 sts out of every 3rd st by knitting the front loop of st and then the back loop. There will be 96 sts.

19th row: Purl.

20th row: Knit.

21st row: Purl.

22nd row: K across, making 2 sts out of every 3rd st for first 48 sts, then k remaining sts without increasing. There will be 112 sts. Now p 1 row, k 1 row till there are 70 rows on front edge below ribbing, or the work measures 10½ inches from the beginning. Then decrease 1 st at end of every row for 16 rows or 2 inches, leaving 96 sts. Now on the next row, decrease to 64 sts by knitting every 2nd and 3rd st together. Purl next row. Change to No. 9 needles and k 4 rows plain (2 ridges), then with parchment yarn k 8 rows (4 ridges). Break off and k 3 rows with chantilly yarn, binding off on wrong side, thus making 2 more ridges. Make second leg in same way except that 17th and 18th rows are purled, and the purled rows on first leg are knit for second leg. Sew up seams and press lightly under a damp cloth, and run elastic through the row of holes at top.

The dress should also be pressed when finished.

### The Beret

With chantilly yarn and No. 9 needles cast on 6 sts and k 1 row plain.

2nd row: P 1, ov, repeat across needle making 12 sts.

3rd and every odd row k plain, putting sts on 3 needles.

4th row: (K 2, ov) twice on each needle.

6th row: (K 3, ov) twice on each needle.

Continue in this way until there are 24

Continued on page 60

## The Incorrighibles

Continued from page 9

wonder she could wish the boy luck in his mischief. But the sea and the goat had apparently satisfied Peder. That he had been home now for several months was due to a broken leg that refused to mend satisfactorily. Otherwise he was well content to let hired men look after his property.

Miss Jalson frowned, laying hold upon ancient displeasure as a knight upon a lance and set off again muttering darkly: "Idiot, since he had to go breaking something why didn't he break the head of that cantankerous beast before it butted Hals's poor little puppy to death! Yes, and why—"

Once again Spartan mood gave way to ignoble fear. Suppose little Hals had suffered actual injury; suppose—this anxious panic lent her wings. She ran headlong, oblivious now to her surroundings, yet seeing, as through a haze, Peder's yellow bungalow far down the slope. Her breath caught hard. Oh, it was a pretty house! As pretty as they had dreamed it would be when planning it together down there beside that silvery brook threading through his land. Her house, her dear little house; yet her eyes had not beheld it before. Oh, Anna Jalson recognized the wanton folly of her stubbornness now. Sure, it approached sacrilege to let a man build such a house and dedicate it to a goat!

In dark fury he had told her she might break as many promises as she cared; he should keep his. His house would be builded while he sailed the sea. She should hear the hammers beating out the tune of her inconstancy when she sought the birch wood. But she had not sought the birch wood until now. And now no accusing sounds assailed her ears, yet she felt dizzy and sick and deafened by the clamor of conflicting emotions, and her feet stumbled on the smooth, descending path.

Intriguing as the pipes of Pan, the purling sound of the little brook edged into consciousness. What sweetness it evoked! What tender nonsense, what carefree grace, what ineffably tender dreams! Anna Jalson bit back a sob.

Well, at any rate they had not dreamed that big red barn on the opposite bank, she told herself fiercely, glaring at the substantial building with hostile eyes. So Peder had bought the Jackson farm and had gone in for pedigreed stock, to judge by the cows in the adjacent pasture.

Engrossed by this further proof of Peder's

ability to do without her, she was unprepared for the sudden frantic command that hurtled at her like a bolt from above.

"Stop, Miss Jalson. Oh, stop, stop!"

Her heart, not her feet, inclined to obey. "Mercy!" she gasped.

That was Hals, her Hals, crying out in terror. Warning her, as if anything could stop her now. Then she saw him gesticulating excitedly from an upper window in Peder's red barn. So, the brute had come to this—locking a child up like a criminal for innocent mischief. Well, she could wish the mischief less innocent, and Peder should hear her say so!

"The heartless wretch! Wait till I get hold of him!" cried little Miss Jalson, and turned sharply to take the gate that led into Peder's garden. Simultaneously, or so it seemed to her agitated senses, a veritable war whoop broke loose upon the air and from somewhere came the sharp thunder of twinkling hooves.

"The goat! The goat!" screamed Hals, and, almost drowned out by the agitated barking of his dog: "Quick, quick, to the brook—the brook, Miss Jalson!"

ANNA JALSON had once been fleet as a deer; she was by no means decrepit now. But the grey goat was a winged fury. Hals was right. To attempt the gate was useless; the brook her one salvation. Her feet flew down familiar paths, that inexorable Nemesis after her. What a race it was! Despite the beat of blood in her ears she thrilled savagely to the furious insults Hals kept bawling at her pursuing destroyer. And how the good dog clamored!

Faster, faster, urged necessity; nearer, nearer, thundered the menace. Fresh bedlam broke loose in the barn, indistinguishable, meaningless. The earth uprose to meet her; the glittering waters of the brook fled back at her approach. From somewhere, sharp, metallic, earsplitting explosions blotted out sensation. Anna Jalson slipped to earth; slipped down, down, down into utter darkness. And yet something shining was going with her; something singing through her blood as Peder's voice had been wont to do. At least she would die beside their brook.

"Anna, Anna! Oh, my darling blockhead! Speak to me just once. Anna, my beloved."

Shivering in earnest now, Anna peered upward through the curtain of her long eyelashes, afraid lest she be dreaming. Ah, she was, she must be, for those were Peder's eyes smiling down at her, quizzical and tenderly anxious. A frightened cry broke from her. Instantly she was caught close in arms whose magic comfort she had never forgotten. But what she read in Peder's face shamed comfort; it was fire and flood, devastation absolute.

She gasped like a spent runner, wondering dizzily if she were actually going mad; for what could be crazier than lying supine in the arms of her ancient tormentor? She should, of course, cry out, struggle violently, even scratch him as high-hearted heroines do in books. Instead, thanks to a sudden staggering revelation, she spoke humbly into his bosom:

"Peder—you—you shot her!"

Peder Otteson shook back his red-brown hair and laughed. Heartless, no doubt, but what sweet music it was to Anna Jalson! She risked another upward glance and was lost forever. "Oh, Peder," she cried, "you're the most exasperating, self-willed brute in the world! But, oh, how scared I was you might have improved."

Whereupon, to Hals's unutterable disgust, the fiery captain, heretofore so awe-inspiring, actually kissed Miss Jalson. Not once either! No, he kissed her so often and with such ardor, and Miss Jalson laughed so prettily, that young Hals buried his freckled nose in the yellow dog's ruff and wished with all his might that he, not Captain Otteson, six foot and gold-braided, had shot that darned old goat!



"Mine . . .  
as though I'd had it made  
to my order!"

says JOAN CRAWFORD

"I had always told my friends that some day I would make a perfume . . . not simpering sweetness . . . but dash, and zip . . . oh, gay modern things! And then, one day, I found it . . . I didn't make it . . . but Seventeen is all I wanted it to be."

Seventeen Youth-tone Rouge brings elusive color tones to your complexion . . . Seventeen Face Powder blends shades to simulate the radiance of youthful skin . . . Also: Seventeen Perfume, Dusting Powder, Talcum Powder, Compact, Brillantine, Sachet, Toilet Water.



Seventeen

### What Does a Minister's Wife Expect From the Women of the Congregation?

Whether she realizes it or not, one of the most important factors in the success of any community life is the minister's wife.

What should she expect from the women in the congregation?

L. M. MONTGOMERY

Author of

"Anne of Green Gables,"

and one of the most noted minister's wives in Canada will give her viewpoint in *The Chatelaine* for October.

NELLIE L. MCCLUNG

Author of

"Sowing Seeds in Danny,"

and one of the most prominent laywomen in Canada will present the viewpoint of the women in the congregation toward their minister's wife, in an early issue.

*The Chatelaine* has planned a winter programme of arresting articles from noted Canadian men and women—watch for them!



## Power



Always fresh—because he keeps his mouth fresh with Wrigley's.

WRIGLEY'S is recommended by doctors and dentists. It aids digestion... cleanses the teeth. A simple rule of health, of mouth hygiene, of efficiency.



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## Give him Sunlight

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Every Progressive mother knows what an important part sunlight plays in building strong bones and sound teeth. It is also important to know how easily you can save the child's tender skin from the cruel ravages of sunburn.

Expose your baby's body to the sun short periods daily. Immediately after, apply Mentholatum. This saves the youngster from blistering and pain. In jars and tubes, 30c. Three times as much in large jars, 60c.

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Send your name and address with 10 cents to Dept. C-2, Mentholatum Company, Bridgeburg, Ontario. You will receive a sample of Cough Drops and a trial box of Mentholatum free. "Feel it Heal."

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be cut in small pieces. Measure four cupfuls of the peaches into a large kettle and add the sugar. Stir over a hot fire until it boils, then boil vigorously for one minute, continuing to stir throughout the boiling. Remove from the fire and stir in the pectin, skim, stir again, and again skim. Pour quickly into sterilized glasses and seal with hot paraffin.

### Mint and Apple Jelly

- 1 Cupful of fresh mint leaves
- 1 Cupful of boiling water
- About 8 cupfuls of chopped apples
- Water
- 6 Cupfuls of sugar
- Green coloring

Wash the mint leaves and measure one closely packed cupful into a saucepan. Add the boiling water and let steep, covered for one hour. Add water to the washed and chopped apples just to cover them. Boil until soft and drain through a jelly bag. Measure eight cupfuls of juice into a large kettle, add the liquid from the mint and squeeze the leaves in cheesecloth to obtain all the juice. Boil the liquid for twenty minutes, skimming when necessary; then add six cupfuls of sugar and boil for five minutes more or until the liquid jellies. Add green coloring if desired and pour into sterilized glasses. Seal with hot paraffin.

### Apricot Marmalade

- 1 Pound of dried apricots
- 3 Cupfuls of water
- 1 Cupful of pineapple syrup
- 1 Cupful of canned diced pineapple
- 8 Cupfuls of sugar

Wash the apricots and soak overnight in the water. Add the pineapple juice and simmer gently for one hour. Then add the pineapple and the sugar and cook slowly for about thirty minutes or until the mixture jellies. Pour into sterilized glasses and seal with hot paraffin.

### Ginger Pear Jam

- 4 Pounds of pears
- 2 Ounces of root ginger
- 2 Lemons
- 6 Cupfuls of sugar

Select hard green pears, peel and core and slice very thinly, add the sugar and let stand for several hours. Cut the ginger into small pieces and mix with the juice and grated rind of the lemons. After several hours, place the pear and sugar mixture over a slow fire; add the ginger and lemon and simmer until the pear slices are transparent and the mixture very thick. Place in sterilized glasses, keeping the slices unbroken, and seal with hot paraffin.



## A Garden in Egg-shells

An idea for the school room

by LILA M. KERR

*In the heart of a seed,  
Buried deep, so deep.  
A dear little plant  
Lay fast asleep.*

**H**AVE you ever seen a garden in an egg-shell?

Yes, actually that! Even gardens, it seems, can conform to the present-day urge for conservation of space!

Egg-shell gardens offer ideal opportunities for the first-hand observation of just what does go on in the heart of a seed. Ours began when I sought for some means of illustrating to my school children the charming little poem of which the opening lines are a part.

We discovered that the egg-shell cradles for our seeds could be cut into fancy shapes with scissors if this was done while the shells were still moist after having been opened. The sides of the shells were cut low enough to allow plenty of sun to get at the seeds while curves or scallops around the edge added to the appearance of the shells.

A corrugated cardboard holder, such as is used to hold a dozen eggs, makes a splendid garden. Some sand may be placed in the bottom of each compartment to ensure the shell being held firmly in place, but it is not necessary. This holder, too, allows one to carry the garden from one place to another so that it may enjoy a maximum of sunshine.

The next step is to prepare the bed for the seeds.

Place a small piece of absorbent cotton in each shell, then moisten this with just enough lukewarm water to cover it, but not so much that the cotton is submerged or floating.

Now the bed is all ready for the seeds. To begin with, we chose beans, peas, wheat and carrot seed because these develop rapidly and offer a splendid opportunity to observe and study the various steps in their growth. If your garden is for a child these seeds are suitable because they are known to almost

everyone and so may be said to have more background than seeds less well-known. But experienced gardeners may wish to use this means of discovering the relative fertility of various kinds of seeds, their time of development under given conditions, and so forth. For this purpose small lots of different sorts of soil may replace the cotton. And, also for the sake of experimentation, different amounts of water and kinds of fertilizers may be tried as one wishes.

Almost any school child by using the common seeds first mentioned may build up a most interesting project. Shut-in folks or invalids find themselves supplied with a new daily interest in watching the development of their gardens.

When the desired seeds have been placed in the egg-shell garden, all that remains is to water the garden a very little once or twice a day. It is best to water the seeds twice each day from a small pitcher, for too much water will cause the seeds to mold or rot just as too much rain affects the big, out-of-door gardens. And once the tiny plants have grown above the edge of the shell it is necessary to turn the whole garden about so that all the growth may not be in one direction—unless you wish to show a child, that plants-like humans grow best toward the sun.

We have had beans and peas over a foot high in our egg-shell gardens and we have learned a great deal about the little plants which sleep in the heart of the seed. And though we have not yet seriously menaced the business of the local fruit and vegetable dealer, or caused a boom in the egg-shell industry, we have caught our friends—experienced gardeners, too—casting admiring, calculating glances at our small garden. And we know perfectly well that they bought at least one dozen eggs on the way home and had omelet for breakfast, just so they could go and do likewise!



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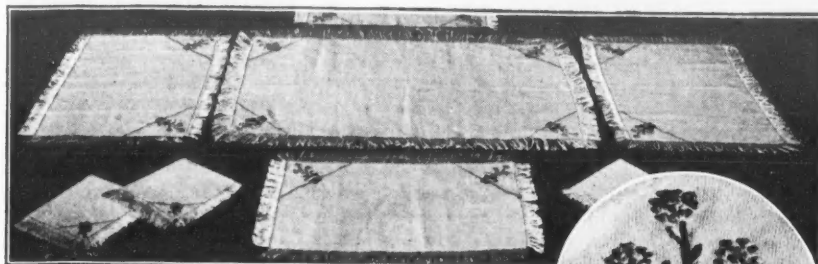
**THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING  
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A-9

# DEPARTMENT

Conducted by Marie Le Cerf



This fringed linen luncheon set, with its quaint little motif may be chosen in the mat style as shown, or in the regulation square style with four napkins.

Irish linen, and will make a beautiful addition to any linen cupboard.

The cloth is 36 inches square... \$1.50

Cream or colored cotton to work .40

In addition to the luncheon cloth there are many other pieces you may order, including:

Runner to match, 18 x 43 ins. .85

Cotton to work .30

27 in. round centre .75

Cotton to work .30

Three-piece buffet set .50

Cotton to work .30

Tea cosy .50

Cosy form .55

Cotton to work .20

Pillow cases in same design, stamped

on finest quality linen finished

English circular cotton, 42 x 36

ins., per pair .1.35

Cotton to work .20

Towels, stamped on finest, pure

white linen huckaback, per pair .95

Cotton to work .20

Three-piece vanity set, stamped

on finest pure white Irish linen .45

Cotton to work .20

Note: Please be sure to state color of cotton desired for working.

## The Smart Wool Purse

Nothing gayer for autumn suits and coats than one of these vividly worked purses to add a brilliant dash of color to your costume. They are quickly and easily worked on squared canvas, and I know you will like them.

No. 23. Canvas, lining, fasteners, and complete instructions. Size when finished about 7½ x 5 ins. .95

No. 24. Complete as above, with wools in two tones of any color desired .95

## A Fringed Luncheon Set

So many autumn entertainments in the home can be made more pleasurable if the hostess can bring color and life to her table. Here is one of the new linen luncheon sets,

with fringed edges, to be embroidered in rich colors, that will delight everyone who has completed it. You may choose it either in mat style, as shown in the photograph, or in the regular 36-inch square cloth with four napkins.

No. 20. Mat luncheon set, four place mats 12 x 18 ins., one centre piece 18 x 27 ins., and four serviettes, stamped on white, oatmeal, green or yellow Irish linen .1.50

Stamped on cream or white English art cotton .1.10

No. 20a. Thirty-six inch cloth and four serviettes in same design, stamped on white, oatmeal, green or yellow Irish linen .1.35

Stamped on cream or white English art cotton .95

Colored cottons for working... .30

## A Basque Beret and Scarf

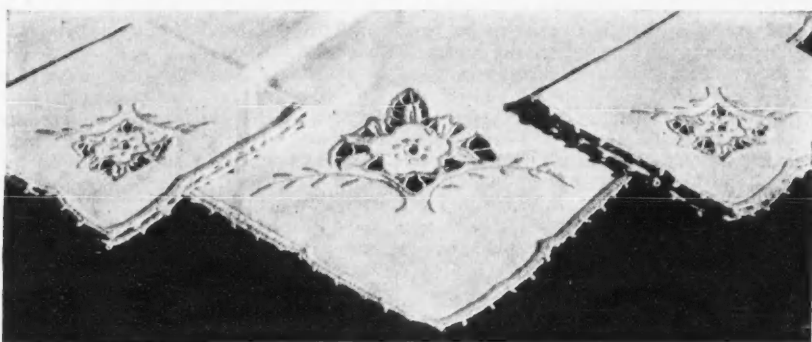
Nothing could be more swagger for sports or casual wear than this smart beret and scarf set which matches the felt purse shown in the July issue. They can be secured in either black or beige soft pliable felt, and the charming fleur de lis design is stamped for embroidering in lovely shades of yellow, gold, orange and green.

No. 16. Beret, complete with instructions for making and wools for embroidering .95

No. 17. Scarf to match, with wools for working .1.25

No. C15. Fleur de lis purse shown in July, complete with wools and instructions .85

When ordering, please remit by postal note or money order. If you prefer to send a cheque it is necessary to add fifteen cents to cover exchange charged by bank. All prices include postage. Order handicrafts from: Miss Marie Le Cerf, The Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



Cut-work is one of the most popular forms of handicraft for the clever needlewoman. This design is obtainable on all types of table and bed linen.



## A BED-SIDE STORY

Once there stood beside the bed an old "guesser" clock that always woke its master at the wrong time. One fine day he brought home a handsome Big Ben. Jealous and ashamed, the "guesser" slunk away to hide in the rubbish barrel... so its master lived happily ever after to the honest timekeeping of Big Ben.

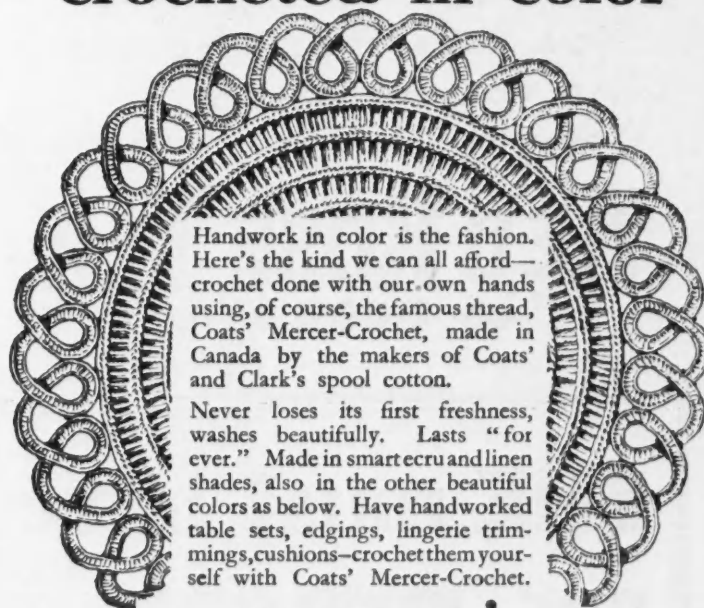
**\$4.50** Big Ben carries a Two-Year Guarantee and comes in bright or satin finish nickel, and in lovely colors, \$4.50. (Luminous Dial, \$1.25 more) Made in Canada by Western Clock Company, Limited, Peterboro, Ontario.



## BIG BEN

Waltham . . . Alarms—Pocket Ben Watches—Auto Clocks (Made in Canada)

## Loveliest Table Sets are crocheted in color



Handwork in color is the fashion. Here's the kind we can all afford—crochet done with our own hands using, of course, the famous thread, Coats' Mercer-Crochet, made in Canada by the makers of Coats' and Clark's spool cotton.

Never loses its first freshness, washes beautifully. Lasts "for ever." Made in smart ecru and linen shades, also in the other beautiful colors as below. Have handworked table sets, edgings, lingerie trimmings, cushions—crochet them yourself with Coats' Mercer-Crochet.

## COATS' MERCER-CROCHET

In colors: Ecru, linen, dark linen, yellow, lavender, royal blue, blue, pale blue, pink, pale pink, beauty pink, rose, black and white.

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# The ? in Marriage

**need Dishwashing  
make her Hands  
UGLY?**

Even on her wedding day she wonders . . .

"Will dishwashing steal away charm . . . leave my smooth young hands workworn?"

Recently nearly 2,000 young BRIDES in 11 large cities told us how they plan to meet this vexing problem. 95 out of every 100 agreed!

"Yes, we're going to wash dishes," these charmingly vivid girls said. "But we'll never have 'dishpan hands' . . . we needn't, with Lux in the house."

"We know just how splendid Lux is for the hands because we've al-

ways washed our fine things in Lux. Noticed how softly white our hands looked afterward. We're trusting Lux to keep our hands lovely in spite of dishwashing, too!"

## Beauty Experts

Experts in 305 famous beauty shops say: "Lux in the dishpan keeps your hands as beautifully cared for as those of the woman with maids."

Yet this tender care for your hands costs so little! LESS than 1c. a day!



**LUX FOR DISHES . . .** *Lovely Hands for less than 1¢ a day*

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

## The HANDICRAFT

Our own studio presents an interesting group of handicrafts for personal needs, Christmas gifts and bazaars



A swagger beret and scarf in art felt, to be embroidered in vivid tones.

HERE'S September again, with the tang of burning leaves in the air—bazaars just around the corner, and Christmas coming swiftly afterward. Here are long evenings too, when it's a pleasure to settle under the living room lamp with needle and thread.

The new Chatelaine Handicraft Department is planning dozens of clever ideas for the coming months—plans in which you can take a definite part by suggesting handicrafts in which you are particularly interested.

The Art Needlework designs with which this department will supply you are of the very best quality, and our silks and cottons are guaranteed boil-proof. If ever you have any difficulty in working any piece you have ordered, or if ever you would like any personal advice regarding the color schemes for your own particular home, drop me a line, and I'll be delighted to help you.

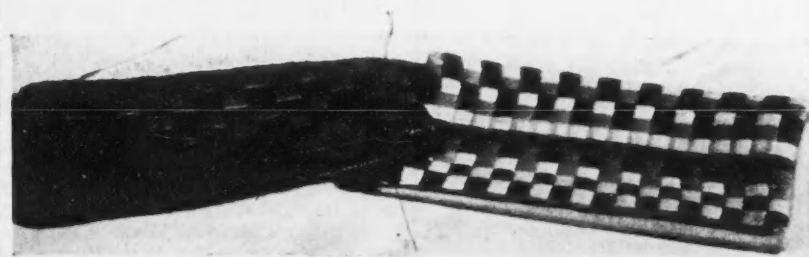
## A Christmas Gift Free

To introduce this new department, we are going to send, with our compliments, a charmingly stamped tray cloth to every regular reader of *The Chatelaine* who orders at least one article a month from this department during September, October, November and December—the gift to accompany your December order.

## Cut-work Designs for Table and Bedroom Linen

There is nothing quite so exquisite for fine linens as the decorative cut-work designs, which can be worked in so many gifts and home pieces. The photograph shows a popular motif which I have prepared, and which you can order in a complete range of linens for the home.

The luncheon cloth photographed, with four napkins, is stamped on heavy cream.



Visualize these easily worked purses in bright Roman colors, or two variations of any chosen color.

## The Hollywood Menace

Continued from page 11

back to that significant phrase of Mr. White's "in a position to dictate to the exchanges in regard to the purchase, selection and booking of pictures," and the answer is very clear.

The moving picture business in Canada is almost completely controlled in the United States, producers, distributors and theatres being all chained in one long coil so that exhibitors are about as free to book what films they choose as reformers are to alter or amend production in Hollywood.

But what about the independent managers you may well ask? Well, the White report shows that what few of these struggling gentlemen there are, find it hard enough to get what pictures they want at all, to get them continuously, and seldom or never when they are wanted, owing to another little system fathered on the business by the producers and distributors and which is known as "protection." Mr. White finds that "films are found to be withheld from independent theatres by contracts and arrangements" allowing Famous Players houses to have not only first choice and first run but "protection" for sixty to 120 days thereafter, in this manner making it impossible for the independents to get popular pictures within a reasonable time. The commissioner heavily scores this system by pointing out that such protection is extended far beyond a justifiable period, that it definitely discriminates against the independents, and that it is detrimental to the public interest by preventing large sections of people from seeing pictures while fairly new. It costs more to see them at "first run" houses, and it has given Famous Players and its affiliations an undue advantage over its competitors and over the public generally in Canada. It is shown, too, that, in addition to their difficulties about films, the independents have to contend with threats from the alleged combine of building theatres in opposition, with the building of such theatres, with intimidations regarding withholding of pictures, and with the acquisition of theatres kept closed in certain localities but which can be opened the moment an independent house gets into action.

BUT perhaps in so far as women in the clubs are concerned, that portion of the report dealing with what is called the "Cooper Organization" and its activities in Canada is most significant, as none of the great clubs of women have been free from the long arms reached from this subsidiary of Hollywood to influence their thinking and their agitations.

The Commission finds that "The evidence

clearly discloses that the Cooper Organization is a mere offshoot of a corresponding organization in the United States presided over by Will Hays and referred to as the Hays Organization; the policies being dictated by, the budgets subject to the approval of, and the activities generally subject to the control and direction of the Hays Organization. The minutes are submitted to New York and also the Films Boards of Trade and the New York office is consulted, not only on important matters such as censorship in Canada and amusement tax, but also in matters which might almost be called routine."

Mr. White also points to the fact that in its publicity work "the Cooper Organization has engaged in a propaganda with various social organizations, particularly women's organizations, with the thought of creating what appears to me to be a false idea of this combination of producers, distributors and Famous Players." He links the Cooper Organization with certain lobbying activities in British Columbia against the proposed British film quota Bill in that province, where literature from this source was circulated alleging that British films were inferior generally to American.

In this connection, the commissioner makes a remark which will be echoed by many who are deeply interested in seeing an extension of the best British films made available in Canada when he says that "If the Cooper Organization really desired to promote the showing of British films it is difficult to see why this literature should have been circulated."

The report is not very optimistic regarding the possibilities of an increase in British films, and makes it quite clear that almost all the British films we do get are fed reluctantly through American distributors who are far from likely to push either their advertising or sale when these may interfere with their own products from United States studios. The only hope in this direction lies in the possibility of British producers dealing with the Canadian exhibitors directly, but even here, and with all that propaganda might do in its favor, the movement would be doomed to failure so long as the present alleged "combine within the meaning of the Combines Investigation Act" retains its stranglehold through present practices in connection with the leasing of films and the operation of the Standard Exhibition Contract, including the compulsory arbitration clauses.

Much evidence during the probe was adduced and is summarized in the report showing the cast-iron nature of the contracts with the "chained" or other theatres and the one-sided character of any arbitration when disputes arise. Rules are found to have been adopted by the distributors to suit only their own purposes, and the parties to the combine undertook "to enforce the awards of arbitration by harsh and unreasonable means, leaving the exhibitor against whom an award has been made at the mercy of the exchanges . . ." "I also find," continues the commissioner, "that under this (arbitration) clause the distributors and the Cooper Organization have contributed materially to the influence and strength of Famous Players in competition with the independent exhibitors and this actually to the public detriment."

Further sections of the report deal in some detail with technicalities touching stock control and transfers in the Canadian companies, all of which should be read and digested by those who desire to grasp intelligently the whole movie maze, but our purpose here has been merely to show from the White findings our almost entire lack of self-determination with regard to what shall and shall not be shown in our Canadian moving picture and vaudeville theatres.

NO, I am far from forgetting the censor boards. These governmental institutions—often so abused by the people who pride themselves on their broad-minded

## "BISSELL the carpets daily"

... that's the rule in the fine hotels

You'll find it a good rule to follow . . . and easier with this new improved Bissell—better in 3 ways:

1. The new Bissell gets more dirt! Brush forms perfect contact with any surface.
2. Sweeps linoleums as well as all rugs and carpets; usefulness doubled!
3. Easy, one-hand movement. No more hard bearing down on handle.

FROM the great hotels, where room-cleaning is made a science, comes this rule: "Bissell the carpets daily; vacuum at frequent intervals." Good advice for the home, as household editors will tell you. No matter what other cleaning equipment you own, you need a carpet sweeper, too.

Now, an amazing Bissell invention makes it doubly worth your while to use a sweeper. The new "Hi-Lo" (ball-bearing) Bissell has 3 big advantages. Read them above.

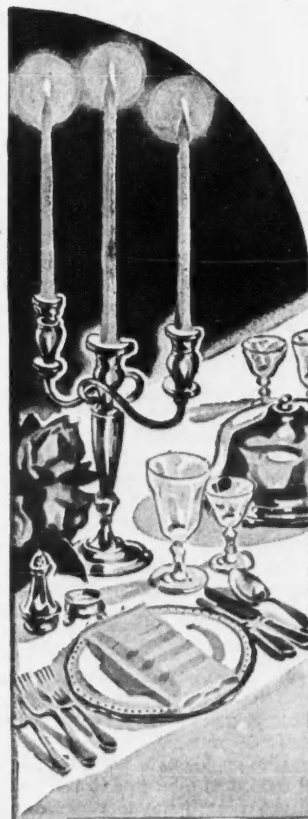
Women by thousands are replacing their old, half-worn-out sweepers with the new "Hi-Lo" Bissell. Why don't you? See the "Hi-Lo" at any department, furniture or hardware store. Prices from \$5.75 up (only 25c higher in West). The Bissell Booklet tells all about the "Hi-Lo" improvement. Write for a copy to Bissell Carpet Sweeper Company of Canada, Limited, Factory: Niagara Falls, Ontario.

The **BISSELL**  
SWEEPER  
with "HI-LO" Brush Control

## Brings back the LUSTRE



to flat silver, antiques, toilet articles and sterling ornaments . . . quickly and economically, with a minimum of rubbing . . . just a few drops of Silvo on a soft cloth removes the tarnish, stain and film.



# Silvo

RECKITT'S (Oversea) LIMITED  
MONTREAL - TORONTO  
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### What are the NEW FASHIONS Saying?

Everyone is agog over the new tricks Dame Fashion has up her sleeve for fall and winter chic . . .

#### MARY WYNDHAM

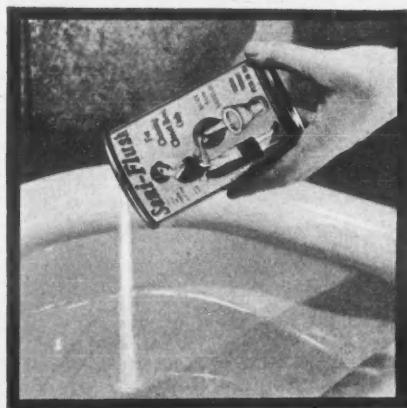
The Chatelaine's special correspondent in Paris is making personal tours of the great French houses to obtain exclusive information and photographs for you.

#### THE PARIS LETTER from Mary Wyndham

will bring you authoritative new fashion news from a Canadian woman who has lived in Paris for many years.

In the October Issue.





## A job NOBODY WANTS

— is cleaning toilet bowls the old-fashioned way — by scrubbing. But you needn't do it! There's an easier, quicker, safer method.

Sprinkle a little Sani-Flush, an antiseptic, cleansing powder, into the bowl, follow the directions on the can, flush, and watch the bowl become snow-white. All odors are eliminated, all germs killed. Even the hidden trap, which no brush can reach, is purified and cleansed. And Sani-Flush cannot injure plumbing.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush — cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)

**Sani-Flush**  
CLEANS CLOSET BOWLS  
WITHOUT SCOURING

## CORNS



### Pain Ends Instantly

Put one on and in one minute the pain is gone! That's how quickly Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads end pain from corns and sore toes. The secret of this magic relief is the soothing and healing medication Zino-pads contain. Their cushioning, corrective feature removes the cause — friction and pressure of shoes. Try them!

#### 100% SAFE!

Zino-pads are safe, sure. Using harsh liquids or plasters often causes acid burn. Cutting your corns or callouses invites blood poisoning. Zino-pads are small, thin, dainty. Made in special sizes for Corns, Corns between toes, Callouses and Bunions. Sold everywhere — 35c box.



**Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads**  
Put one on — the pain is gone!

## THE HOME BUREAU

Conducted by ANNE ELIZABETH WILSON

CAN you help me with my dining room problem? I am enclosing a rough sketch of the room. Since I have a family of four girls, I must have everything substantial but attractive. I have practically no money to spend on it except perhaps for side drapes and cushions and leather to reupholster the furniture. The davenport is in fumed oak and I have an armchair and two dining chairs to match. The settee and rocking chair are in green velvet, very shabby. The other chairs, writing desk and sideboard are in golden oak. The writing desk was sandpapered and given a coat of varnish last year, which makes it look almost like the fumed oak davenport. Do you think I could do the same with the rocking chair and settee and upholster them in leather too? The room is covered with an all-over linoleum. The curtains are just madras and I have no side drapes as I have never felt I could afford them.

IT SEEMS to me that you ought to be able to make this a sweet homey room, working on it by degrees, and trying to get the furniture more or less a unit of color at least, sandpapering and staining the light pieces as you did the desk.

I wouldn't reupholster in leather if I were you, but cover the smaller pieces in a green rep exactly the shade of that in the linoleum, and get overdrapes in the same inexpensive material in a sort of mahogany or maroon, like that in the lino also. You'll see the combination in the little medallion. Cover the sofa with the dark maroon too, and have cushions of green. Perhaps a reddish brown is a better description of the color, but it must have the life of some red in it; plain brown would be hopeless.

Did you ever hook rugs? The patterns printed on heavy crash can be bought very inexpensively, and you could work in a background of the dark maroon with pattern in the green and gold buff of the lino. Placed at strategic points in the room, not diagonally, but always flush with the walls, they will warm up the effect considerably.

Have a cover made for the top of the radiator stained like the furniture (any carpenter will do it cheaply and you can stain it yourself), and paint flower pots green for it. Fill it with flowering plants, not the sad leafy things that many window-nurseries boast, and it will add considerably to the cheer and brightness of the room. Ivy trained on two sticks, if it is flourishing, is attractive, even though it is all leaves! I take back that about everything that is "all leaves."

#### A Kitchen-Living Room

I USE my kitchen for kitchen and living room. My cabinet is in the pantry off the kitchen. Stove, table and chairs are all that are in the kitchen. I enclose a pattern of the wall paper. The lower part of the walls are painted cream. What would you suggest for drapes? The floor covering is old linoleum, and I was going to paint it a mottled effect. What colors would you suggest for that?

I BELIEVE that you would be well advised to get something fairly airy for your curtains, considering the solid and extremely conventional, though striking, paper you have for the kitchen. My advice would be not drapes, but sash curtains of cream voile or marquisette, with a coin dot about the size of a large nickel, in the pumpkin color of the paper background. If I were in your place, I should paint the old linoleum glossy black, varnish or lacquer and wax it. Leave a narrow border about the edge to paint pumpkin, and crochet some little oval rag rugs in yellow and black, or pumpkin and black, to scatter over it.

#### Rearranging Living Room Furniture

I AM enclosing a plan of our living room and how my furniture is arranged. As it is, the effect is very stiff, and I am wanting it to look more comfortable.

AS THERE was no signature or address or return envelope in connection with your enquiry, I cannot send you a personal reply. The only suggestion I can make concerning the furniture rearrangement of your room is that you place the davenport before the double window, and one big chair and the gateleg table in the corner where the davenport is now. It was rather difficult to make sure from your sketch and letter, exactly the nature of the chair drawn in, but I presume there is one "comfortable" one which could form a pleasant grouping with the table.

#### A Man's Bedroom

MY BROTHER wishes to refurnish his bedroom almost entirely, retaining only a mahogany stained chiffonier. The wall paper is in a rather large floral design, with mauve, blue and red predominating on a fawn background. I am sending you a rough sketch of the room.

FOR the bedspread and curtains, write a company, the name of which I am sending you, for a woven material which they are showing for these purposes. The color, or predominating color I should suggest, is blue. The material has a striped effect and a meshy appearance that is very effective for a man's room. Also ask them for samples of cushion material to go with this in fawn, blue, mauve and red.

For the bed, a day-bed type in mahogany would be the most suitable, I think. For the rug, a plain blue broadloom or any type of one-tone blue rug. In the corner by one window I suggest a leather or overstuffed chair in plain rep of lacquer red. A sketch is added showing arrangement.

#### A Boy's Room

I HOPE you can help me fix my boy's room. It is six feet, eleven inches long by twelve feet, three inches wide, one window facing southwest. The floor has a linoleum rug, blue background with bits of red and black in it, leaving a space at each end of two feet showing linoleum in imitation hardwood. As the room is so small I thought that it would be best if I painted the whole floor in blue, sample of which I enclose. Do you think it is too pale? I have a pretty hooked rug in blue with tan border and one braided rag rug in shades of blue, yellow and red. I want to paper the walls a pale yellow with ceiling cream and wood-work pale yellow. I have an ivory chest of drawers which I intend to change to walnut when possible, a walnut four-poster, Windsor armchair in walnut finish, and toy stand which is a deep cream trimmed on the edges with Chinese red.

I have a quilted spread for the bed in blue, white and a little red. Do you think a cretonne with a blue ground with touches of yellow and red pretty for the window drapes and seat for the chair, also bureau cover? What color would you suggest for the tie-back curtains.

I BELIEVE it would be better to have the floor a darker color, considering the untidiness of most little feet. Your bright rugs will lighten the room sufficiently. It would really be best, I think, to choose a dark sepia, almost a black.

By tie-back curtains, I presume you mean the glass curtains. A pale yellow voile would be good, I think. Then you can blend in the yellows and blues in the chintz. As for the drapes at the door, I should consider the living room entirely in this, but I believe I would contrast them with the light wall rather than try to make them part of it. Whatever predominating dark color you are using in the living room would be suitable, and you could face them on the other side with the chintz of the little room if you liked. Hang drapes on the living room side.

Don't get too much chintz in the little room. I should cover the chair seat and have the bureau covers in a solid color, possibly a blue out of the chintz in mercerized poplin.

*"What lovely tea!"*

*You hear that wherever Red Rose is served. Why not serve it yourself?*

**RED ROSE TEA**  
"is GOOD tea" 246

**SHE must have  
Mr BOVRIL**

When "she" has  
that sinking feeling.  
Bovril is a fine pick-me-up.  
The strength of Beef.

## Efficiency vs. Sentiment

Continued from page 19

work is to help people to help themselves and to keep the home together. Here "the social worker" sneers at advice. Advice may give an opportunity for education, may make a financial adjustment, or bring a family together again. It may be in the form of legal advice or the result of investigations made for out-of-town agencies, or in referring people to the particular institution to meet their needs. It often arranges boarding house placements for needy children; helps one in finding a permanent position; makes church contacts, and so on. It is not always food and money that are needed. Sometimes people feel greatly relieved even to talk over their troubles. Doctors do not always prescribe medicine. If advice has no background of experience, knowledge or sympathy, it is, of course, sadly lacking. The "social worker" says "clear headed sympathy and good judgment, coupled with unlimited patience will do more than a dozen university courses." I beg to differ. The most gifted social worker is "green" at the beginning and cannot be expected to know the organizations of a big city, or, for that matter, of different ethics. Why not impart that knowledge and something more?

To his characteristics needed by a social worker I would like to add several others. I should stress good judgment almost to the point of mind reading, if it were possible, and the sense of humor that nearly always goes with true valuations. I should also add to sympathy, tolerance and common sense, and to kindness a touch of the impersonal. A university course often dampens the ego and makes one not so personal.

THE courses at McGill and Toronto Universities are very much alike, varying a little from year to year. Neither follow the English or American method throughout, but combine them to some extent—the English being more in favor of a background of economics, which shows the social trend of the times, while the Americans prefer their students to have had a good general education before they enter their more technical course.

Graduates of both McGill and Toronto Universities are sent to positions from coast to coast. Such organizations as the Halifax Welfare Bureau, the Ottawa Welfare Bureau, the Winnipeg Social Welfare Commission, the Calgary Board of Public Health, the Vancouver Central Welfare Bureau and the Victoria Social Service League are all members of "The Family Welfare Association of America," and they, along with many other societies, prefer the trained student, as "the welfare worker" has noted.

The type of student entering is usually practical, common-sensed and rather sensitive. The classes are more uniform now than in years past and also better educated. It is a matter of great regret that so few graduates can be given paid positions, for out of a class of fifty or more only a small percentage can be chosen and any student must understand that at the beginning.

Whether the knowledge is put into active service or not, it is of value to any intelligent person in daily life. The "social service worker" says sarcastically, "So does the University course do the work of many years in one," and there he is unknowingly right.

The Social Service course of two years, as given by the University of Toronto, includes the following subjects.

### First Year

1. Introductory course; history and principles
2. Social evolution
3. Economic basis of social life
4. Psychology
5. Principles of case work
- 5a. Case work studies
6. Principles of group work
7. Child welfare
- 7a. Child guidance

### Second Year

8. Community organization
9. Industry and human welfare
10. Philosophy of social work
11. Social psychology
12. Psychiatry
13. Social work administration
14. Child welfare
- 14a. Child welfare problems
15. Hygiene and public health
16. Case work analysis (Field work seminar).
17. Court procedure
18. Social legislature.

Perhaps the social worker's quarrel is really with youth rather than with learning. Yet we cannot do without the young things to carry on, and surely we do not want to try even if some of them use big new words and are a little heady for a time. Walking the streets for others, in blistering heat, in rain and in cold will weather them a bit.

THE best education and training in any profession provide the start. And it is a running start sometimes; the leavening follows. Even after organizations have chosen as wisely as possible from the number of applicants, the whole job is still incomplete. There must be some record kept of the work in order that it may develop. What a muddle we should be in if we trusted to memory or the permanence of the workers.

Therefore the forms must certainly be filled out. They may be used at certain times to get legislation, as in the case of the Mother's Allowance and Old Age Pensions. Surveys of work may be required by the board of directors concerned, or for obtaining the appropriation from the Federated Charities. Applications are needed for Christmas Cheer, for Summer Camps, for the Poppy Fund, and others. Where a free patient goes into the hospital at the city's or community's expense, there must be a card filled out—or what alternative? When the Mothers' Allowance gives help there must be a record kept of the person and money—or shouldn't there? Where the Neighborhood Workers issue a card for groceries for the Browns, they must file it also at a Social Service Index, which is a clearing office, so that the Browns cannot get unlimited groceries which would carelessly leave the Jones and Smiths to starve.

Different societies' workers have told me that they do not feel the people getting help object to this red tape, if they are honest. The baser sort see that they can't put it over the agency and respect them for it or are very, very angry about it.

Many times have I been asked for Santa Claus funds by women whose children were over age, and they knew it. They also knew they were taking that food and enjoyment from small needy children. Sadly enough, there is never an abundance. I have also been asked for coal, where there was sufficient and a husband and son working, while the next door neighbor had none. Anyone can understand that it would be easier to fill out an order blank for the desired commodities than to take the trouble to file cards to prevent fraud and duplication.

SOCIAL SERVICE should be an organized help to the community, not a sentimental, casual charity that would depend on the experience and mood of the worker. Enough chances have to be taken on the human side of the job. Yet it has not been my misfortune to know people who go about twittering big words in order to show their erudition, as the social worker implies. Nevertheless, I am sure that they may be found in any profession—nurses, doctors, lawyers and teachers—and what is worse than a school teacher gone rather sour and highbrow?

All the disagreeable people don't take to social service. In fact, they ought, like doctors and ministers, to be the most kindly and understanding people in the world; else



ALL over the world you will find Singer Sewing Machines. In every city in the world there is a Singer Service Shop. And in several countries of the world, Singer factories. There is one in Great Britain and another in Germany. There are four in the United States. And there is one in Canada.

For Singer is more than a kind of sewing machine. It is a great international institution and its true prosperity is bound up with the prosperity of the peoples it serves.

Hence Singer makes not only the best sewing machines that 80 years of experience can produce—it makes them in Canada for Canadian homes. Northward from Thorso in the province of Quebec stretches a giant tract of 648,000 acres of timberland. Here 600 Canadian workmen cut and saw and load for transport the lumber that makes fine cabinets for Singer machines. At St. Johns, P.Q., the great Singer factory builds thousands of machines annually, using Canadian iron and steel, Canadian fuel and supplies. In these manufacturing operations alone, 1300 Canadian workmen are employed. Here, too, many machines are built for export—a substantial contribution to Canada's growing overseas trade.

Scattered wide across the Dominion in 63 cities and towns are the shops through which these machines are sold and through which a satisfying service is rendered to the homes where they are used. In this organization of distribution and service, another 1100 Canadian men and women are employed.

When you buy a Singer, therefore, you not only bring into your home a sewing machine that will be "one of the family" for years to come; you have the satisfaction of knowing that your Singer is a Canadian product and that back of it is a great Canadian factory and a Dominion-wide organization serving Canadian homes.

D-126

## SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

Montreal, Que., 700 St. Catherine St., W. Winnipeg, Man., 424 Portage Ave.  
Toronto, Ont., 252 Yonge St. Vancouver, B.C., 869 Granville St.

Factory: St. Johns, P.Q.



## Sew with SILK...

and you will find new  
satisfaction in its use



Ideal for all hand or machine sewing on materials having a high lustre. Especially suitable for silks, satins and velvets.

Use the sewing silk with the boilfast colors—J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk. Made here in Canada by the makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton.

Pure silk, delightfully smooth to work with. Will not snarl, fray or break. Obtainable in more than 100 shades, including all the fashionable colors.

### J. & P. Coats' SPOOL SILK

MADE IN CANADA

BY  
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,  
MONTREAL  
Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton

sophistication—are our only effectual check on the turgid flood of films flowing out from Hollywood to feed Big Business. They provide the one constructive piece of work yet accomplished by way of a community attempt to shape what might be not alone our most popular amusement but our most cleanly, joyous, artistic and cultural recreation. And let us note that the censor boards are the result of legislation.

For across the border where the dissatisfaction with the general character of the movies rises even higher than in Canada, all of the really intelligent efforts today being made to crib, cabin and confine the menacing power of the film magnates whose business now represents an investment of hundreds of millions and who boast that they serve on this continent daily some twenty millions of people, all these efforts are now being turned in the direction of federal control of the Hollywood output. In recent years both the Brookhart and the Hudson Bills have had government inspection, supervision and release at the point of production of the films as their objective. That they have been bitterly opposed and have not yet become law need surprise no one who understands the economic and political power of the movie lords. The author of the Hudson Bill was defeated in the last election in his Michigan constituency largely through their efforts, it is believed; and if ever these or similar enactments become law it will be only after there is aroused in the United States so formidable a body of public opinion that the Government will be forced to action.

In March of this year a notable resolution was introduced into the United States Senate by Senator Dill, asking for a select committee to investigate the Will Hays Bureau and the Motion Pictures Producers and Distributors of America, Inc.; their relations with welfare agencies, women's clubs, educational institutions, with bankers, brokers, censorship boards, government officials and with national and state organizations. Also to enquire into the explanation for the apparent immunity of the industry from prosecution by the Department of Justice, although in a number of test cases since 1922 the Supreme Court of the United States has found against ten of the largest motion-producing companies handling ninety-eight per cent of the American films that they have been guilty of violating the Sherman anti-trust laws, and also to uncover the relations of the moving

picture combination with the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice as well as the Copyright Protection Bureau operated by the "said parties" whose national and international activities are now seen to be so threatening.

It is believed that this Committee is at present sitting and that its report will be in the hands of the Senate within a reasonable period.

The lessons provided by the United States situation are obvious. A judgment that a certain business is a "combine in restraint of trade" is but the first step to real action. The White Report provides for us that step in Canada but it will not of itself clear up the movie situation. It will be recalled in the A. B. C. case that the Province of Ontario refused to prosecute until the validity of the Combines Investigation Act had been established. When the Privy Council held it valid the prosecutions proceeded. So we may hope that this precedent will be followed in not only Ontario, where some action is already being foreshadowed as this article is written, but in all provinces. But if this is to be the case women's organizations have a definite and an urgent duty very close at hand. When the clubs and societies re-convene this fall the White Report ought to be in their hands; it should be given the deepest attention, the widest discussion. Wherever it is possible Citizens' Committees such as the one which has already done such good work in Winnipeg ought to be formed to present to legislatures any indicated line of action deemed advisable and every effort ought to be made, through publicity gained by these or other methods to focus and form public opinion solidly behind provincial legislatures or censor boards or both, in order that constructive results may be obtained.

In Canada we cannot, unfortunately, hope to influence or control the United sources of the moving pictures or to change their character. But the women's clubs can do a very real service by studying the whole situation in its entirety, by getting firmly behind the enlightened movement across the border looking to government inspection, regulation and supervision of moving pictures at their source, and by refusing once and for all to deal with the disclosed agents of Hollywood in Canada except with the most open-eyed intelligence and with profound scepticism as to the possibility of any real co-operation with so gigantic and ruthless a commercial power.

## Paper Possibilities

Continued from page 22

and all have tightly fitting covers to prevent any spilling of the food. Small cartons make excellent containers for home-made fudge to be taken to the picnic or to be included among the supplies of the summer camp. When making the fudge, pour it directly into the carton; when cool, adjust the cover and the contents will keep well for a considerable time. Small packages make most acceptable gifts and may be sent with safety through the mail.

PAPER cups are suitable not only for serving beverages, but as containers for picnic foods, for jams, jellies or marmalades. If the cups are to hold hot mixtures, choose sturdy ones without a wax coating. A mousse or other similar mixture which does not require stirring, may be frozen in cups of suitable size; attractive small cakes may be made by baking in small fluted ones. The fluted variety in a range of colors are attractive also as containers for salted nuts or small candies.

Lace paper doilies add a dainty touch when serving a variety of dishes, and can now be purchased in delicate shades which assist in carrying out a chosen color scheme for the table decoration.

Paper table napkins are indispensable in the meal carried to school or to the picnic. For the school lunch put in three: one to

line the lunch box, one to serve as a table cover and the other for a serviette. Paper serviettes are also appropriate at porch meals in warm weather and because they save time and laundry bills, may be used for many home meals.

Sheets of plain white or manila paper are used to line drawers or shelves. Shelf paper with a decorative, perforated border is made for this purpose and is popular with the housekeeper who takes a pride in the appearance of her cupboards.

Many manufacturers of foods use paper for wrapping their products. Bread is protected this way; cakes and cookies are sold with a covering of transparent paper; nuts, candies, potato chips and many other foods are packaged in small paper bags. Fastidious buyers appreciate this protection. Careful housekeepers give to their food supply the same strict attention after delivery to their home. They are well repaid for the small cost of the necessary paper by less spoilage and the superior quality which results from proper care.

Further advantages in the use of paper products are reduced laundry bills, less dish-washing and longer life of the kitchen linen supply. The convenience and economy of paper in its various forms are apparent to any housekeeper who keeps a ready supply on hand.



## Lingerie Made Lovelier with PRISCILLA

Better than ribbon... easier to work with... exquisitely dainty, Priscilla Bias Fold Tapes, double or single fold, add loveliness and longer wear to lingerie. Obtainable in sheer Lawn, Silk and Rayon, in 30 chic shades and two-tone Lawn color combinations... guaranteed subfast.

Priscilla halves the labor of trimming and binding. Cut on a true bias, it cannot pucker no matter how irregular the pattern. Even amateur sewers can obtain a professional finish with Priscilla.

Costs Little... Sold Everywhere

SIX FREE FASHION CHARTS Illustrating new modes in making and trimming frocks, kiddie tog, fancy work, cushions, lingerie, aprons, household things, etc. Specify the particular charts you want. Write name and address plainly to Dept. B.

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### BROWNATONE

TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

## The Flower-Garden Quilt



THE GERANIUM

This design would make a cheery border for kitchen curtains as well as being a favorite among the quilt blocks. Flowers are red, a deep turkey red for the main part with the top row all around in a lighter crimson shade. Stems are light and leaves

darker green. These designs are exact size to transfer through carbon paper to a seven inch square of material and then embroider in the naturalistic colors of the flowers, using the simple, well-known stitches.



THE DELPHINIUM

Two shades of blue with green leaf are used to embroider this block. The buds and most of the centre spike are lighter blue, while the darker value is used for the large blossoms to the outside. A few of the bottom flowers might be a third darkest blue or purple. Centres are yellow.

Have you saved all your patterns? There

have been twenty flower blocks, a quilting design, and a picket fence border published, and there are five more to follow to complete the quilt. Reprints of the blocks published up to July are obtainable for ten cents by writing to Editorial Department, *The Chatelaine*, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

## SHE SPENT HER VACATION IN A PORCH-CHAIR BECAUSE SHE NEGLECTED

### "ATHLETE'S FOOT"



All summer she had counted on making her vacation one continual set of tennis. But now, when the men begged her to play, she had to refuse and watch them from the porch-chair.

In other words, she had a well-developed case of "Athlete's Foot." Between four toes the skin was cracked, red, raw and had begun to peel—just because she didn't know this infection might cause real trouble when neglected.

Only two short weeks ago there was just a tiny wet spot beneath one toe. At night it itched a little, the skin looked unpleasantly moist and dead. Not serious then, she passed these symptoms\* without a second thought.

#### Don't YOU take chances with this infection

If you want to enjoy your favorite sports, your week-end jaunts this summer, douse Absorbine Jr. on your feet at the slightest symptom\* of "Athlete's Foot," which is caused by a tiny parasite called *tinea trichophyton*.

It may attack you any time, any place, for the startling reason that it lurks *simply everywhere*—on the edges of swimming

pools, on beach walks, bathhouses, locker- and dressing-rooms—even on the tile floor of your spotless bathroom.

#### Use Absorbine Jr.; it kills the germ of "Athlete's Foot"

Strange to say this germ, *tinea trichophyton*, thrives on soap and water. You can't wash it away, once it is imbedded. But at the first sign of this stubborn infection, rub Absorbine Jr. well between your toes.

Laboratory tests have shown that it kills *tinea trichophyton* quickly when it can reach the parasite causing "Athlete's Foot." Clinical tests have also demonstrated its effectiveness.

#### Look at your feet tonight

You may have the first symptoms\* of "Athlete's Foot" without knowing it until you examine the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign\* douse on Absorbine Jr. Then keep dousing it on, because "Athlete's Foot" is a persistent infection and can keep coming back time after time.

You can get Absorbine Jr. at drug stores, \$1.25 a bottle. Take it on every outing—use it freely.

For a free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Building, Montreal.

#### \*WATCH FOR THESE DISTRESS SIGNALS THAT WARN OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Though "Athlete's Foot" is caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—its early stages manifest themselves in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, sometimes by skin-cracks, often by tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or it may develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment! If the case appears aggravated and does not readily yield to Absorbine Jr., consult your doctor without delay.

## ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions







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Have him write for full particulars to

### YOUNG CANADA BOOSTERS' CLUB

143 University Avenue  
Toronto, Ont.

why are they drawn to the poor and unfortunate? They get little enough out of it in prestige and salary. Indeed, the latter is very meagre. In one association, the aggregate salaries divided by the number of cases for the year worked out to twelve dollars a case. What better would the families ultimately be if they were just given the money? I hope the time will come when social workers are paid well, so that they, in turn, will not have to worry about their own old age. If the members of any profession earn their money as a body, they do; and trained workers get from \$1,200 to \$1,400 a year—which is a good deal less than High School teachers who often have no more training and less experience.

**SOCIAL WORKER** also becomes quite emotional over the figures he produces about crime and immorality, although he previously told us that people "have been partially blinded by the statistics that have been thrown at them." He himself does not put the case fairly when he blandly overlooks the present economic conditions. Our world has never found itself in just this predicament before—the great war and the aftermath of readjustment, economic upheavals and general depression. The trained worker has no monopoly of knowledge, and the depression is so world-wide that expert economists cannot cure it.

Never touching on these economic conditions, the writer last month went on in his article to bewail the increase of theft, immorality and illegitimate children. To work with abnormal people for a time is to wish for more filling out of cards and more organization of those affected, so that we might demand some of our laws be changed. We have to pay for and suffer with poor derelicts, then why should we allow such women to keep on propagating even to five and six times?

Having come into contact with a number of women who were periodically let in and out of our Provincial Hospitals—meaning asylums—practically every time with another child, I feel very critical about the laws concerning such cases. Many doctors connected with the work feel more than critical.

Certainly economics enters into the problem of unmarried mothers. Girls do not get the steady work and wages they did before the slump. Many factories are on half time, while others are completely shut down. A large number of people who kept maids are unable to do so now. Work is exceedingly scarce for young women.

The increased activities of the Children's Aid Societies may be attributed to some of the same economic causes. After all, no one can expect a few trained Social Service workers, or any other kind, to cause or stay the tide of depression or to raise the whole moral tone of a country.

Not content with his misrepresentation of these facts the "social worker" tries to prove that if we are not responsible for economic conditions then we are inhuman in our desire

to break up family life. One cannot imagine any reasonable, fair person making the following ridiculous statement regarding social workers. He says, "And if she thinks it necessary, she can separate your children from you without the slightest worry on her part." It would be well for him to take some lectures on the work, if that is a sincere opinion. To begin with, such a step must depend on whether the law thinks it necessary, so that the statement would appear to be deliberately misleading. As the age of entrance is from twenty-one to thirty-five for the Department of Social Service, I do not know any twenty-year old trained workers who are in a position to break up a home. Whether the welfare worker does have a case in mind need not concern us, for no one person can make such drastic changes alone.

In Toronto, for instance, there has to be present a representative from the Department of Public Welfare, who is willing to have the child made a ward of the city until the age of sixteen. There also must be an officer of the Children's Aid Society, who lays the action before the court with witnesses such as neighbors, doctor or school principal. The parent, or parents, are present and may have a lawyer. Often a Big Brother or Big Sister is called in from the Association of the same name, or a worker from some other agency who has been looking after the child or children, as may be. Lastly, and most important, there is the Juvenile Court Judge who hears the case. The evidence usually has to be terrible indeed to convince him. Under the law, children may not be removed from their parents except under causes set forth under the Children's Protection Act.

**AFTER** fifteen years' practical experience," he says, "it would be impossible for me to secure a position with any recognized social agency in competition with the steam-shovel output" (meaning the University classes). "I am too old-fashioned," he concludes. Is that what he is? Or is he too unadaptable? One may have an open mind and be willing to try new methods at any age.

But when he concludes by telling us "that he sits back in his chair and dreams," one cannot doubt him if his article is to be taken as an example. He sees an Utopia being set up. He sees "common sense instead of fads," though he does not say whether all this will light down upon us like manna, or whether we will gradually evolve to better conditions through cultivating and developing our intelligence. The best thinkers of our time might even be able to alter some of our views, including those of the social worker, if we would only be willing to learn. It is known for a certainty, however, that poverty of the grinding sort would decrease greatly if we but used our knowledge and our resources. Records show how squalor and disease are decreasing, and even allowing temporary setbacks, our scientists and economists may lead us to the day when the social worker will no longer be needed.



## STYLE

has been the predominating thing with women down through countless ages ever since Mother Eve started her fig leaf fashion thousands of years ago.

Style! From the bustles and hoop skirts of long ago, to the veils and muffs of not so long ago, then the long dress for a time, the short skirt for a time, and now to the long clinging styles of modern 1931. There has been one outstanding item in the minds of women since time began — style! To keep up with the styles of today is an expensive proposition, but the modern girl must be properly frocked for every occasion!

## No need to worry about expense!

Do as hundreds of other girls are doing—join our Chatelaine Club for Girls today! You will be surprised at the fine income you can earn by pleasant, dignified, part time work introducing Canada's National Magazine for Women, The Chatelaine, to your friends.

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## For a Small Daughter

Continued from page 50

sts on each needle, then change to No. 8 needles.

24th row: (K12, ov) twice on each needle.

25th row: Purl.

26th row: (K 13, ov) twice on each needle.

27th row: Purl.

This makes 2 ridges of chantilly.

28th row: With parchment yarn (k 14, ov) twice on each needle.

29th row: Purl. Continue in this way till there are 4 ridges (8 rows) of parchment. Break off, and make 2 more ridges with chantilly which is used for remainder of cap.

Then k 8 rows plain stocking st, widening as before on every other row. Then p 1 row, and k 1 row, widening on knitted

row till there are 50 sts on each needle. Then ov, k 2 tog, k 23 twice on each needle, drawing thread tight when beginning a new needle to prevent hole being too loose. Purl the next row. Continue in this way till there are 8 ridges. Then narrow in this way: [(K 2 tog, k 10) twice, k 3, ov] twice on each needle. P next row. Next row [(k 2 tog, k 9) twice, k 3, ov] twice on each needle. Purl next row. Narrow in this way 5 times, when there will be 30 sts on each needle. Purl 1 row, k 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row, and bind off on purling row. For tab at top with a crochet hook ch 12 sts, turn and work a row of d c along chain. Fasten off and sew to centre of cap.

# THE PANTRY SHELF

## Paté De Foie Sandwich

as recommended  
by The Chatelaine Institute

Remove the crusts from thin slices of white bread. Spread thinly with butter and cover with P & B Sandwich Paté. Roll each slice and secure with a toothpick. Place under broiler until toasted. These are delicious served as they are or as a luncheon dish with mushroom sauce.

P & B Sandwich Paté is obtainable at all good grocery stores at 13c. a tin.



## COX'S

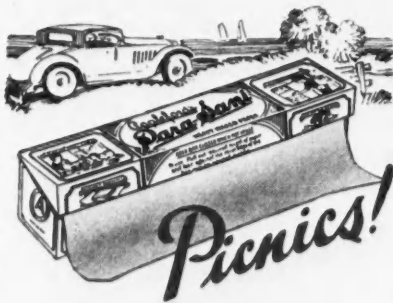
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## A Directory of Food Products and Their Place On The Menu.

### CHEESE OF MANY TYPES AND FLAVORS

By M. FRANCES HUCKS

A FEW years ago the housekeeper asked simply, "A pound of cheese, please," if this food were an item on her grocery list. Nowadays, such an order would be far too indefinite, for "cheese" may mean any one of the surprisingly large assortments on the market.

While the familiar cheddar is still deservedly popular, the many types of packaged cheese are undoubtedly much appreciated by those who seek variety in the menu. This group offers a wide choice, for from it we may select according to our preference, a plain mild cheese; or one of those to which other ingredients have been added, a cheese of the Swiss type, a soft flavorful variety with extra fat; or a cream cheese, plain or with the addition of pimento or other relishes. We may even buy grated cheese ready for quick combination in many dishes.

Packaged cheese is in high favor with the housekeeper chiefly because of its uniformity of flavor and its convenience. It is sold in attractive cartons of different sizes. One may purchase an individual serving or a box containing as much as five pounds. The tinfoil wrapping overcomes the tendency to dry out and keeps the cheese in good condition for a considerable time. The texture is such that it can be cut into neat slices or squares, or it may be spread without difficulty, and many varieties are easily "grated" by forcing through a coarse sieve or strainer. The shape of the loaf, its color and smooth appearance make it attractive for serving in the form in which it is purchased, while there are endless opportunities for using this type of cheese as an ingredient in many dishes.

We have, to a large extent, outgrown the idea that cheese is indigestible, though this belief is one of the food fallacies to which a few still fondly cling. Its reputation in this regard was the unfortunate result of unwise menu planning and poor culinary practice. The truth is that cheese is a concentrated and highly nutritious food and should, therefore, be used to replace rather than supplement other "hearty" foods. If a cheese dish is served as the main course of the meal, vegetables and starchy foods are excellent accompaniments, while fruit makes a most appropriate dessert.

A low temperature is always advisable for cooking cheese, as high heat causes undesirable stringiness and makes it hard to digest. Overcooking also results in a product of inferior texture and appearance.

Combinations of cheese, crisp vegetables and fruits make delightfully attractive salads to serve as the main course of a simple meal, or as part of the dinner menu. In the latter case, however, the cheese should be used with discretion, and only enough added to give appealing savoriness to the mixture and still maintain the proper "balance" in the meal. Sometimes it is combined with the dressing and in this way gives a bit of interest and distinction to the simplest salad.

Cheese will give tang and zest to the topping for the canapés which are a sort of prelude to your dinner, and it is surprising how often it seems just the thing to provide an interesting finish. It may appear in the dessert or may accompany it, while those who like a savory instead of a sweet as the last food may nibble a tiny bit of cheese after the dessert is eaten.

Sandwiches, dainty enough for the afternoon tea and substantial enough for the late supper, may have a cheese filling and most types of cheese are suitable for use in this

way. Cream cheese served with a spicily tart jelly or jam has possibilities even on the breakfast menu. In fact the uses of this flavorful and versatile food are as numerous as the varieties themselves, and the wise housekeeper will make full use of a product which gives her such good return for her money. She will familiarize herself not only with the types available but with the various brands, then she will make her order definite enough to ensure her own satisfaction and the goodwill of the grocer.

#### Sandwich Spreads

- Plain cream cheese with shredded pineapple
- Plain cream cheese with chopped preserved ginger
- Cottage cheese with chopped olives
- Cottage cheese with chopped nuts
- Grated cheese with chopped celery and olives and mayonnaise
- Swiss cheese and grated onion on rye bread
- Pimento cheese, chopped green pepper and walnuts
- Roquefort cheese with cream and chopped celery

#### Frozen Cheese

- 1 Cream cheese
- ½ Cupful of mayonnaise
- ½ Cupful of cream
- ¼ Cupful of chopped walnuts
- ½ Cupful of maraschino cherries (chopped)
- 1 Cupful of diced pineapple

Press the cheese through a coarse sieve and mix with the mayonnaise. Whip the cream and add it to the cheese mixture. Fold in the olives and fruit. Pack in a mold and freeze packed in four parts ice to one part of salt, or in the tray of a mechanical refrigerator. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Six servings.

#### Apricot And Cream Cheese Salad

- 18 Apricot halves
- ¾ Cupful of white cream cheese
- 1 Tablespoonful of sweet cream
- ¼ Cupful of finely chopped nutmeats
- Green cherries
- Lettuce
- Boiled salad dressing

Cream the cheese thoroughly, add the cream and the chopped nuts. Arrange the cheese mixture attractively on the apricot halves, using a pastry tube if possible and decorate with the green cherries which have been cut into small attractive shapes. Chill. For each serving allow three apricot halves, place on crisp lettuce and serve with salad dressing. Six servings.

#### Cheese And Rice Croquettes

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of milk
- 1 Cupful of grated or sieved cheese
- Salt, pepper and paprika
- 2 Cupfuls of cold boiled rice

Melt the butter and blend in the flour, add the milk and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the cheese and stir until it melts, then add seasonings to taste and cool. Mix with the rice, shape as croquettes, roll in fine bread crumbs, then in slightly beaten egg to which two table-spoonfuls of cold water have been added, then in bread crumbs again. Fry in deep hot fat until browned. Serve with cheese sauce. Six servings.

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"FINE SAUCE MAKES FINE FARE"

## H.P. SAUCE

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## Talk about "foot faults"!

There's one in tennis that's always scored against you—the mean little corn that slows up your game and makes you long for the set to end.

A Blue-jay corn plaster will make all the difference! Blue-jay is the sensible way to treat a corn—proved by millions for more than thirty years. It's the simple way. A velvety circle cushions the tender spot from the chafing, pressing shoe. That relieves pain instantly. And then mild medication starts softening and loosening the corn for early removal. Before you know it, you're on easy feet!

And the best of it is—you risk no danger of infection as you do when you pare a corn or use some harsh "quick cure." Blue-jay is the cleanly, pleasant, hygienic, safe treatment—made by a firm noted for the quality of its surgical dressings. . . . At all druggists, 35c.

# BLUE-JAY CORN PLASTERS

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TORONTO

Do you know Protect-O-Pads, smart new members of the famous Blue-jay family of foot comforts? These trim oval shields, hollow-centered, velvet-soft yet tough, guard tender spots and prevent corns, calluses, blisters. Ask your druggist—or send 10c for samples to Bauer & Black, Ltd., Dept. 20, 96 Spadina Avenue, Toron o.

### Devilled Tomatoes

- Firm tomatoes
- 1 Tablespoonful of mustard
- ½ Tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce
- ½ Teaspoonful of sugar
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of paprika
- Dash of cayenne
- Cornmeal

Chill the tomatoes and cut in slices about one-third of an inch thick. Combine the mustard, sauce, sugar and seasonings and rub the mixture well into both sides of each tomato slice. Dip in cornmeal and saute in butter or bacon fat until browned on both sides. Serve immediately. Six servings. Green tomatoes are delicious served this way.

### Tomato and Corn Casserole

- 12 Thin slices of bacon
- 8 Fairly small tomatoes
- Salt and pepper
- ½ Cupful of crumbs
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
- or
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- 1½ Cupfuls of fresh cooked or canned corn

Lightly cook six slices of the bacon and place in a baking dish; slice over it four of the tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper and half of the crumbs and dot with half of the butter. Over this sprinkle the chopped

## Consider the Tomato

Continued from page 21

green pepper or onion, then spread the corn which has been seasoned with salt and pepper. Add the remaining tomatoes sliced, seasonings, the remaining crumbs, and dot with the rest of the butter. Bake for half an hour at 400 degrees Fahr. When nearly done, lay the remaining bacon over the top and allow to get crisp and brown. Serves six to eight.

### Spanish Rice

- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of butter
- 1 Small onion
- ½ Cupful of washed uncooked rice
- ½ Green pepper
- ¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Cupfuls of tomatoes
- ¾ Cupful of boiling water

Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the chopped onion and the rice, and cook, stirring constantly until the rice is brown. Then add the chopped green pepper, the salt and the tomatoes. Cover and simmer slowly until the rice is tender, adding the boiling water when necessary. Serves six.

### Baked Eggs in Tomatoes

Select six large uniform ripe tomatoes; wash and cut a slice from the stem end of each. Remove the centres and sprinkle the inside lightly with salt and pepper. Place in a moderate oven—375 degrees Fahr.—for ten minutes. Remove, and break an egg into each cavity. Sprinkle each one with fine buttered crumbs, return to the oven, reduce the heat to 325 degrees Fahr., and continue baking until the eggs are set. Six servings.

### Tomato Canape

- ¼ Cupful of cream cheese
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of Roquefort cheese
- Salt and pepper
- Cream
- 6 Slices of tomato
- French dressing
- 6 Rounds of toast

Blend the cream cheese and the Roquefort, season and add enough cream to moisten. Spread on rounds of toast, cover with a slice of tomato which has been dipped in the French dressing and garnish with parsley or watercress. Six servings.

### Chili Sauce

- 12 Medium-sized ripe tomatoes
- 2 Medium-sized onions
- 1 Green pepper
- 1 Head of celery
- 1 Tablespoonful of salt
- ¼ Cupful of brown sugar
- 1 Cupful of vinegar
- 1 Tablespoonful of whole cloves
- 1 Tablespoonful of stick cinnamon
- 1 Tablespoonful of whole allspice
- 1 Teaspoonful of grated nutmeg

Peel the tomatoes and cut in pieces. Chop the onions, green pepper and celery in small pieces and add to the tomatoes. Add the salt, sugar and vinegar. Tie the spices in a piece of cheesecloth and place in the kettle. Cook slowly for two to two and one half hours or until thick, stirring frequently. Seal in sterilized jars.

## My Son Calls Me Bill

Continued from page 14

those who did not dare to speak to an adult until they were spoken to. Just as we today are surprised that people ever have practised such repressive ideas, so will our children,

twenty-five years hence, be amazed to remember the time when parents thought themselves so important, because they had created life, that they took unto themselves a

special title to ensure that their children should never be able to get any nearer than the other side of the barrier set up by the dignity of "father" and "mother."

## Where Do the Holes Come From?

Continued from page 24

invaluable aids; wrongly used they rot the fibres, possibly a little at first but later on so completely that holes appear as if cut by a knife. Manicuring preparations, foot powders, wrinkle eradicators, corn and wart removers if allowed to come in contact with dresser covers, kimono, underwear or hosiery are likely to impair the fibres so that holes eventually appear.

Men handling chemicals need special protection for their clothes, notably mechanics, physicians, dentists, druggists, chemists, jewellers, engravers, chiropodists, as well as farmers who do a lot of repairing. Veterinary preparations, solder fluxes and batteries for cars or radios are responsible for clothing going to pieces unexpectedly. Only the other day, a man emptying a fire extinguisher before re-filling it, allowed some of the spray to come into contact with a perfectly good pair of cotton trousers made of strong material. Before long the knees commenced to split in an unaccountable manner and the owner with righteous indignation wrote to the dealer from whom he purchased the trousers, protesting against the rottenness of the goods. Could it be the liquid from the fire extinguisher? On examination he found that wherever the fine spray had touched the trousers, the fabric had rotted completely and was almost falling apart. That was where the holes came from!

THE ravenous clothes moth ruins a vast amount of apparel every year. This little wretch and all of its tribe has an exasperat-

ing way of eating holes in underwear, dresses, suits, coats, hosiery and other garments made of wool, specializing on the most conspicuous places. Even though it is possible to mend or darn such holes, the very fact that the yarns have been cut means that the clothing wears out far sooner than it would do ordinarily. Infants' flannels and shawls find their way to the rag bag if a hungry moth has been permitted to feast on them.

A good many articles have to be discarded because of the damage done by mildew. Everybody is familiar with the ugly green, brown or yellow stains that sometimes appear on cotton materials after prolonged storage in a damp cellar. Garments left after sprinkling for a considerable time in a warm steamy place, develop patches of mildew. The resulting disfigurement is bad enough but if the growth is allowed to persist, the fibres are actually destroyed and holes make their appearance. Mildew is a fungus, a very tiny plant which grows rapidly when it can secure the right amount of warmth and moisture. White cottons are particularly susceptible if much sizing was used by the manufacturer to give the cloth "body." Even colored cottons are spoiled by mildew growths, while woollens are rotted by them. Articles of wool washed with strong soap are more liable to be attacked than those cleansed by a mild one. Leaving soap in the last rinse is not a good practice as it gives mildew a chance to flourish, other conditions being favorable.

A large number of things reach the rag-

bag via the wash-tub. Shrunken scarves, toques, underwear, shawls, blankets, hosiery and baby flannels, show that wrong methods were employed at home or in the commercial laundry. Once woollens commence to shrink they either become unfit for wear or holes begin to form wherever the strain is greatest. Of course, some wools shrink more than others no matter how carefully they are washed but as a rule the trouble arises from extremes in temperature, harsh soaps, rubbing, hard water and the improper use of softening agents. The only safe way to handle woollens is to use lukewarm water in all stages of the process. Hot water in the washer, cold rinses, and possibly freezing on the line are enough to abbreviate any garment or blanket. The surplus alkali of harsh soaps plays havoc with woollens, damaging the fibres and hastening the time when they will "give out." Only the best neutral soaps or flakes are gentle enough for the purpose and even they must be dissolved or made into jelly. Using a cake directly on the article is only inviting trouble as rubbing is necessary in order to remove the soap. Friction and rough handling of any kind injures the fibres permanently. Hard water is responsible for a lot of shrinkage so it should always be softened with borax or ammonia, using only enough to "break" the hardness. Surplus alkali in the water is just as undesirable as in soap. Pieces of undissolved softener remaining in the water has been known to eat holes in woollens. Washing powders or lye should never be used for water in which wool garments are cleansed.

# THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP

## COOKING UTENSILS

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SOLID CAST ALUMINUM  
Waterless Cooking for Health and Economy



Demonstration Arranged at Your Home  
SULLY ALUMINUM LIMITED  
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## LABOR-SAVING EQUIPMENT

If you have discovered any new device which makes your work in the kitchen or home easier, why not pass the information along to other women?

### The Domestic Workshop

a regular department for the ferreting out of new aids for the housewife will be glad to hear of it.

If there is any additional information you would like regarding any of the articles mentioned in these columns, we will be glad to tell you more about them on request.

## POLISH

**FREE To Housewives**

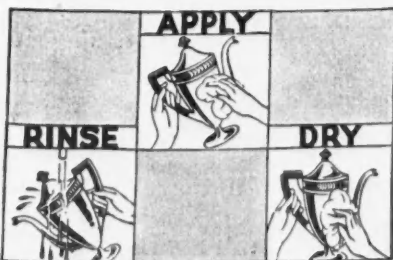
We will mail you 2 weeks' supply of Liquid Veneer and tell you how to get, Entirely Free, a Liquid Veneer

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TO GIVE YOUR SILVER A GLEAM  
THAT LASTS FOR WEEKS WHEN  
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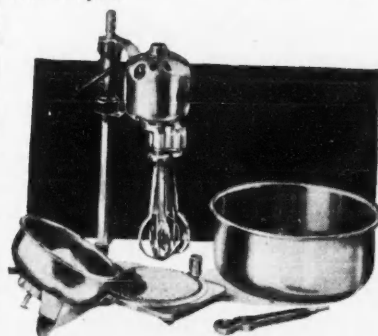
**IDEAL**  
SILVER CREAM

ONE OF CAPO WAYS TO BRIGHTEN DAYS

*A Department which seeks out and investigates what is new and good in housekeeping helps*

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

HOW often, when you are mixing a cake batter, making a salad dressing, whipping cream, or doing one of the other dozen or so arm-aching cookery tasks do you long for an extra arm to beat the dressing while the other two make the salad, or to mash the potatoes at the same time the gravy is being stirred? It's not so impractical a wish as you might think. There are extra arms available now—mechanical arms that will do simultaneous work for you.



The Star-Rite Magic Maid mixer and juice extractor speeds up the business of preparing meals to an amazing extent.

One of them is shown on this page. The Magic Maid kitchen helper will mix batters, whip and beat fillings, icings and mayonnaise, mash potatoes, meats, vegetables, squeeze lemons, oranges and grapefruit—and do it all electrically, with no more attention than the filling of a bowl and the plugging in of a socket. Not only is energy saved, but time too is economized, for the Magic Maid possesses a multi-speed electric motor, two beaters and a four quart revolving bowl, all of which speeds up the business of preparing meals to an amazing extent.

It is claimed that with the double beaters it is possible to beat up a cake in seven minutes, whip cream in thirty seconds, or mix a meat loaf in five minutes, the jobs being done with fine, smooth precision. There is another beater supplied with the mixer, a single beater which is designed for mixing drinks in the tumbler in which they are to be served—a very useful little gadget. The beaters are made of stainless steel, and the aluminum bowl revolves with the action of the beater. The bowl is splendid for general mixing requirements, but for small quantities, such as egg whites or cream, an ordinary household bowl can quite easily be substituted.

When the Magic Maid is needed to squeeze lemons, oranges or grapefruit, it undergoes a swift transformation, and in a jiffy changes from a mixer to a juice extractor. Most housewives would find the mixer most convenient connected ready for immediate use, but if space is limited, or it is otherwise inconvenient, the parts are very easily disassembled, and it may be stored on a shelf or in a drawer.

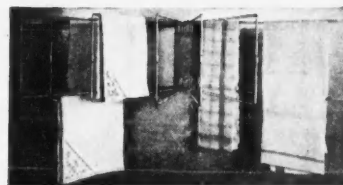
NOW that fall days are drawing in upon us is the time to think about that annual problem of how best to dry the laundry when the rain lashes the back yard or the thermometer's below freezing point. It simply isn't worth while risking colds by tramping out into the cold and wet just for the sake of a basketful of washing waiting to be dried. They can hang up just as easily in the house, the small things can dry off

ready for ironing, and the sheets and table cloths can wait their turn for the clothesline, meantime drying off on an indoor clothes rack.

I wonder if you have noticed in the stores lately the Merry Maid clothes dryer. It is a sturdy, compact, yet roomy rack which brings forty feet of clothesline within arm's reach. The rack illustrated has eight arms, each twenty inches long. This is the medium size, the larger size having eight arms each thirty inches long, and the smaller type having five twenty-inch arms. The first thing that strikes you about the dryer is that there are no complicated parts to go back on you just at the wrong moment. It is of the simplest construction, yet for all that is strong and well made. The three sizes can be obtained in four colors to tone in with your kitchen or bathroom decoration—blue, old rose, ivory and pea green. The five-arm type, which is called the Merry Maid Junior, is admirable for kitchen use. It may be attached with two screws to the window or door casing or to the kitchen cabinet near the range of tea towels, hand towels or dish towels. It weighs less than four pounds and when it is not being used will fold flat against the wall.

Either the Junior or the eight-arm twenty-inch type is perhaps most suited for bathroom use, where it is very handy for towels, baby's small but perpetual washing, lingerie or hosiery. The largest size has enough arm space to accommodate a basketful of washing. All three types may be screwed into a convenient casing, or if preferred they may be secured with an especially constructed stand, fifty-four inches high. The stand, as well as the rack, is collapsible, so that when the clothes are dried and aired, they can be folded up and put away in the closet until next time.

One important feature of the Merry Maid that I feel I should mention, is the fact that the arms are built to stay in any position, and won't slither around wantonly when your back is turned, dragging one rack of



A sturdy, roomy yet compact clothes rack which will accommodate a basketful of washing, and which when finished will fold against the wall.

wet things against another. Each arm, too, is equipped with a rubber bumper to protect the enamel finish.

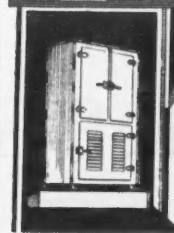
Altogether, a thoroughly useful, practical device, don't you think?

MAKING jelly is nearly always the signal for muttered woe. It is a messy job to pour the liquid with one hand and hold the jelly bag with the other.

There is a little device, however, that does away with the difficulty. The Androck Jelly Strainer consists of a ring with adjustable legs which fit over any size bowl. Through the ring is suspended a jelly bag, six inches in diameter and eight inches deep. A perfectly simple contrivance, but one which is much needed in most kitchens.

## REFRIGERATORS

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**HAWES' FLOOR WAX**

CLEANS AS WELL AS POLISHES

Paste or Liquid

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## Your Sewing Machine

Is it newly oiled and ready to dig into that pile of sewing? It pays to have it regularly overhauled, just as you do your car. The Chatelaine Pattern Service has a specially selected showing of fall and early winter styles on

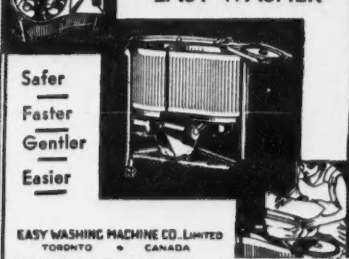
Pages 67-70

of this issue. There are patterns for your children and for yourself. Get the sewing machine into working order.

## WASHING MACHINES

10 YEARS IN ADVANCE

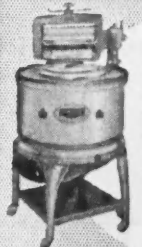
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# Chatelaine Patterns

may be purchased at these stores

Chatelaine Patterns may now be purchased in the stores listed below. If there is as yet no dealer in your neighborhood, we would be glad to have you give us the name and address of your favourite store, and, in the meantime, you may order Chatelaine Patterns direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. In ordering by mail, be careful to write the pattern number plainly and be sure to state the size required.

## List of Chatelaine Pattern Dealers

ONTARIO		
Amherstburg	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Arnprior	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Aurora	G. R. Ardell	
Aylmer	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Barrie	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Belleville	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Bowmanville	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Brantford	Canadian Department Stores, Limited	
Brockville	Levenette's Store	
Carleton Place	Walker's Stores, Limited	
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Collingwood	Walker's Stores, Limited	
Corwall	Walker's Stores, Limited	
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Forest	Forest Farmer's Trading Co.	
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# Recipes used in Meals of the Month

by M. FRANCES HUCKS

**A**UTUMN lays its harvest at the doors of the nation's housekeepers, and from the varied products offered, the nation's meals are made. The suggested menus for the thirty golden days of September make use of harvest products in all their freshness and abundance, and we rest in the assurance that the surplus is being preserved at home or in our canneries for use when winter comes.

With vacations past and the return to school, we anticipate cooler days and a changing season and introduce some of the dishes which seem particularly popular at this time. In addition, directions are given for varying the mode of serving some of our most abundant and most typical autumn foods.

## Baked Pears With Ginger

Select three large firm pears, remove the skin, cut in halves lengthwise and core. Place in a baking dish and pour over them a syrup made by boiling together for one minute one cupful of sugar with one cupful of water. Add to the syrup two tablespoonfuls of the syrup from preserved ginger and bake the pears in a moderate oven (325 degrees Fahr.) until they are tender. Remove from the pan, fill the centres with chopped preserved ginger and candied orange peel and serve with the syrup in which they were baked. Six servings.

## Jellied Grapes

- 2½ Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- ½ Cupful of cold water
- 1 Pint bottle of ginger ale
- 1 Cupful of grape juice
- 1 Cupful of seeded grapes

Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by placing over hot water. Add the ginger ale and grape juice and allow to partially set. Arrange the prepared grapes in cold molds and pour in the gelatine mixture carefully. Chill and serve with whipped cream. Six servings.

## Corn Fritters

- 2 Cupfuls of canned or fresh cooked corn
- 1¼ Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of baking powder
- 1½ to 2 Teaspoonfuls of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of paprika
- 2 Eggs

Mix and sift the flour, baking powder, salt and paprika, add the corn and the beaten egg yolks. Beat well and fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Fry in deep fat (360 to 370 degrees Fahr.) until brown, or sauté in frying pan in hot fat. If fresh corn is used a little milk may be necessary to moisten the mixture. Makes about sixteen fritters.

## Peach Sauce

- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- Pinch of salt
- 1 Cupful of boiling peach juice (from canned or freshly stewed peaches)
- 1 Tablespoonful of butter
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice

Combine the sugar, flour and salt, add the boiling peach juice and stir until smooth. Boil for three minutes, add the butter and the lemon juice and serve hot.

## Fresh Pears Supreme

- 6 Small pears
- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- ¾ Cupful of water
- 1 Small orange sliced thinly
- ¾ Cupful of whipping cream
- 6 Almond macaroons
- or ½ Cupful of chopped toasted almonds

Remove the peelings from the pears, cut in lengthwise halves and remove the cores. Dissolve the sugar in the boiling water, add the pears and cook slowly until tender.

Remove the pears to a serving dish, add the sliced orange to the syrup and cook until tender and the syrup is thick. Pour over the pears. Chill, top with whipped cream sweetened to taste and sprinkle with the crushed macaroons or the chopped almonds. Serves six.

## Stuffed Egg Plant

- 1 Large egg plant
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped green pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped onion
- 2 Cupfuls of canned or stewed tomatoes
- 1 Cupful of chopped cooked meat
- Seasonings
- Bread Crumbs
- Butter

Remove the top from the egg plant and parboil. Scoop out the centre and boil the pieces in a small amount of water until tender. Add the green pepper and onion to the tomatoes and cook until soft, combine with the cooked egg plant the meat, seasonings and enough bread crumbs to hold the mixture together. Fill the shell and cover with buttered crumbs. Bake for twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven (375 degrees). Six servings.

## Peach Bavarian

- 2 Cupfuls of mashed fresh peaches
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- ½ Cupful of cold water
- 1 Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Cupful of whipping cream

Mash the peaches, add the sugar and allow to stand until the sugar is dissolved. Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve by placing over hot water. Add the lemon juice to the peaches and combine with the dissolved gelatine. Allow the mixture to partly thicken, then fold in the stiffly beaten cream. Pour into a cold wet mold and allow to set. Serves six.

## Cheese Fondue

- 2 Cupfuls of cubed stale bread
- 2 Eggs
- 2 Cupfuls of milk
- 1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Dash of cayenne
- ¼ Teaspoonful of mustard
- 1 Cupful of grated cheese

Arrange the cubes of bread in a greased baking dish. Beat the eggs, add the milk, melted butter, seasonings and grated cheese. Pour over the cubed bread, set the dish in a pan of hot water and bake at 300 to 325 degrees Fahr., for about thirty minutes or until the custard is set. Six servings.

## Baked Cucumbers With Fish

- 3 Cucumbers
- 1 Cupful of flaked cooked fish
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of finely chopped celery
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper and paprika
- 1 Can of celery soup

Peel the cucumbers, cut in halves lengthwise and scoop out the centres. Combine the fish, chopped parsley, celery and seasonings and add enough of the soup to moisten. Fill the cavities with the mixture, place close together in a baking pan and pour around the remainder of the soup which has been diluted with an equal quantity of water. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahr.) for half an hour, basting occasionally with the liquid. Six servings.



**Intolerable itching instantly relieved**  
However stubborn or severe it may be—wherever it is located—and even if the skin is sore—**and even if the skin is sore**—healing medication in Resinol. Try it today and be convinced. Write for free samples to Resinol, Dept. 52, Baltimore, Md.

and inflamed; the soothing, healing ointment gives quick relief. As all drug stores.

**Resinol**

# Getting Ready for the School Bell

With Frocks that are Youthful,  
Smart and Practical

No. 463—A light-weight tweed material would look very smart made up in this style. The square neck-line and unusual pointed touches are two reasons for the originality of the frock. Sizes 14 and 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting material.

Price 15 cents.

No. 764—The tiniest one can be as feminine as she pleases, even if it is her first year at school. Dainty puff sleeves and a full skirt gathered in to a scalloped bodice, make a charming little frock. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 18-inch contrasting material and  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of binding.

Price 15 cents.

No. 245—Quite as chic as her elder sister's frocks is this youthful style which makes use of pleated frills to give its lines distinction. French delaine would be an excellent material for this frock. Sizes 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $2\frac{1}{4}$  yards of pleating and  $\frac{1}{4}$  yard of 35-inch material for the collar.

Price 15 cents.

Chatelaine Styles for  
Children are Simple, Smart  
and Comfortable.



Price 15 cents



No. 269—Peter Pan collar, bolero and deeply pleated skirt—could anything be more charming for the pre-teen or just-teen-age girl? Wool crêpe and silk broadcloth or pongee, or velvet and crêpe de Chine would be good contrasting materials. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 35-inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch material for the blouse and  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 35-inch material for trimming.

Price 15 cents.

No. 754—A simple little school frock that is as practical as it is charming. The deep collar and cuffs, and the trimly belted waist-line, are attractive features of the frock, for which wool crêpe and wool georgette would be very suitable. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 27-inch contrasting and  $6\frac{1}{4}$  yards of binding.

Price 15 cents.



# Takes the Gamble Out of Shopping

You probably remember the time when coffee was sold from bins and oatmeal from barrels. Flour purchased at different times from the same mill could not be depended upon for uniformity in baking. Milady's favorite toilet soap sold in Toronto was not available in Vancouver.

Advertising has changed all this. It took the guesswork out of buying . . . . substituted certainty for uncertainty . . . . confidence for suspicion. A shopper rarely asks "Is So and So's brand as good this month as it was two months ago?" "Is Jones' polish the same as the big stores sell?" Hundreds of nationally advertised items of merchandise are so uniform . . . . so carefully kept to established standards, that their quality or price is never questioned.

Even people who may claim they do not read advertisements benefit from present-day advertising. It places the manufacturer squarely behind every article or commodity . . . . influences retailers in their choice of quality goods and affords the consumer ample protection and value for his money.

Keep the gamble out of shopping. Avail yourself of this powerful business force that is constantly working in your interest. Insist on familiar, advertised brands . . . . the best that money can buy.

*This advertisement was written by*  
MITFORD ADVERTISING LIMITED  
Federal Building  
Toronto

*One of a series prepared by Advertising  
Agencies upon invitation of MACLEAN'S  
MAGAZINE and THE CHATELAINE to pro-  
mote a better understanding of the protec-  
tion which advertised products provide to  
the public.*

# PARIS EMPHASIZES VARIETY IN NECKLINES

For the New Fall Styles



318

Price 15 cents

No. 828—Graceful revers and cleverly cut skirt make this attractive frock particularly suited to the mature figure. Crêpe back satin and white or egg-shell georgette for the collar and cuffs would be very effective. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{5}{8}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting material. Price 15 cents

No. 318—The "old-fashioned Bertha" has come back into the forefront of fashion's ranks. It plays an important rôle in achieving the dainty freshness of this attractive frock. Sizes 12 and 14 years, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 34 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 35-inch material with  $6\frac{1}{2}$  yards of binding. Price 15 cents

318

862

No. 862—The bolero will always be a favorite, for it is chic and adds height to the figure by lengthening the line from waist to hem. Wool crêpe, wool georgette, French delaine or crêpe de Chine are attractive materials for this model. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $5\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting material. Price 15 cents

Made in Canada from  
Paris and New York Designs



# THE FALL MODE IS A WOOL MODE

For Every Dress and Occasion

**923**

No. 923—Paris is concentrating on two things this season—neck-lines and hip-yolks. The flared cuffs are attractive and decorative touches. Wool crêpe or wool georgette, or in silk, crêpe de Chine or flat crêpe, are suitable fabrics. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{4}$  yard of 35-inch material for vestee. Price 15 cents

**878**

No. 878—Velvet is a favored fabric for fall days, and so is crêpe back satin. No smarter combination could be devised than black satin with eggshell or ivory flat crêpe cowl collar, vestee and deep pointed cuffs. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{1}{2}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{1}{2}$  yard of 39-inch contrasting. Price 15 cents

**339**

No. 339—One of the new fancy weaves in a light weight wool is ideal for fashioning this demure frock, with the low set in flared skirt section, and the collar which buttons primly in the centre. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $4\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material. Price 15 cents

Chatelaine Patterns are simple for the home dressmaker to follow.

# Make these chocolate delicacies

and you've touched a high-spot in chocolate cookery! « these three recipes were selected from scores of the world's treasures . . each lends itself superbly to a variety of occasions



## FAVORITE DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE WITH DIVINITY FROSTING

Rich as Croesus in the deep, dark deliciousness of its sumptuous flavor—exquisitely moist in texture—this devil's food cake is heavenly eating! And when it's enfolded in a glistening-fluff of Divinity Frosting—what better prize offering for luncheon or dinner celebrations?

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour          | 2 eggs, unbeaten                                |
| 1 teaspoon soda                              | 6 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter or other shortening | $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sweet milk                  |
| 2 cups sifted brown sugar                    | 1 teaspoon vanilla                              |

Sift flour once, measure, add soda, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, and beat well. Add chocolate and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add vanilla. Bake in three greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (325° F.) 30 minutes. Spread Divinity Frosting between layers and on top and sides of cake.

### DIVINITY FROSTING

- |                                   |                              |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 3 cups sugar                      | 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten |
| 1 teaspoon light corn syrup       | 1 teaspoon vanilla           |
| $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups boiling water |                              |

Combine sugar, corn syrup, and water. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved and mixture boils. Continue cooking until a small amount of syrup forms a soft ball in cold water, or spins a long thread when dropped from tip of spoon (240° F.). Pour syrup in fine stream over egg whites, beating constantly. Add vanilla. Continue beating until stiff enough to spread on cake. Makes enough frosting to cover top and sides of three 9-inch layers.



## FRENCH CHOCOLATE

The reputation of this marvelous hot chocolate beverage has travelled afar. It originated as the special treat feature of a certain well-known restaurant. Now, it has been adopted by smart hostesses as the refreshment supreme for delightful tea parties and late supper service. Not only is French Chocolate rich and luxurious in taste—but also, its enticing appearance suggests the very essence of charming hospitality.

- |   |                                  |
|---|----------------------------------|
| $2\frac{1}{2}$ squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces | $\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar          |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water  | Dash of salt                     |
|   | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, whipped |
|   | 6 cups hot milk                  |

Combine chocolate and water and cook over direct heat 4 minutes, stirring constantly. Beat with rotary egg beater until smooth, add sugar and salt, return to fire, and cook 4 minutes longer. Cool. Fold into cream. Place one rounding tablespoon of chocolate mixture in each serving cup and pour hot milk over it, filling cup. Stir well to blend. Serves 8.

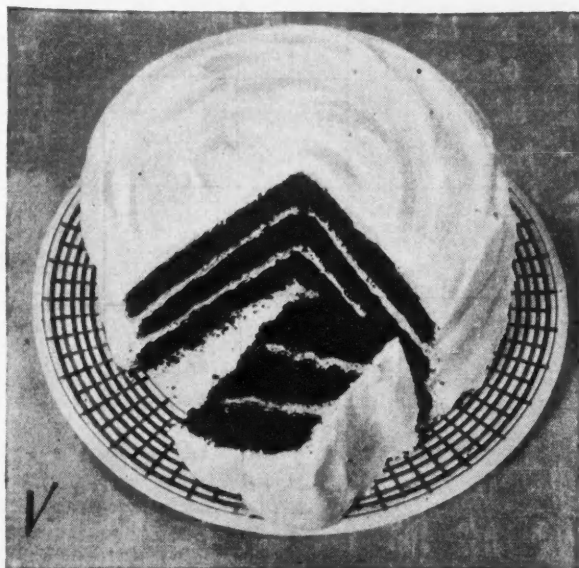


## BAKED CHOCOLATE CUSTARD

Touched with the magic goodness of chocolate, wholesome custard is socially promoted from a simple milk-and-egg dessert to hold its own with party dishes. And, in its sleek, unblemished smoothness of texture, there is never a fleck of unblended chocolate—never that residue common to so many baked custard dishes. This chocolate delight slides over the tongue like cream. Be assured of its success—both at dinners *en famille* and with your guests.

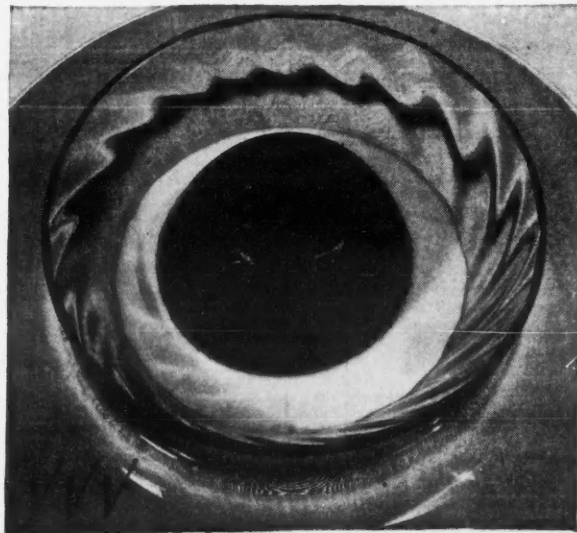
- |  |                             |
|--|-----------------------------|
| 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces | 4 eggs, slightly beaten     |
| 1 quart cold milk                                      | $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar     |
|  | $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt |
|  | 1 teaspoon vanilla          |

Add chocolate to milk in double boiler and heat. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Combine eggs, sugar, and salt. Add chocolate mixture gradually, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add vanilla. Pour into custard cups, place in pan of hot water, and bake in slow oven (325° F.) 40 minutes, or until knife inserted comes out clean. Chill. Serves 8. All measurements are level.



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Always use Walter Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate—for it is made of the world's choicest cocoa beans, selected, sorted, roasted, and blended with the skill that 150 years have brought. Its flavor has set a standard of unapproachable excellence for generations. Your chocolate dishes are entitled to this rich chocolate flavor that only Baker's Premium Chocolate . . . the finest unsweetened chocolate . . . can give.



HERE is a rule for hostesses and adroit housewives. "When in doubt—use Chocolate!" To mention that chocolate is the most popular single flavor is to repeat what women already know. Of course, there are thousands of splendid chocolate recipes—the question is—"which ones to choose?" This page gives the answer. These three recipes were selected from scores of the world's treasures. *A chocolate cake—a new hot chocolate beverage—a baked chocolate dessert.* Each lends itself superbly to a variety of occasions—each makes the *best* and *fullest* use of the mellow richness of *favorite* chocolate.



Such perfect dainties deserve the finest ingredients . . . those that stand for the highest degree of purity and perfection of flavor. But you *wouldn't* do them full justice—you *couldn't* give them that *super* chocolate flavor which brings calls for "*encore*"—if you made them with any but the finest unsweetened chocolate. That's what Baker's Premium No. 1 Chocolate has been for generations—and still *is* today. Rich, creamy-smooth, Walter Baker's Chocolate imparts a true chocolate flavor which has never been equalled. Made in Canada.

C5-31

# Baker's Chocolate



# DEBONAIR FOR CRISP FALL DAYS

No. 527—Exactly the sort of jaunty jacket one needs when one steps briskly along a leaf-strewn road. It might be worn equally well over a frock, or with the blouse and skirt shown below. A coarse, shaggy tweed is a very smart material for this style. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material.

Price 15 cents

Chatelaine Patterns Interpret the  
New Paris Mode

527



431

No. 431—The frilled, fluttery evening frock is just as charming in the autumn as it is in the summer. This model is particularly practical, too, since it may be worn for an informal or a formal occasion equally well. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $6\frac{7}{8}$  yards of 39-inch material.

Price 15 cents

Canadian Patterns for a  
Canadian Autumn

PRICE 15 CENTS

534

No. 534—A trimly fitting blouse and skirt are essential to every autumn wardrobe, and nothing is quite so smart when it is worn with the jacket shown above. The skirt fits smoothly over the hips and closes at the front. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $1\frac{1}{4}$  yards of 54-inch material for the skirt, and  $2\frac{1}{8}$  yards of 35-inch material for the blouse.

Price 15 cents.

No. 520—One of the new light weight wools in a plain or patterned weave, would be a charming material for this attractive frock. The sharply pointed hip yoke and the jabot are both very slenderizing in their effect. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires  $3\frac{3}{4}$  yards of 39-inch material with  $\frac{3}{8}$  yard of 27-inch material for the jabot.

Price 15 cents.

570

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## Apple Pudding

1 cup pastry\* flour      ½ teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon Magic      5 tablespoons melted butter  
Baking Powder      1 tablespoon milk

\*Note: If bread flour is used replace two tablespoonfuls from each cup of flour into two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch.

Sift flour with baking powder and salt. Add melted butter and milk to make a stiff batter. Bake in individual moulds or drop over apples and bake in the oven at 250° F., for 30 minutes. Serve hot with hard sauce.



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# Meals of the Month

## Thirty Menus for September

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute staff.

1		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER		16		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER	
BREAKFAST						BREAKFAST					
Sliced Peaches Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa		Combination Vegetable Salad Brown Rolls Blueberry Turnovers Iced Tea or Chocolate		Roast Spring Lamb Parsley Potatoes Iced Watermelon Coffee Tea		Tomato Juice Bacon Maple Syrup Toast Coffee Cocoa		Corn on the Cob Sliced Cucumbers and Onions Brown Rolls Cheese Iced Chocolate		Lamb Chops Parsley Potatoes Fresh Lima Beans Trifle with Peas Coffee Tea	
2		Cold Roast Lamb Sliced Tomatoes and Cucumbers Stewed Plums Tea Cocoa		(Vegetable Plate) Diced Potatoes Buttered Carrots Sliced Beets Cauliflower au Gratin Apple Pie Coffee Tea		17		Puffy Omelet Toast Watermelon Tea Cocoa		Roast of Pork Apple Sauce Baked Potatoes Boiled Shredded Cabbage Chilled Cantaloupe Coffee Tea	
3		Bacon Lyonnaise Potatoes Orange and Pecan Salad Wafers Tea Cocoa		Curried Kidneys Riced Potatoes String Beans Summer Squash Nutmeg Cookies Coffee Tea		18		Casserole of Salmon and Peas Fruit Jelly Custard Sauce Nut Bread Tea Cocoa		(Vegetable Plate) Baked Stuffed Tomatoes String Beans Mashed Squash Creamed Celery Plum Pie Coffee Tea	
4		Green Pepper and Cottage Cheese Salad Crackers Jam Cheese Tea Cocoa		Pan-broiled Lake Trout French Fried Potatoes Summer Squash Lemon Jelly Whip Custard Sauce Coffee Tea		19		Stuffed Egg Plant * String Bean Salad Vanilla Junket Tea Cocoa		Cold Roast Pork Glazed Sweet Potatoes Buttered Beets Apple Snow Coffee Tea	
5		Corn on the Cob Head Lettuce and Thousand Island Dressing Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa		Hot Baked Ham Mashed Potatoes Creamed Celery Apple Betty Coffee Hard Sauce Tea		20		Jellied Meat Potato Salad Honeydew Melon Hot Chocolate		Sirloin Steak Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Peach Bavarian Coffee Tea	
6		Toasted Egg Sandwiches Celery Radishes Sliced Peaches Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa		Tomato Bouillon Cold Sliced Ham Creamed Potatoes Swiss Chard Cantaloupe and Ice Cream Coffee Tea		21		Cold Sliced Meats Head Lettuce Baked Custard Tea Cocoa		Salmon Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Corn-on-the-cob Lemon Sherbet Macaroons Coffee Tea	
7		Tuna Fish and Celery Salad Left-over Sponge Cake with Chocolate Sauce Lemonade		Breaded Veal Cutlets Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Peach Custard Coffee Tea		22		Cucumber and Tomato Salad Brown Bread Peach Shortcake Tea Cocoa		Beef Stew Dumplings Brussels Sprouts Wax Beans Baked Peas Coffee Tea	
8		Fried Egg Plant Watercress with French Dressing Grapes Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa		Roast of Beef Browned Potatoes Mashed Turnip Apple Sauce Gingerbread Coffee Tea		23		Frankfurters Baked Potatoes Fresh Blueberries Cookies Tea Cocoa		Boiled Tongue Tomato Sauce Riced Potatoes Creamed Oyster Plant Molded Rice Coffee Tea	
9		Creamed Peas on Toast Bran Muffins Stewed Fresh Peas Tea Cocoa		Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Parsnips Caramel Blanc Manger Coffee Tea		24		Corn Fritters* and Bacon Canned Raspberries Date Loaf Tea Cocoa		Steak and Kidney Pie Fried Parsnips Raw Carrot Salad Watermelon Balls with Mint Coffee Tea	
10		Stuffed Baked Tomatoes with left-over Beef Banana and Nut Salad Fancy Biscuits Tea Cocoa		Calves Liver and Onions Steamed Rice Cauliflower Peach Cobbler Coffee Tea		25		Creamed Eggs on Toast Pear Compote Ginger Snaps Tea Cocoa		Stuffed Baked Mackerel Mashed Potatoes Baked Apples Coffee Tea	
11		Cabbage and Peanut Salad Cheese Sandwiches Rice Custard (using Thursday's rice) Tea Cocoa		Baked Whitefish Duchess Potatoes Harvard Beets Jellied Grapes* Wafers Coffee Tea		26		Steamed Finnan Haddie Pan-fried Potatoes Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa		Pork Chops Fried Apple Rings Boiled Potatoes Mashed Squash Chocolate Walnut Blanc Manger Coffee Tea	
12		Baked Cucumbers* with left-over Fish Sliced Tomatoes Chocolate Layer Cake Tea Cocoa		Swiss Steak Boiled Potatoes Cole Slaw Huckleberry Pie Coffee Tea		27		Lobster Salad Cress Rolls Cinnamon Toast Fruit Tea Cocoa		Roast of Veal Browned Potatoes Baked Cucumbers Fresh Peach Ice Cream Coffee Tea	
13		Creamed Mushrooms on Toast Radishes Ice Cream Chocolate Cake (from Saturday) Iced Tea or Grape Juice		Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Fresh Peas Supreme* Coffee Tea		28		Corn on the Cob Stuffed Celery Prune Whip Tea Cocoa		Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Veal Baked Potatoes Mashed Parsnips Cottage Pudding Brown Sugar Sauce Coffee Tea	
14		Chicken Patties Baked Rhubarb Toasted Scones Tea Cocoa		Meat Loaf Lyonnaise Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Apple Tapioca Coffee Tea		29		Cheese Fondue* Waldorf Salad Graham Crackers Tea Cocoa		Liver and Bacon Creamed Potatoes Scalloped Tomato with onion Blueberry Roll* Coffee Tea	
15		Cream of Celery Soup Raw Carrot and Cabbage Salad Cup Cakes with Fruit Sauce Tea Cocoa		Baked Sausages Mashed Sweet Potatoes Creamed Onions Fresh Fruit Cup Coffee Tea		30		Baked Eggs in Tomatoes Celery Blanc Manger* Peach Sauce* Tea Cocoa		Spare Ribs Mashed Potatoes Cauliflower Lemon Tartlets Coffee Tea	

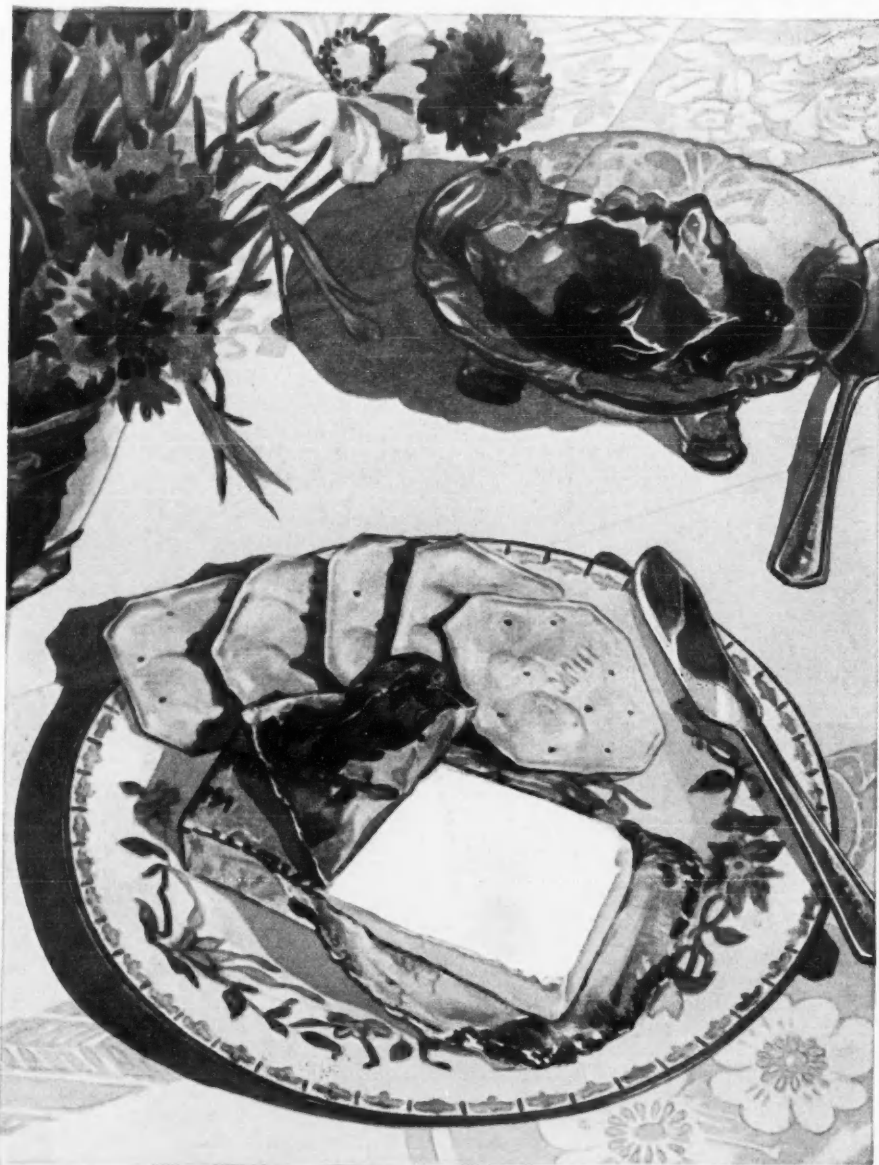
The Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks, are a regular feature of The Chatelaine each month.

Recipes for the dishes marked \* are described on-page 64

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# EDITORIAL

H. NAPIER MOORE, *Editorial Director.*BYRNE HOPE SANDERS, *Editor.*GEORGE H. TYNDALL, *Business Manager.*

FOR years we women have been more or less bungling along in our ideas about movie reform, but matters have been brought to a head with the investigation of the Canadian government, under the direction of the Department of Labor, into the moving picture industry in Canada.

As a result of the report recently published by Peter White, K.C., we have something very definite to consider. Anne Anderson Perry in "The Hollywood Menace" in this issue explains very clearly just what the investigation revealed; just how foolish we were to believe that by complaining to our local theatre manager we could influence in the slightest degree the showing of pictures there. This article will explain, too, how many fallacies and mistaken conceptions we have been following in the blind faith that we were "doing something," when, in reality, most of us have been led very firmly into paths which ended against a brick wall, and left there helpless but doggedly determined to get over the top.

Peter White's report and his findings have cleared the difficulties somewhat, in that at least we can see what a vast and intricate problem we are up against. For the truth is, as one newspaper said editorially, "The reason the Famous Players Canadian Corporation gets the best pictures first and exhibits them is because they have the money and the best houses to exhibit them."

We have done too much thoughtless complaining and ranting about the movies without understanding the situation completely. With Mrs. Perry's article in this issue, *The Chatelaine* will begin a complete survey of the whole field. In early issues we will discuss the truth about British movies: Do the public like them? Are they as well produced as the American features? Do they get their fair share of publicity and patronage? We will hear from the censors in the various provinces and from leading women throughout Canada. We will report any development in battling against the movie troubles in cities throughout the Dominion. We will learn what our American sisters have been doing—for remember, as mothers they are up against identically the same problems as we are, and they have worked out some very definite ideas in regard to them.

Each of us realizes that the movies are, without exaggeration, one of the greatest educational forces in operation today. A movie can do more to affect our children's ways of thought than shelves of books or hours of lectures. Why do we complacently allow this mighty influence to run into any channels without having some control?

CANADIAN writers and artists have been preparing this issue for your enjoyment for many months past—an issue which, by the way, presents the work of a number of noted Western writers.

First on the programme is "Lovelier Spring" by Alberta C. Trimble, who has helped to put Le Pas, Manitoba, on the map by the vigorous stories which she has been writing from there for many years. I have a "feeling in my bones," as youngsters have it, that every prairie wife will find personal memories in Rennie's battle with herself. There was such a ring of sincerity to the story that I hurried up and gave it to you in our first autumn number despite the title.

Nellie McClung, of Calgary, who with L. M. Montgomery is probably one of our most universally known writers, contributes the first of a number of short stories and articles to appear in early issues. And I imagine that her first story in *The Chatelaine*, "The Black Curse," will not pass without comment from many of you.

Turning the page to "The Incurrigibles," we have Laura Goodman Salverson in a rollicking mood—an unusual one, for despite the merriest of minds in private life, Mrs. Salverson has a penchant for writing on the deeper aspects of life. This noted writer has been living for some time in Port Arthur.

Martha Banning Thomas, although she concludes "Ginger Ale and Pop," her two-part novelette, in this

issue, is already scheduled for another novelette in an early issue, "The Wheel That Does the Squeaking." Although Miss Thomas lives at Victoria Beach, Nova Scotia, in a cabin that is set on the pine-clad cliffs above the Bay of Fundy, this new novelette concerns the love story of an Eastern girl who travelled across Canada and found the reason for living in British Columbia.

True Davidson, who wrote "Help Wanted," a story that is "different," is a young university graduate who has developed a unique "Vocational Bureau" in Toronto, to help university girls find their niche in business life. Miss Davidson won the first prize in the poem contest conducted this year by the Women's Canadian Club of Toronto, but "Help Wanted" is her first magazine story. I find a particular pleasure in presenting a programme with such noted writers as Mrs. McClung, Mrs. Salverson and Mrs. Trimble—and a brand new authoress as well!

Do you like the diary of "Tempermental" Teeny, as narrated by Ellen Mackie of Toronto? This young lass's adventures amused us in the office and we're hoping that you will enjoy them, too. If you want more, ask for them.

SINCE everyone, this year, will be more interested than ever in making clever, novel gifts for Christmas and bazaars at home, this is a timely month to introduce the new handicraft department, under the direction of Marie le Cerf. Miss le Cerf bears the name of her great-great grandmother, who pioneered in Quebec many years ago, and in *The Chatelaine's* handicraft studio, is busily preparing many new ideas for coming issues.

We are going to make a feature of gift ideas this Autumn—for there's such joy in making something original, isn't there? Next issue will offer many suggestions, while November and December will have more than ever. Miss le Cerf, will be delighted to help anyone with their difficulties in making any of these gifts—just write to her in care of your magazine.

While we are speaking of home crafts, I can promise you the most enchanting little knitted romper suit for a small boy in an early issue, also a sturdy knitted suit for the older son. Elsie Galloway has designed these, and is busily at work on some unusual ideas for Christmas, too.

LOOKING ahead I can promise you some unusually interesting fare. Next month, for example, will present the first side of a two-part discussion in an open letter from a minister's wife—the renowned L. M. Montgomery—setting forth what a minister's wife expects from the women of the congregation. Nellie McClung will answer for the women in an early issue.

Mrs. A. L. Hollis, of Shaunavon, Sask., has written a gripping story of the stalwart way in which the women of the West are recapturing the spirit of their pioneer grandmothers—in facing present conditions. "Our Western Heroines" is an article that will interest you wherever you live.

But I must leave you and this September issue to tackle the October number!

Byrne Hope Sanders.

Vol. IV. Toronto, SEPTEMBER 1931 Number 9

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by CARL SHREVE

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Publishers of: *The Chatelaine*, *MacLean's Magazine*, *Canadian Homes and Gardens*, *Mayfair*, *The Financial Post*, *Hardware and Metal*, *Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine*, *Sanitary Engineer*, *Canadian Grocer*, *Drug Merchandising*, *Dry Goods Review*, *Men's Wear Review*, *Bookseller and Stationer*, *The General Merchant of Canada*, *Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News*, *Power House*, *Canadian Foundryman*, *Canadian Printer and Publisher*, *Canadian Advertising Data*, *Canadian Automotive Trade*, *Bus and Truck Transport in Canada*.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada, Great Britain and British Possessions, \$1.00 (4/2) per year; United States and Mexico, \$1.50; other countries, \$2.00 (8/4) per year. Single copies, 10c.  
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